THE LITERARY DIGEST
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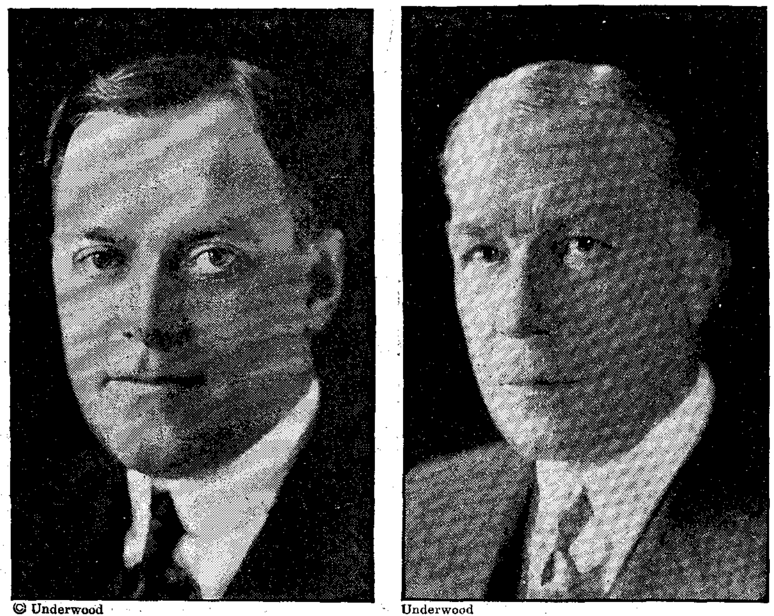
TOPICS OF THE DAY

(This title registered in U. S. Patent Office)

THE ROW OVER RUSSIAN OIL

BECAUSE "FOREIGN POLICIES since the war have been redolent with the smell of oil," the somewhat heated controversy between certain big oil companies over the ethics of buying oil from Soviet Russia calls attention, we are told, to a situation that will bear close watching. One surprizing and puzzling feature of this controversy has been the sharp divergence of policy developed between members of the Standard Oil group. "The heavens might have been expected to fall sooner than Standard Oil, industrial symbol of our national motto *E Pluribus Unum*, would show signs of internecine war. But Soviet Russia appears to have done more than our own Federal Government could accomplish; for it is on the rock of Russian policy that Standard Oil has split," remarks the Newark *Evening News*. This split, it adds, may prove more important from its international than from its domestic angle. And the Springfield *Republican* sees in the dispute, which involves British as well as American oil interests, a threat of "the most wide-spread oil war that has ever been waged." Such a struggle, this Massachusetts journal warns us, "would be bad for business, bad for the comity of nations and sinister in its suggestion of future trade wars on an unheard-of scale."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HERBERT L. PRATT

STANDARD OIL VERSUS STANDARD OIL

Mr. Teagle's company, Standard Oil of New Jersey, has refused to deal in Russian oil because the Soviet Government declines to recognize private-property rights. Mr. Pratt's company, Standard Oil of New York, on the other hand, is said to have contracted with Soviet Russia for 100,000 tons of fuel petroleum annually for its Asia Minor and Indian markets.

The argument against dealing in Russian oil is based, according to a statement issued by the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, on the fact that "the Soviet Government seized all the producing oil-wells and refineries and assumed full proprietary rights over the private property represented by the oil industry in Russia, without any pretense of compensation." Consequently the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the statement continues, refuses to enter into any negotiations with representatives of the Soviet Government for the purchase of oil without assurances that claims of the rightful owners of the properties would be met. To buy Russian oil on any other terms, declares Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, managing director of the powerful British Royal Dutch-Shell group, would be "against humanity and general trade honesty." And in a statement issued in London by the Shell Transport and Trading Company, a big English oil combination, we read:

> "The declared policy of the Soviet Government of Russia is to continue its efforts to sell oil and other stolen Russian products throughout the world. The Standard Oil Company of New Jersey, the leading oil company of America, has declared its determination to have nothing to do with such stolen property.
>
> "Realizing that there is much more at stake in this issue than the loss of capital invested in Russia, and of its goods and money confiscated in that country, the Shell Company, which has been struggling from the beginning against the Soviet theft, considers it right to associate itself publicly with the attitude of its principal American competitor.
>
> Since it became clear some years ago that the Soviet determined to try to enforce upon the world the acceptance of its crime, neither the Shell Company nor any of its associates has purchased any product from the Soviet Government or any of its agents."

Those American oil companies—the Standard Oil Company of New York and the Vacuum Oil Company—which take a different stand from the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey and trade in Russian oil, are admonished as follows by Richard R. Tweed, chairman of the Association of British Creditors of Russia, in a letter to the London *Times:*

> "While it may be true that the American companies in question can afford to disregard their vested interests in Russia, this surely can not be applied to their vested interests elsewhere. Yet their dealings with the Soviet Government are nothing else but lending support to the anti-capitalist movement. Have they already forgotten their recent experience in Mexico? And are they as units in the present commercial system really prepared to aid its destruction?"

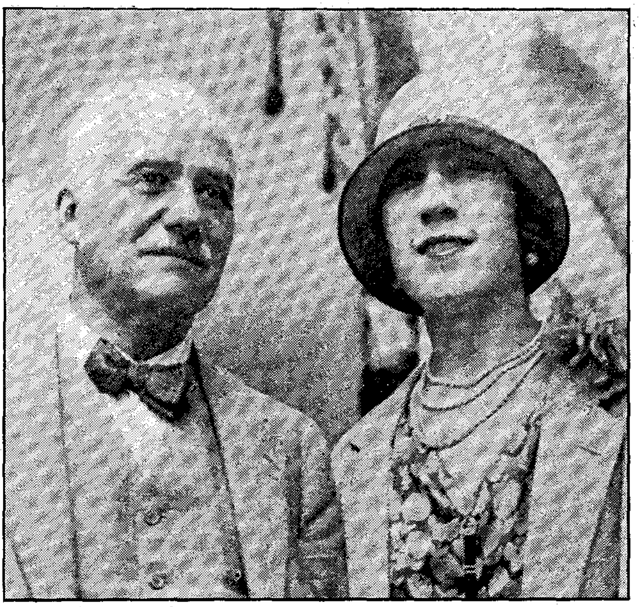
Among the American papers which share this view-point is the Manchester *Union*, in which we read:

> "Russian oil comes largely from wells owned by foreigners

whose property has been confiscated by the Soviet Government. The American Government has taken its stand squarely that there can be no dealing with the Soviets until these owners have been compensated. This position is just and reasonable. For an American concern to ignore this policy and open trade with Moscow is a clear case of contempt for the sake of commercial gain.

"It happens just now that there is an overproduction of oil in the United States. Irrespective of this fact, the Standard Oil Company of New York proposes to buy oil in Russia because it is cheaper, to supplant American oil in an already oversupplied market. Such a policy must in the long run work against the interests of the American public. For these and other reasons it deserves the denunciation of all good Americans."

Not less emphatic, however, are champions of the policy pursued by the Standard Oil Company, of New York, and the Vacuum Oil Company. As many of our editors point out, the purchases made by these two American companies from the Russian Naphtha Syndicate (the State Oil Monopoly of the Soviets) were made for purely business reasons, and to supply their markets in localities so distant from the United States that transportation rates would be prohibitive. As to the alleged unrighteousness of buying oil from Russia, President G. P. Whaley of the Vacuum Oil Company has this to say:


Keystone View photograph

"AGAINST HUMANITY AND HONESTY"

Is the practise of buying confiscated oil from the Russian Government, according to Sir Henri W. A. Deterding, of the Royal Dutch-Shell Oil Company. With Sir Henri is Lady Deterding.

"There are those who hold it unrighteous to buy petroleum from Russia on the theory that to do so would be to purchase goods wrongfully confiscated from Russian subjects by the present governing power. If that view should generally prevail, then Russia could export nothing, as not only petroleum but all other industries in Russia were nationalized. Is it more unrighteous to buy from Russia than to sell to it? Considerable purchases are made by Russia in the United States of cotton and other products."

To quote Mr. Whaley further:

"The Vacuum Oil Company believes that trade contacts with Russia will make for wholesome reconstruction, and further, that it is only common sense to recognize that Russia is the economic source of supply for certain markets. An opportunity given to Russia to dispose of some of its surplus in its natural markets will avoid such surplus being forced into competition with American products in markets where transportation costs are in favor of the United States.

"The Vacuum Oil Company has believed it good policy to draw supplies for various markets from the most economic source, giving preference at all times to American supplies. In accordance with this policy, purchases from Russia will continue so long as supplies are available on proper terms and of proper quality, for those markets where Russia is undisputably the natural and economic source.

"The Vacuum Oil Company for a number of years prior to the Russian revolution was doing an extensive refining and marketing business in Russia, involving an investment of many millions of dollars. As a consequence, we were substantially affected by the nationalization of the petroleum industry. It is therefore obvious we are directly interested in the matter of compensation. We expect in due course to negotiate for the [compensation covering the large values that were taken over at that time, and to make satisfactory recovery, but this can be in time adjusted without involving the question of either buying from or selling to Russia."

Another friend of the Vacuum Oil Company, who is quoted in *The Wall Street Journal*, makes the charge that Sir Henr Deterding's company only a few months ago offered to buy from the Naphtha Syndicate on condition it got a monopoly of Russian oil products. And in the Hartford *Courant* we read:

"The fracas apparently goes back to the intense competition for a monopoly of Russian oil which has been raging between American and British interests ever since the war. The British Royal Dutch-Shell interest, which have heavy paper holdings in Russia, are naturally concerned to keep other companies ou of Russia until some lucky 'break' brings about their return to control. Why the Standard Oil Company of New Jersey should assume the same point of view remains a mystery, unless there has been some treaty between the formerly bitterly competing trusts.

"At any rate, it becomes clearer and clearer that a campaign of publicity against two companies which refuse to play the game of the Royal Dutch-Shell against the real American interes would be a boomerang. In a hard-boiled commercial fight the exaltation of righteousness for revenue only is specious."

In Montana the Helena *Independent* has this to say:

"Since Russia is one of the three or four nations on earth which are independent of the United States in the matter of petroleum supply, it would seem not only good business but wise world politics for United States concerns to utilize Russian oil to supply their European trade, which action would not only conserve ou home crudes, but assist Russia in more quickly achieving he rightful commercial destiny."

Neither Great Britain nor the United States has placed a bar on trade with Russia if individuals or corporations wish to engage in it, the Baltimore *Sun* reminds us. And it continues:

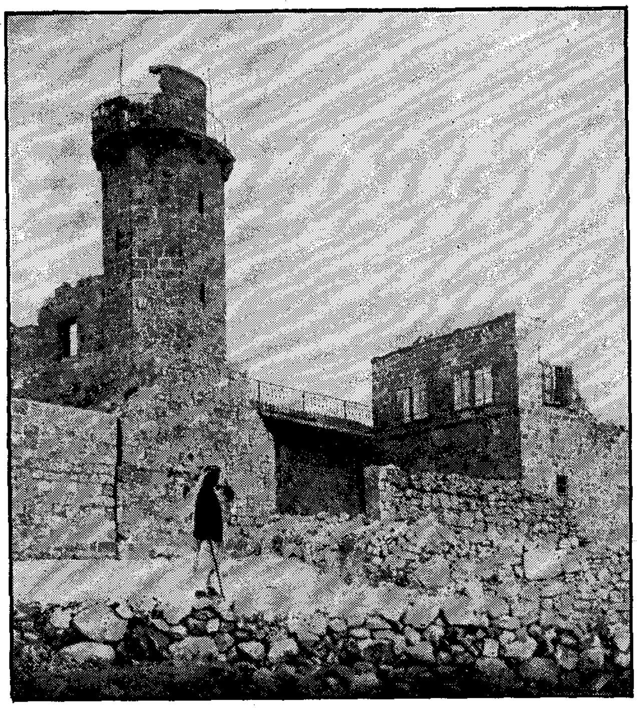
"Citizens of each sell to Russia, and the British particularly are making every effort to extend the market for British goods in that country. If it is ethical to sell, it is ethical to buy. As i is a business proposition, it is difficult to believe that differenc of opinion as to the morality of the proceeding is responsible fo the disturbance in oil circles over it.

"There is much about oil that the public does not profess to understand, but in its exploitation heretofore there has been so little to induce belief that humanitarianism and high ideals had much to do with the search for it or the disposition of it tha some other explanation of the present quarrel will be awaited."

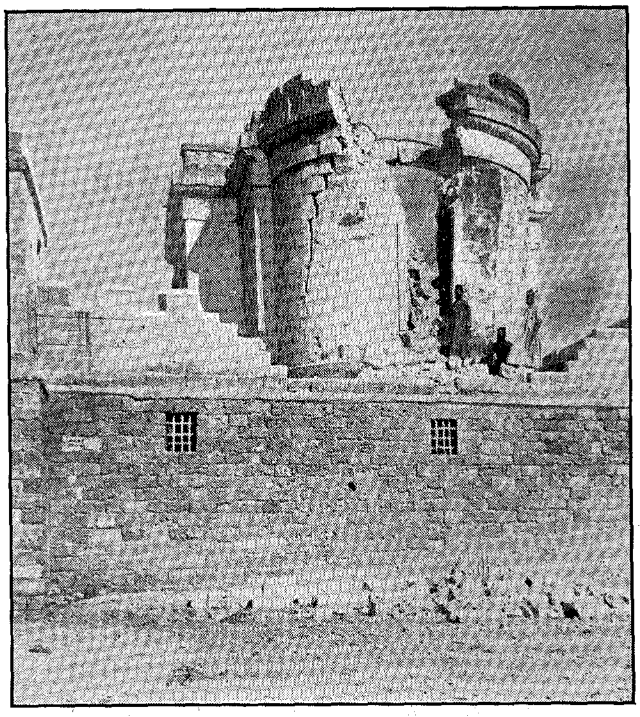
Equally cynical is the comment of the Norfolk *Virginian Pilot:*

"The record of the big oil companies in Mexico, Irak, and Persia does not warrant any deep trust in them as careful respecters of the political or economic moralities. They grab when and when they can, and leave the ensuing political complications to their respective foreign offices. The Dutch-Shell o group bearing moral tracts on the evil of doing business with th immoral Soviet is not a spectacle that inspires confidence.

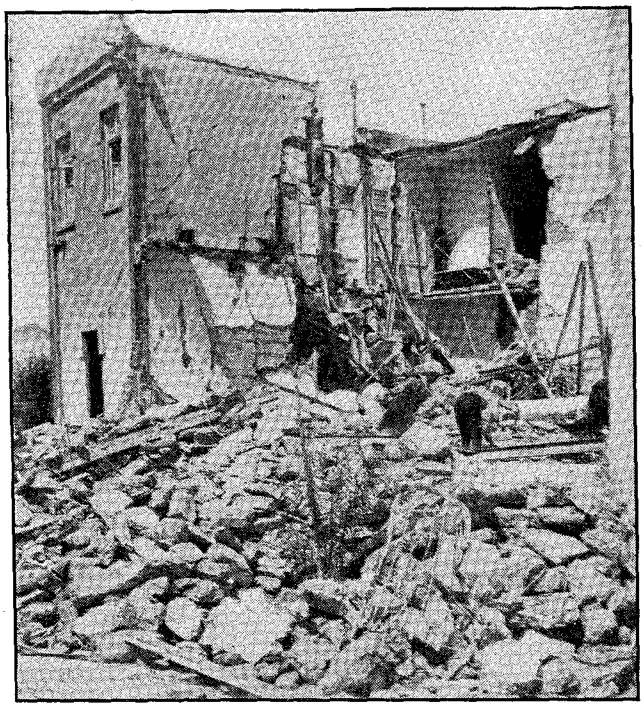
"The nub of the matter seems to be that the American oil companies, due perhaps to difficulties imposed on the Dutch-She group by the anti-Russian attitude of the British foreign office have beaten the latter to an advantageous oil contract wit a country that had official trade relations with Great Britai but not with the United States, and that the Britishers, for once are enacting the rôle of bad losers."



RUINS OF A HOUSE ON THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

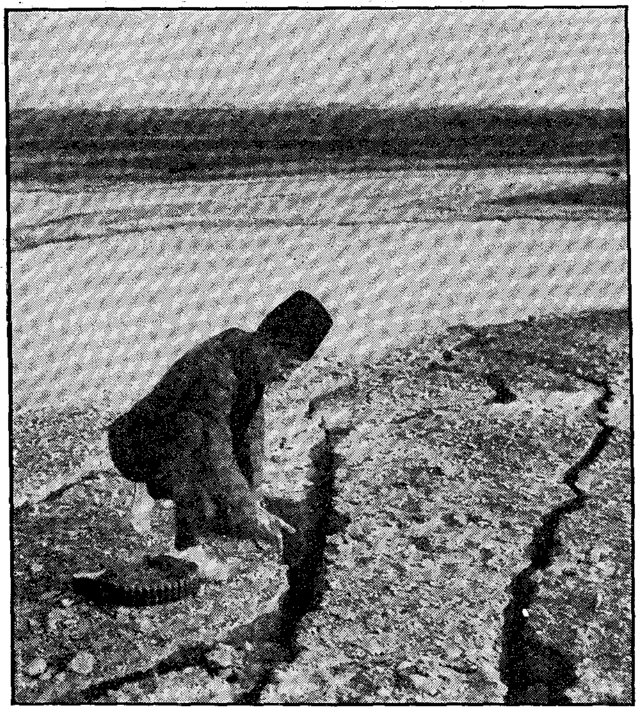


THE WRECKED WINTER PALACE AT JERICHO



Wide World photographs

DEBRIS WHERE THREE PERSONS WERE BURIED



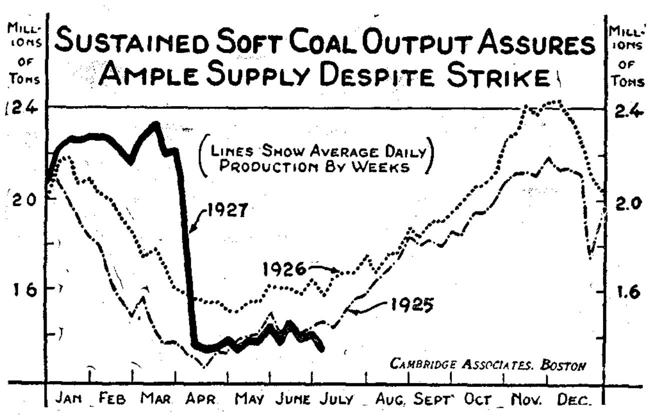
DEEP FISSURES ON THE SHORE OF THE DEAD SEA

SCENES OF DEVASTATION IN THE HOLY LAND, WHERE AN EARTHQUAKE KILLED 670 PERSONS

JUST A HUNDRED YEARS AGO an earthquake devastated Palestine and eastern Egypt, killing some four thousand persons. On July 11, 1927, the Holy Land was rocked again by a quake that was felt from Syria on the north to Egypt on the south, but proved most destructive to life and property in Palestine and in Transjordania, the territory under British mandate east of the Palestine border. Jerusalem correspondents of American newspapers place the number of killed at 670 and the injured at approximately 3,000. The property damage was estimated on July 14, three days after the quake, at $2,000,000. The British Government's headquarters was damaged to the extent of $150,000, it is said. The Red Cross and other private and governmental agencies rushed supplies and medicines by airplane from the nearest depots, immediately following the shocks. The rescuers found that the modern towns had suffered little, compared with the primitive Arab villages, where the crude mud huts were unable to withstand the tremors. Jericho, with its new hotel, its public buildings, monasteries and convents, was razed; Ramleh and Lydda, ancient towns about twelve miles from Jaffa, were heavy sufferers. Amman and Es-Salt were practically laid waste. In Nablus, scarcely a house in the old part of the town escaped, we are told. Like a war-shelled town, the buildings crumbled. Every house in Jerusalem is said to have felt the force of the earthquake, which so damaged the Church of the Holy Sepulchre as to make it unsafe.

OUR NOISELESS COAL WAR

A PUBLIC APATHY that is new and strange in the history of coal strikes is remarked by the Louisville *Herald* and other newspapers as the soft-coal conflict ends its fourth month. In two months the fall industrial revival is due, points out the Newark *News*, yet the miners and operators are still at loggerheads, as they have been since April 1, when the operators refused to renew the Jacksonville wage agreement.



From the Cambridge Daily News Service

HOW THE STRIKE AFFECTS THE SOFT COAL OUTPUT

The miners are holding out for the wages called for in this agreement—a basic pay of $7.50 a day; and the operators maintain that they can not afford to pay these wages. Meanwhile, the non-union mines of Kentucky, Tennessee, Virginia, and West Virginia, where approximately 60 per cent. of the entire output of soft coal has been produced in recent years, are running full blast. "These districts, because of lower operating costs," explains the Washington *Post*, "have been taking the market away from the mines in the central competitive field, embracing broadly Kansas, Ohio, Iowa, Missouri, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Illinois, Indiana, and western Pennsylvania, which have been forced to deal with union labor." The representatives of the unionized miners, on the other hand, claim that more efficient management of the soft-coal mines, the elimination of waste, and a limitation of output would enable the industry to pay higher wages.

A few years ago, recalls the New York *Herald Tribune*, "a strike of the unionized coal-miners involved wide-spread demoralization of industry, and much annoyance to the public." But in the present strike, writes J. C. Royle in a Consolidated Press dispatch, the consumers of coal have suffered little inconvenience. One reason, we are told, is that the stocks of coal at the beginning of the strike on April 1 were tremendous, and meanwhile the non-union mines, "enemies of both the unionized miners and operators of the central competitive field, have been producing at a rate almost sufficient to meet the weekly requirements of approximately 9,000,000 tons which the country uses." The total estimated production of bituminous coal in the United States during the week ending July 23, according to *The Coal and Coal Trade Journal*, of New York, was approximately 8,000,000 net tons. During the first six months of the year, and despite the four-months' strike, 272,663,000 tons were mined, compared with 267,506,000 tons in the first half of 1926. Of the present situation the Baltimore *Sun* says:

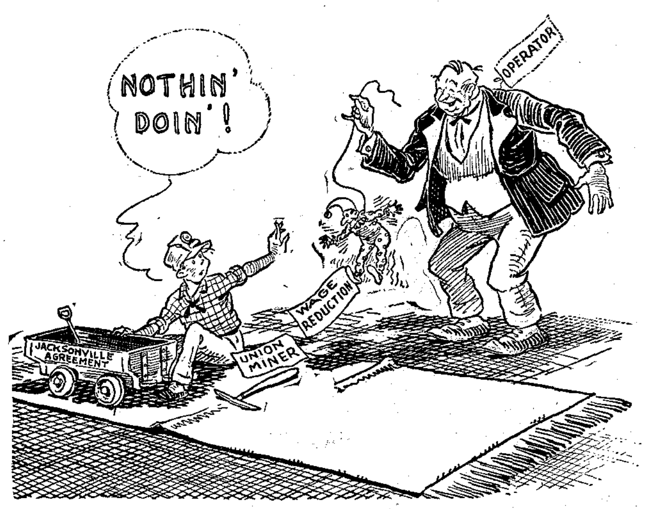
> "There is in this country to-day the incredible spectacle of nearly 200,000 union miners on strike, while the bulk of the population does not know anything about it, and those who know apparently do not care.
>
> "When the fear and agitation that in other years followed the news that a soft-coal strike was imminent is recalled, this utter passivity is remarkable. But the explanation is very simple. The strike makes no difference; at least, it makes no difference to the business man, who once lived in dread that a coal strike would either shut down his plant or would run up his costs to the point of wiping out his profits. And so long as it makes no difference to him, it makes no difference to his employees, who are in no danger of losing their jobs. The only people affected are the coal operators and the coal-miners.
>
> "Coal actually has been selling for less in every week between early April—a few days after the strike was declared—and the last weeks in June than it sold in the same weeks last year. With the railroads entirely unaffected by the strike, and moving non-union coal freely and swiftly, there is no sign at this time that the strike will be felt at all during the summer, and it is conceivable that, even should the miners be able to hold out through the winter, the effect will be slight. Consequently, the chief interest among those who have followed the strike is in the effect on the miners' organization. That organization, once the most powerful in trades-unionism, maintained until April 1 last the 1920 wage-level, fighting off all the operators' attacks and winning in 1922 a great strike. Seeking now to maintain that level, it faces its most severe test."

The deadlock between the miners and operators, with neither apparently holding an advantage, is illustrated by the recent conference between owners of bituminous mines in central Pennsylvania and unionized miners. The effort to negotiate a new scale of wages to take the place of the Jacksonville agreement failed, say the operators, because the miners would negotiate only on the basis of a renewal of the $7.50 -a-day agreement. Said the representatives of the operators at the end of the conference:

> "On account of the Miners' International Policy Committee, which instructed the district officers to negotiate only on the basis of a renewal of the present agreement, the miners' representatives on the Joint Wage Scale Committee rejected a proposal for a wage reduction amounting to from 15 to 20 per cent.
>
> "The old agreement has been in force temporarily, pending our negotiations, but now that the conference is closed, the temporary plans will be suspended, and there will be nothing for us to do but close the mines. They will remain idle until a new contract is negotiated."

But, maintains *The United Mine Workers Journal*, official organ of the unionized miners:

> "The remedy does not lie in the direction of wage reductions, because wage reductions will not stimulate the consumption of coal nor provide a single additional day's work for any mine worker. Wage reductions bring one result and one only—they reduce the earning capacity of the miner. No coal operator will go so far as to guarantee to his employees that if they will accept reduced wages he will give them additional days of employment. Some coal companies promise their men more work if they take a reduction. But such a promise means nothing."



AS THE MINERS SEE IT

"He can't be tempted with that toy."

—*United Mine Workers Journal.*

"Seven dollars and a half for eight hours of dirty and dangerous work doesn't seem too much to ask," observes the Washington

[illegible] COLLEGE [illegible]
Springfield, Missouri

CAN YOU ANSWER THESE?

Test your knowledge by the questions below? If you can not answer them, turn to the pages indicated. Each one counts 4.

1. Which was the first large collection of Italian pictures to be brought to this country? (p. 26).
2. What was the psychological effect of Lindbergh's flight? (p. 20).
3. What solution for the overdeveloped soft-coal industry is offered by a coal company official? (p. 9).
4. Which is rated as the greater man by American newspapers, Mussolini or Edison? (p. 12).
5. How does New York's Police Commissioner account for the marked decrease of crime in that city? (p. 12).
6. Why is the purchase of oil from Russia said to be unethical? (p. 5).
7. Who was Duccio? (p. 27).
8. What prophecy about genius did Victor Hugo make? (p. 29).
9. Why is blood transfusion between animal and man unscientific? (p. 24).
10. What effect have Russia's new marriage and divorce laws on the family? (p. 31).
11. What European King exclaimed recently, after the ceremony of his installation: "Let's go home, mama; I'm hungry"? (p. 36).
12. What danger lies in the "Question" mania? (p. 28).
13. Is Christianity in greater peril now than it has been in any other time? (p. 33).
14. Do American singers in Italy ever pay impresarios for the privilege of making an "Italian début"? (p. 46).
15. What did Renan think of the Germans? (p. 28).
16. How many composers have treated the Faust legend? (p. 29).
17. What work are American women doctors doing in the Near East? (p. 33).
18. Is temperance gaining in England? (p. 34).
19. What are "brontides"? (p. 21).
20. What European country is said to be isolated among the world Powers? (p. 16).
21. Who is the President of the Irish Free State? (p. 18).
22. Is it usual for a lion, in its native wilds, to attack a man? (p. 53).
23. In what attitude does a giraffe take a drink? (p. 56).
24. What is the difference between the Soviet Government and the Third International? (p. 15).
25. What has become known as the "Daudet affaire"? (p. 17).

News and other Scripps-Howard dailies, and the New York *World* says of the $5-a-day scale that is said to be in force in the non-union fields:

"Nobody believes that the low pay of $5 a day, the lengthened hours which accompany it, and the reduced safety standards are just or proper. If the industry were healthy instead of sick, if drastic remedies were applied for its overexpansion, the high Jacksonville scale would be quite possible. As it is, the Jacksonville scale has had the effect of shifting tonnage output from the union to the non-union fields. It has driven toward bankruptcy the mines with a generous labor policy; it has given a heavy advantage to the mines which drive low-paid men long hours."

"What Shall We Do About It?" is the title of an article by Warren W. Jones in *The Coal and Coal Trade Journal.* Says this secretary of a well-known coal company:

"The turmoil now existing in our mining industry can be compromised, but it should be a compromise promoting stability and not one for temporary peace. One side insists on a certain set wage scale, while the other demands a lower wage scale. A compromise on wages alone only continues the struggle, with the problem remaining unsolved.

"At the present time there are approximately nine thousand commercial bituminous coal-mines in the United States, with a potential production of approximately one billion tons of coal, while the actual consumption of that product is only half that. Competition in the markets is keen, to the point that 75 to 80 per cent. of bituminous coal is sold at a loss. Such a condition has a tendency to promote reckless and wasteful mining in an endeavor to reduce mining cost.

"In the future we must suffer for lack of high-quality coal. It is a national duty to make it last as long as possible. The wasteful methods of mining must be eliminated. Removing this evil requires elimination of cutthroat competition and bringing forth a contentment and efficiency in the mining industry.

"The curtailment of production appears to be the only solution of this vast problem. Reduction of production within the bounds of consumption will give steady work to the coal-miners, bring about efficient and scientific mining among the operators, and preserve our high-quality coal for the people of many future generations.

"Recently I heard a plan discust that would make all the contending factors carry their share of burden in the adjustment. This suggested plan is the creation of a Mining Commission, such commission to function similarly to the Interstate Commerce Commission, assume regulation of the bituminous coal-mining industry, investigate the conditions of each mine, and finally decide a policy as follows:

"As many of the total number of coal-mines as are found to be necessary shall be placed on a retired list to cease production. The remainder shall be placed on an active list to furnish the production of coal. The coal-miners now demand the Jacksonville wage scale while the operators favor paying what is known as the 1917 scale. Doubtless, the United Mine Workers would be willing to agree to the lower rate if the industry should warrant steady employment. The coal commission shall bring about the arrangement between the miners and the operators wherein the miners shall agree to accept the 1917 rate for mining and the operators shall be compelled to pay a conservation or stabilization fee into the National Treasury. This fee shall be the difference between the 1917 and the Jacksonville scales. On five hundred million tons of pick-mined coal the fee revenue would amount to one hundred and thirty-five million dollars. The other wage price differences between the 1917 and the Jacksonville scale can be regulated accordingly. From this fund shall be paid a 6 per cent. interest on the invested capital of the retired mines, thereby compensating for property temporarily confiscated. This period of retirement will last only temporarily with the mines on that list. Each year the active mines will be dropping in their production development, and other industries will be calling for an increase of production. Therefore, every year there will be a certain percentage of the retired mines put back on the active list.

"Some solution for a stabilization of bituminous coal-mining must be found. If found, it will solve the problem of steady work for the coal-miners, save coal companies from bankruptcies, and give relief to other business interests depending on the bituminous industry.

"Will curtailment cause an excess of labor in mining? There are approximately six hundred and fifty thousand miners engaged in bituminous production. About one hundred and fifty thousand of that number are men of other vocations residing in the vicinity of mining districts. During the winter months, or dull periods in their own trades, they go into the mines to pick up an odd day's work and thus appear in the mining reports as engaged in mining. It would require five hundred thousand men to produce our national consumption of five hundred million tons. This steady work would no doubt produce a prosperity in and about the mining districts that would call for increased labor in the other vocations employing the one hundred and fifty thousand men eliminated from mining.

"Will curtailment have a tendency to increase the price of coal to the consumer? Under supervision it will have more of a tendency to equalize the price of coal. Under the present system one section of the country enjoys good coal at cheap prices, while other spots are compelled to pay high prices for inferior grades of the product. The mines on the retired list will act as a protection against wild markets."

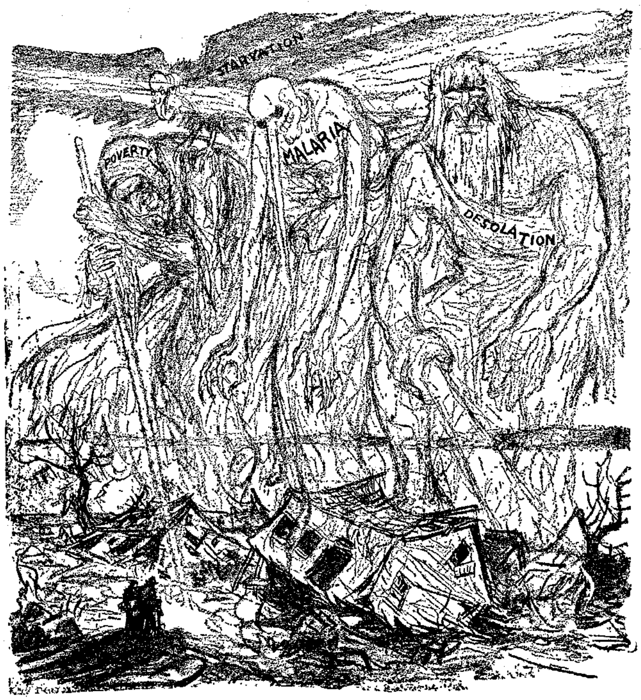
MR. HOOVER'S PLANS FOR FLOOD CONTROL

TO SAVE THE MISSISSIPPI VALLEY from another devastating flood, all editors agree, is the most important thing to consider in dealing with the tragic situation in that region; but there has been a lively difference of opinion as to whether or not a special session of Congress should be called to handle the question of immediate relief. All talk of such a session, the New York *Herald Tribune* thinks, should be silenced by the report which Secretary Hoover handed to President Coolidge on July 20, because in it the man who knows most about the flood sufferers does not even mention a summer session of Congress. But it is not silenced, and the Mississippi Valley papers continue to call for an extra session to handle the problem.

Two distinct phases of the question are covered by Mr. Hoover's report—immediate relief for the homeless and future prevention of floods. On the first point he makes it quite clear, remarks the New York *Evening Post*, that the Red Cross now has the work of relief and rehabilitation well in hand, and that no further government aid will be needed until Congress meets in regular session in December. In Mr. Hoover's opinion, the Red Cross funds—now approaching a national subscription of $17,000,000—will be enough to take care of the sufferers until November 1, with about $3,000,000 to spare; and that the government funds available, such as the Rivers and Harbors appropriation, will supply other necessary expenditures until Congress convenes. By that time, he says, he will have a comprehensive survey from the experts he has put to work in the devastated region, and this will disclose what must be done for the winter period. For the present, the Secretary continues—

"The flood victims are being given household furniture, implements and animals. The repairs of damaged homes and building of new homes for those who can not provide them themselves are now in progress. It can not all be done in a day, but these services should be completed by October. The financial situation is that with economy we can complete all these programs —seed, feed, food, furniture, animals, house construction and sanitation. With economy we should have left $3,000,000 after November 1."

The devastated farms are divided by Mr. Hoover into two classes, of which he says:



RECEDING WATERS
—Enright in the New York *World.*

Courtesy of *Pathe News* (New York)

FLOOD REFUGEES STARTING FOR HOME

"In 101 counties, considerably flooded, 2,000,000 acres of crops that were lost have been replanted with staple crops mostly from seed furnished by the relief. We hope the majority of this acreage was planted early enough to secure a full crop. This area should, with the help being given, recover to self-support by the fall.

"On the other hand, about 1,500,000 acres of original crops, mostly in twenty counties, have remained under water so long as to prevent planting of staple products, and so recovery will be delayed for another year.

"The inability to pay interest, State and levee taxes, and for some individuals among them to find food for winter, may create a continuing problem. The people involved are greatly discouraged."

On the larger problem of controlling the Mississippi to prevent a repetition of this year's disaster, Mr. Hoover also offers something definite. In the first place, he says, the breaks in the levees must be closed before next spring, and in many cases the State authorities will be unable to handle the emergency. Congress must provide for the reconstruction of the levees and for the payment of interest on levee bonds already outstanding, as the impoverished people in the cropless districts will be unable to pay taxes. For permanent flood control the Secretary offers a plan whose main features are these:

"1. Higher and consequently wider levees and the extension of Federal responsibility for levees on some of the tributaries.

"2. A safety valve upon the levee system by the provision of a spillway, more properly called a 'by-pass' to the Gulf to protect New Orleans and southern Louisiana, most probably using the Atchafalaya River for this purpose.

"3. For further safety measures the engineers are examining the possible extension of the by-pass in the northward from the Atchafalaya toward the Arkansas, the possible erection of emergency flood basins and the possibilities of storage in the tributaries.

"There is no question that the Mississippi River can be controlled if a bold and proper engineering plan is developed. It is not possible for the country to contemplate the constant jeopardy which now exists to 1,700,000 of its citizens, or the stupendous losses which the lack of adequate control periodically brings about. Furthermore, flood control means the secure development of some 20,000,000 acres of land capable of supporting five to ten millions of Americans."

The cost of carrying out this plan, Mr. Hoover estimates, would be between $15,000,000 and $20,000,000 a year for a period of ten years, in addition to the $16,000,000 a year regularly appropriated for flood control and navigation purposes on the Mississippi and its tributaries. Spread over ten years, he says, this would not be any great burden for the country, and "to prevent $10 of economic loss by the expenditure of $1 of

Federal outlay," he adds, "is not incompatible with national economy."

Mr. Hoover, in his report, discounts the suggestion that when Congress meets in December it may neglect this urgent matter in order to wrangle over the Senatorial contests in Pennsylvania and Illinois. "I believe that Congress will immediately pass an appropriation for relief upon assembling," he says. "No politics or partizan has ever stood in the way of prompt action by Congress in case of a pressing American need."

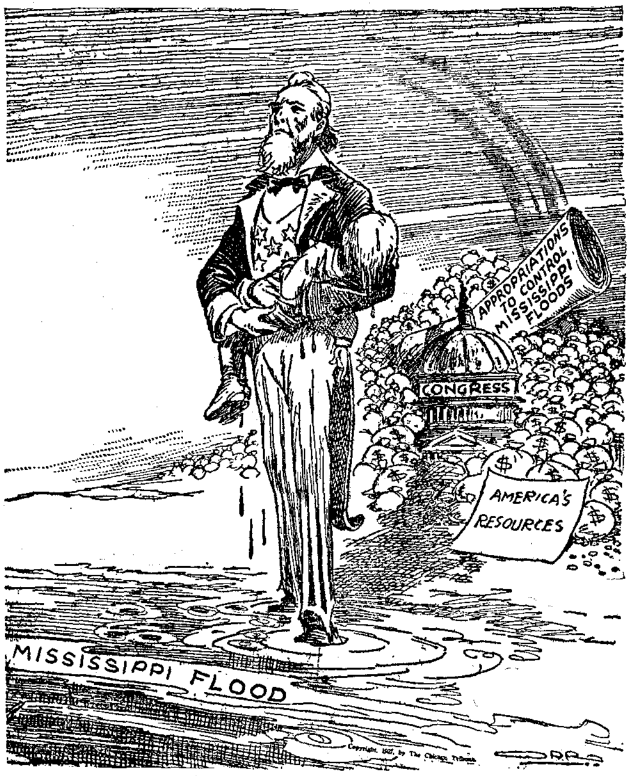
Mr. Hoover's faith in Congress is shared by the New York *Evening Post*, the New York *World*, and other Eastern papers, but there is a large note of doubt in the comments of Mississippi Valley newspapers. Recalling the statement of Representative Tilson, Republican flood leader, that "flood relief and flood control should not be taken up until a revised tax measure has been enacted," the Memphis *Commercial Appeal* says:

> "We can see no justification for the remark of Representative Tilson, and no valid reason therefor except it be intended as a measure of obstruction. And this possibility must be taken into accounting. The danger to flood control is not in direct opposition, but in delays and in complications that may turn any agreed-upon plan away from its main object. Let no one delude himself with the idea that there is no fight ahead. And it must be understood that no fight is won until it is won."

Unless Congress speedily translates the national demand for flood control into action, when it meets, declares the New Orleans *Times-Picayune*, its habit of procrastination may prove fatal. Calling for resolute and militant leadership in a "Flood Control First" movement, this paper concludes:

> "Every consideration of national welfare and duty urges the promptest practicable attack upon the flood-control problem, via congressional authorization of 'a complete and not a partial solution' and provision of the funds needed to that solution. Once convinced that Congress will take up and meet that first of its obligations if a special session be summoned for that purpose when the engineering reports and recommendations are in, we have an idea that President Coolidge will call a special flood session."

The Wichita *Eagle* has a rather poor opinion of the East on this score, but is otherwise hopeful, as one gathers from the following:



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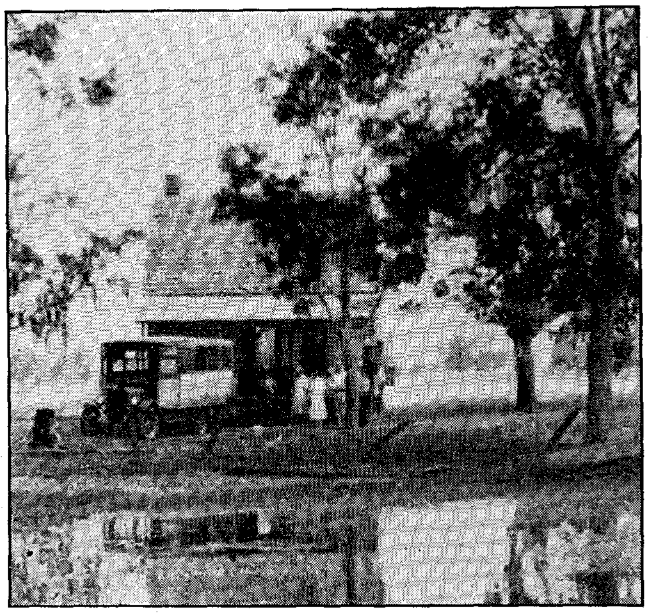
"IT MUST NEVER HAPPEN AGAIN!"

—Orr in the Chicago *Tribune*.



Courtesy of *Pathe News* (New York)

A CHEERLESS HOME-COMING

The farm still under water.

> "It is going to pain New England, New York and the Atlantic coast States generally to see public money expended in the prairie States, not for the prairie States' benefit, but because a national necessity commands it. But it will be done. The day of dilly-dallying with the Mississippi floods will show a setting sun next winter in Congress."

"Wanted: A Noah" is the head-line under which the St. Louis *Star* expresses its lack of faith in the army engineers sent out by the War Department to study the problem. They lack new ideas, that paper thinks. The St. Louis *Globe-Democrat* speaks of the work of the War Department's commission in a more complimentary vein, but adds:

> "It is a national problem in the broadest sense. Congress alone can provide the agencies and the means for undertaking the task with the requisite comprehensiveness, and Congress should take upon itself the responsibility. We believe that this position will be taken by Congress itself if it is imprest by the people of the great Mississippi Valley region, which elects 63 per cent. of the members of Congress, with the conviction that no half-way measures will suffice. This country has before it now the opportunity and the need for the greatest constructive enterprise ever conceived and undertaken by a government."

"The United States Government should not lose a day that can be saved in beginning this supremely important work," declares the *Arkansas Gazette*, of Little Rock; at the same time this paper expresses the hope that Senator Smoot's recommendation of an early session of Congress may influence President Coolidge to call one in the fall. When Congress does meet, will it, the Kansas City *Star* wonders, do its job of legislating for flood prevention as well as Mr. Hoover has done his work of relief? And the Mobile *Register* answers: "If Congress does not take the right action, the country will pay for it dearly, and in a sum many times the cost of adequate control."

Most of the Mississippi Valley papers seem inclined to share Secretary Hoover's faith in Congress, but, unlike him, they want a special session. The Nashville *Tennessean* strikes the prevailing note when it says:

> "If Congress does not convene until December, little can be done toward effective restoration and rehabilitation before another crop-planting season arrives. It is the solemn duty of the President and the legislative department of the Government to put every resource of the nation at the disposal of the stricken section, and do it without unnecessary delay."

NEW YORK'S BAD MEN NOT SO BAD NOW

MURDER, ASSAULT, AND ROBBERY are not so prevalent in New York City as they have been for the last two years. There has been a marked decrease in crimes of violence, especially hold-ups, during the second quarter of this year, according to Police Commissioner Warren's report to Mayor Walker. Not a single big hold-up where the loss was more than $10,000 was reported, nor were there any hold-ups of jewelry stores or messengers. The total loss from hold-ups where the amount stolen was more than $1,000 was $45,458, while for the same period last year the total loss from hold-ups of this class was more than half a million dollars. According to the New York *Times:*

Wide World photograph

"THERE IS LESS CRIME"

Notably murders and hold-ups, in New York City than in 1926, says Police Commissioner Joseph A. Warren. Incidentally, there was a decided increase in arrests during the second quarter of this year over the same period of 1926.

> "Other decreases were in night burglaries of residences, burglaries of stores, lofts and safes, automobile thefts, pickpocket cases and other grand larceny offenses. There was a slight increase in daylight burglaries of residences.
>
> "Commissioner Warren in his report attributed the decrease in crime to the fine condition in which Commissioner McLaughlin left the department, its enlargement by the Board of Estimate, the high quality of the personnel, the Baumes laws, vigorous prosecution by district attorneys, and severe sentences by judges."

"Here is food for thought for the people and officials of Philadelphia," observes *The Inquirer* of that city, and we find Chicago, Minneapolis, Toledo, Providence, Dayton and other newspapers advocating "Baumes laws" for their respective commonwealths. These laws make the punishment of the criminal more certain and severe, altho, of course, remarks the Philadelphia *Public Ledger*, "laws, no matter how good, are useless unless enforced."

The so-called Baumes laws, explains the Pittsburgh *Post*, "makes it mandatory on judges to sentence to life imprisonment criminals found guilty of felony for the fourth time." Habitual offenders, therefore, have a wholesome fear of these additions to the New York State criminal code, we are told. The laws have been in force a little more than a year, during which time sixteen criminals convicted for the fourth time have been sent to prison in Manhattan borough alone. Moreover, we read in the Minneapolis *Journal:*

> "In addition to these life sentences for fourth offenders, the same courts in New York City have sentenced one hundred and forty-one criminals under two other drastic Baumes laws which tighten up the penalties for first and second offenders, adding five and ten years respectively to the sentences which otherwise might have been imposed for the actual offense."

While Commissioner Warren ascribes the splendid record of the second quarter of this year to the superb organizing work of former Commissioner McLaughlin, and to the Baumes laws with their severe penalties, "he might truthfully add that his own energy in carrying out the McLaughlin policies, in keeping the Police Department on its toes, and in cooperating with the District Attorney and the courts, have been contributing factors," points out the New York *Herald Tribune.* Still another reason for the decrease in crime, believes the Newark *News*, is "the material and wholesome change in the public's attitude toward the criminal in his relationship to society. He is no longer petted and coddled; more courageous juries and sterner judges are placing him where he can not put the lives of honest and decent people in danger."

IS THERE A DEARTH OF GREAT MEN?

FOR THE FIRST TIME IN 2,000 YEARS, the world is without a single great man. This is the astounding statement made by Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler, President of Columbia University, in a London interview. While Dr. Butler recognizes the amazing advance of science and invention in the present age, he finds not a single genius in the whole world, and "no really great poet or philosopher who dwarfs his fellow man." He has reached the melancholy conclusion, observes the Chicago *Daily News*, that "the world is suffering from an intellectual famine." Perhaps, Dr. Butler admits, the general intelligence and standard of knowledge has risen so high that the great no longer appear great. Certainly, believes the Washington *News*, "if Dr. Butler's spirit returned to earth half a century from now, his reincarnation would be astonished at the evaluation given to the persons who lived in the momentous era in which he had his part." Meanwhile, suggests the New York *Herald Tribune*, it would be best for the university president, after making such a sweeping statement, to avoid Italy in his travels through Europe. Premier Mussolini, incidentally, is mentioned most frequently in editorials that call to Dr. Butler's attention the great men of to-day. Then, in the order named, come the late Nicolai Lenin, of Soviet Russia; Edison, Marconi, and Orville Wright. Henry Ford and George Bernard Shaw are tied for sixth place. Said Dr. Butler in his London interview, as cabled by the United News to this country:

> "For 2,000 years past there never was a period when somewhere in the world there was not a really great poet, philosopher, or genius of some sort who dwarfed his fellow men.
>
> "Yet to-day there is not a single such great man in any country. Never before has the world been convulsed by a great war without some great man emerging from the struggle."

On the whole, editors of American newspapers do not seem to be alarmed at Dr. Butler's London interview. "If he is right—and we shall not know for another hundred years—we probably ought to be appalled at the situation," admits the Albany *Knickerbocker Press.* For, it adds, "the world is accustomed to having its geniuses, and the idea of being stript of them after all these years is not pleasant to contemplate." Perhaps, notes the New York *Evening World*, Dr. Butler "may not be so pessimistic about the lack of great men when he escapes the London rains and fogs."

Of the newspapers which treat the Butler pronouncement seriously, the Chicago *Tribune* suggests that "we may be a little too deep in the forest just now to see the trees." In other words, "the world is not in the habit of recognizing its great men while they live," explains the Houston *Chronicle*. Furthermore, this Texas paper goes on:

> "If Dr. Butler is making a comparison of former great men with the men whom the world to-day calls great—or refuses to call great—he has no basis for comparison; and if he means that he, himself, is qualified to pass on the merits of all men of to-day with any claims to greatness, then he is assuming a good deal, indeed. Certainly Lincoln was not hailed as great until after his assassination, or just before it. Shakespeare had no great primacy over his fellows, in the estimation of his own age. Most of the philosophers have died without much recognition.
>
> "There have been men, of course, who were recognized as of outstanding greatness during their own lives—Mohammed, Hannibal, Cæsar, Napoleon, Lee. But even they assumed, in their own day, no such relative greatness over other men as later generations have seen in them; and many a man who has been

International © Underwood

MUSSOLINI EDISON MARCONI WRIGHT FORD SHAW

IS THE WORLD "WITHOUT A SINGLE GREAT MAN"? WHAT ABOUT THESE SIX? ASK AMERICAN EDITORS.

hailed as a genius and immortal by his fellows has been utterly forgotten by the world.

"Let us look at the present field. Dr. Axson tells us, and many literary critics tell us, that Edward Arlington Robinson, author of 'Tristram,' is a really great poet. If he is as great as the critics indicate, then he may very well stand first among all American poets, and certainly the brightest light in American literature is not to be passed over as a man of no outstanding greatness. And then there is Theodore Dreiser, who, some critics declare, has just written the greatest American novel. Is he also to be overlooked? And, of course, there are George Bernard Shaw and Gilbert K. Chesterton, of England, and Blasco Ibáñez of Spain. One wonders, indeed, if Dr. Butler wasn't inspired to make his sweeping condemnation of mentality in this age out of a desire to tell Shaw that he really isn't a great man. G. B. S. has indicated very strongly that he thinks otherwise.

"If men are to be judged by accomplishments which all the world can see, then we have Rockefeller and Ford and Edison and Marconi. The present age probably doesn't exalt men to fame as former ages have done. It isn't given so much to hero-worshiping. As education becomes more general, the world learns that a great deal of 'greatness' of old was largely a matter of myth. It has learned how easily myths were built up among a people who had little recourse to actual facts.

"Despite Dr. Butler's judgment on his age, we have a right to believe that there are as many great men to-day as there ever have been."

Dr. Butler, thinks the Grand Rapids *Herald*, "is handicapped by a lack of perspective; he is too close to his subject." Very few men, this Michigan paper reminds us, have been contemporaneously great. We read on:

"There is no lack of notable figures in the world to-day, altho it remains for history to assay their real greatness. Dr. Butler says he has seen Mussolini, and that he does not measure up to the standard of distinctive greatness. Certainly, however, the Italian dictator is an outstanding political figure, nor has he yet completed his achievements. What figure in inventive science ever has equaled Thomas A. Edison? Are not the accomplishments of Marconi, De Forest, Wright, and Tesla comparable with those of Watt, Bell, and Whitney? Over in Czechoslovakia, Prof. Thomas G. Masaryk is proving himself a liberator comparable with Bolivar and a builder of government comparable with Hamilton. Paderewski ranks as a Polish patriot with Sobieski and as a musician with Beethoven. England has Shaw and Wells in the field of literature, and American authors are so numerous that their very abundance dims their luster.

"To say that there are no great men or no single great man in this era is to undertake history's task without history's perspective. The entire life and habits of the human race have been changed within the last thirty years. Obviously some great force has been at work, else this change would not have come; and, just as obviously, human greatness must have dominated that force, even tho Dr. Butler and the rest of us may be unable clearly to discern immortal potence in the individual factors."

The Chicago *Daily News*, too, declares that—

"There are great physicists, great mathematicians, great chemists, great metaphysicians, great philosophers, great historians. The theory of relativity, acknowledged by men of science to be the most revolutionary conception since Newton, could be conceived and expounded only by a great and brilliant thinker. The theories of psychoanalysis, pragmatism, organic mechanism, and behaviorism are transforming psychology and other social sciences, and only powerful intellects could have developed them.

"Democracy and wide opportunity in education tend to reduce the observable difference between greatness and first-rate ability. There is plenty of ability in the world, but ever-increasing specialization, made inevitable by the great advances made by science and research, stands in the way of recognition of greatness. Formerly greatness implied inaccessible isolation. To-day great men are modest and do not even suspect that they are great."

In the opinion of *The Christian Science Monitor:*

"There are unquestionably as many men doing as great things in the world to-day as there ever have been in its history, or even greater ones. But the more intelligent public opinion nowadays does not look to politics or the battle-field for manifestations of greatness so much as to the fields of physical science, of education, of industrial organization."

"Dr. Butler may be right," admits the Dayton *Journal*. But, it points out:

"When one considers the countless things that have been developed or improved for the comfort, happiness and cultural uplift of men, his sentiments seem most finely drawn. We have produced and are producing in our times men of such outstanding greatness that they would have dwarfed all others in earlier times.

"History, with its calm and dispassionate appraisement of the words and works of men of to-day, will find many who will stand out in its estimation, as clearly and definitely as men of the past."

"Dr. Butler," thinks the Manchester *Union*, "is too hasty. Neither he nor any other man can give a just appraisal of the work of to-day's leaders of thought and reform." Continues this New Hampshire daily:

"Greatness is a relative term. It is relative to the field in which a man operates and the service which he performs. A man may be a great inventor, a great jurist, a great statesman; but there is no such thing as greatness *per se*. It may easily be held that the personnel of this age in the realm of the fine arts has not attained the level of genius of some of the ages past. Perhaps this fact was in the background of Dr. Butler's mind when he made his statement. But if one is looking for a great inventor, it is difficult to suggest when or where a greater than Thomas A. Edison will be found. Both from the standpoint of the scope and worth of his genius, Edison dwarfs all other men in his own field, and we do not doubt that his name will live in history as one of the greatest inventors of all ages.

"If for no other reason, Dr. Butler's statement is negated by the fact that no generation is capable of appraising its own leaders. Any worth-while piece of work must be set in the perspective of time to discover its value."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

(An extension of this department appears weekly on the screen as "Fun from the Press")

A popular song composer is a young man whose host of imitators died before he was born.—*Detroit News.*

Disarmament is like a social function. Nobody wants to arrive until every one is there.—*St. Paul Pioneer Press.*

Hereafter when Henry Ford uses the editorial "we," he ought to see that one of him knows what the other one of him is doing.—*Wichita Eagle.*

The Vienna mob burned the Palace of Justice and then went back to work to earn enough money to pay taxes for a new building.—*St. Louis Star.*

Probably Mr. Coolidge's idea in attending those rodeo performances was to catch onto the latest wrinkles in bull-dogging a donkey. — *Macon Telegraph.*

This is truly a mechanical age. Even public officials are frequently machine made.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Another part of an evening gown that seems to stay up without visible means of support is the price.—*Publishers Syndicate.*

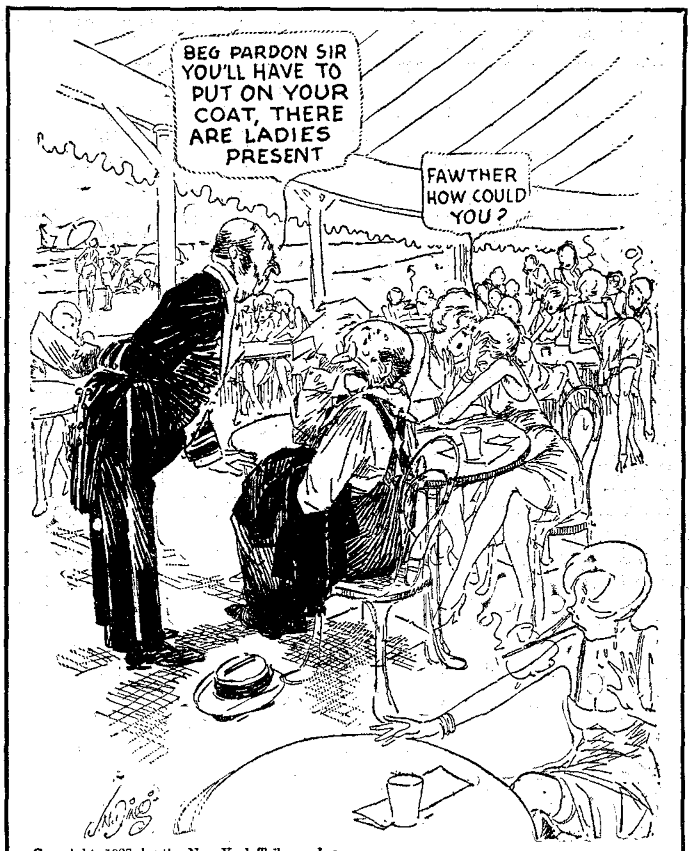
"Standard Oil Companies Differ on Russia." Perhaps they really were "unscrambled," after all.—*New York Evening Post.*

Science can predict an eclipse of the sun years in advance, but can not forecast a blowout over the week-end. —*Brunswick (Ga.) Pilot.*

If those who object to the publication of crime news on the front page will keep us supplied with Lindberghs, all will be satisfactory.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

We imagine there isn't much difference between psychoneurosis and nervousness, except in the matter of the bill for diagnosis. — *Ohio State Journal.*

Another thing that goes to show you whatever it goes to show you is an advertisement of the Keely Institute, which reads, "1926 Was Our Biggest Year Since 1917."—*Macon Telegraph.*


BEG PARDON SIR YOU'LL HAVE TO PUT ON YOUR COAT, THERE ARE LADIES PRESENT
FAWTHER HOW COULD YOU?
Ding

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UNSEEMLY EXPOSURE

—Darling in the New York *Herald Tribune.*

Sooner or later some aviator will double-cross the ocean.—*Arkansas Gazette.*

Half of the world's supply of coffee is consumed in the United States in spite of what some of us have to drink at breakfast.—*El Paso Times.*

President Coolidge has yet to appear in a girl-scout outfit, and a Ku Klux Klan nightshirt to ketch 'em acoming and agwine.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

If reports are true that its waters contain twelve hundred billion dollars' worth of chemical salts, the Dead Sea is due for an early resurrection.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Tall Feather, an Indian Chief, is reported to have run from Chicago to Milwaukee, a distance of eighty-five miles, in nineteen hours. We don't blame him.—*Punch.*

Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler says that for the first time in 2,000 years the world is without a great man, which would seem to go to show that the doctor had fooled away so much time teaching school he hasn't had time to read the Hollywood press agents' stuff.—*Macon Telegraph.*

If politics makes strange bedfellows it is due to their fondness for the same bunk.—*Florence (Ala.) Herald.*

Wherever all these non-stop flyers are headed, they are all really trying to land on the first page.—*Wichita Eagle.*

According to a bee expert, a bee has from 4,900 to 13,800 eyes. Then why does it so often sit down in the wrong place? —*Punch.*

The only thing wrong with these flogging cases is that the citizens who need it most are generally on the other end of the lash.—*El Paso Times.*

Percentage of accidents due to drivers asleep at the wheel greatly increased last year. Motors are now fool-proof, but the fool must be awake.—*Wichita Eagle.*

Wise ones in Mexico who run for Presidency and lose will keep right on running.—*Wall Street Journal.*

The new King of Roumania is only five years of age, but that is plenty old enough for a modern King.—*Dallas News.*

What saddens the Ohio crowd especially is a $640,000,000 surplus in the Treasury—at that distance.—*Ohio State Journal.*

Mussolini is in a fair way to lose much of his American popularity if he continues to advocate lower wages.—*New York Evening Post.*

What's wrong with the country? Well, in the South it isn't unusual to see girls in $2 silk stockings hoeing 15-cent cotton.—*San Francisco Chronicle.*

A critic says of a musical comedy actress that she is without a peer. Owing to the brisk demand, there are probably not enough to go round. —*London Opinion.*

Will Hays asserts that the movie films are the products of the best minds of all nations, and in that case it would seem that Nicholas Murray Butler may be right about it.—*Columbus Dispatch.*

Cal donned chaparajos and a cowboy hat, but getting the right steer will be more to the purpose.—*Weston (Ore.) Leader.*

Members of the Chicago Symphony orchestra are on strike for more money. Evidently the first note in the wage scale is also dough.—*El Paso Times.*

Why argue? Most of those opposed to a third term for Coolidge, if that is what it is, are opposed to a second term for Coolidge, if that is what it is.—*Detroit News.*

Another thing we admire about Colonel Lindbergh is that he doesn't seem to have been cured of anything yet in the patent-medicine advertisements.—*Ohio State Journal.*

A critic complains that a certain novel did not really begin until the middle of the book. But the usual trouble with these things is that they don't finish until the end.—*Punch.*

Having prudently waited until the University of Rome gave him a degree and Mussolini had donated valuable tapestries for furnishing the Italian House at Columbia University, Dr. Nicholas Murray Butler announces that there are no geniuses to-day.—*New York Times.*

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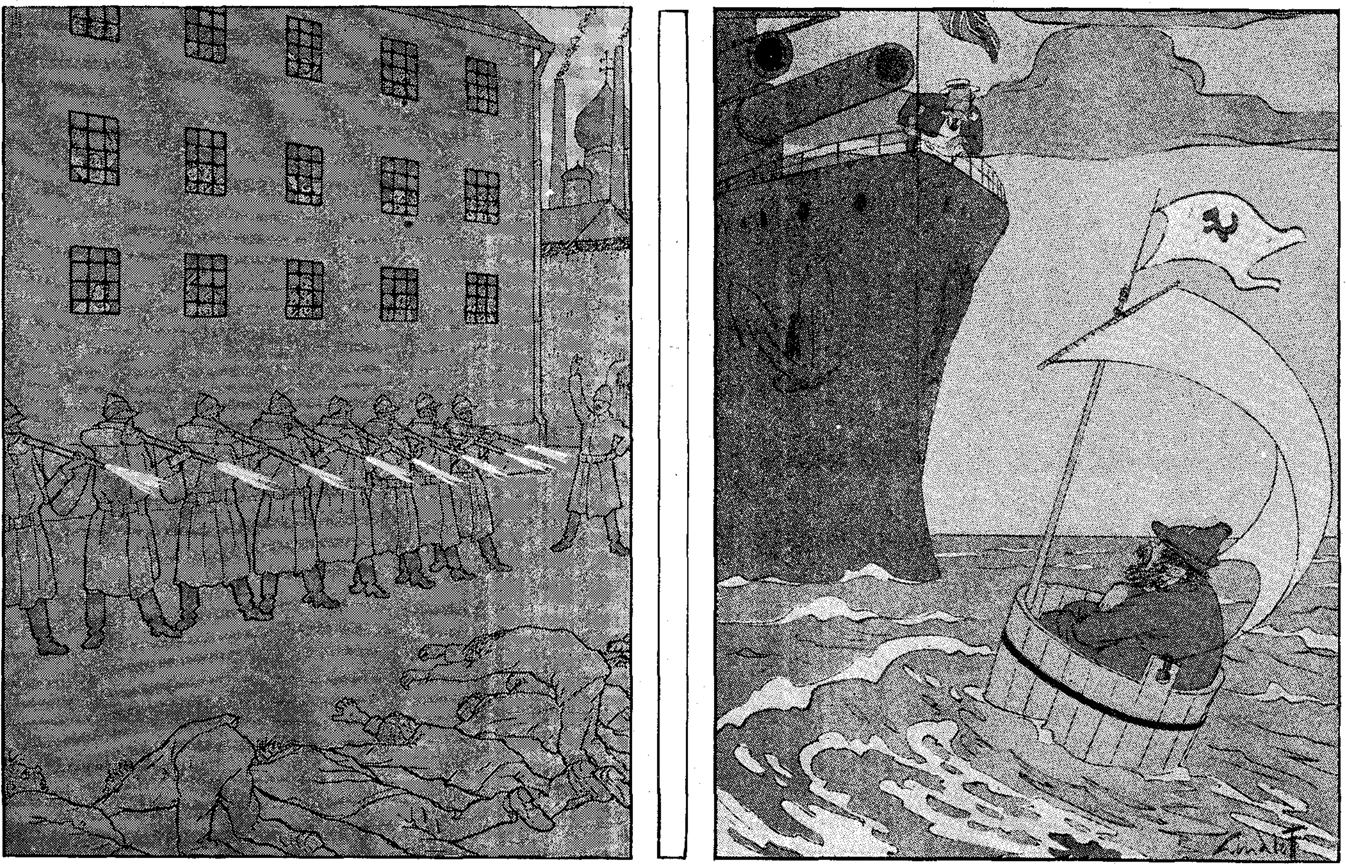
FOREIGN - COMMENT



HOW MOTHER RUSSIA LOVES HER CHILDREN

Prison keeps them from starvation, and official firing squads release them from durance vile.

—*Simplicissimus* (Munich).

A RUSSIAN MENACE TO BRITAIN

Russia threatened to bring forth her fleet if England carried out a proposed showing of the British Navy in the Baltic Sea.

—*Kladderadatsch* (Berlin).

GERMAN SARCASM AND RIDICULE FOR RUSSIA

HOW GERMANY FEELS TOWARD RUSSIA

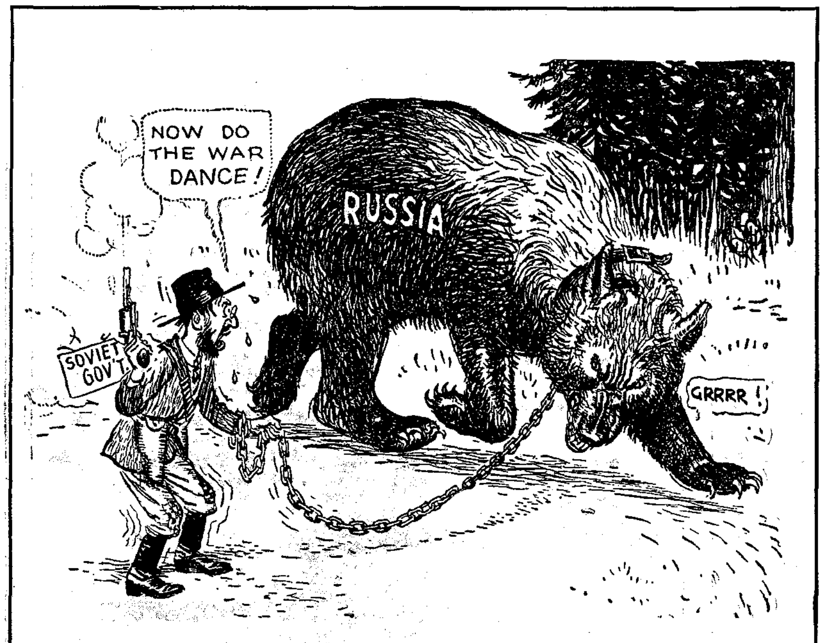
COERCION OF GERMANY by other European Powers with regard to the German policy toward Russia was rumored after the Anglo-Russian rupture of diplomatic relations, but it has been positively denied by Germany's Foreign Minister, Dr. Stresemann. As quoted in the German press, he declared in the Reichstag that it is absolutely untrue that other Powers tried to influence Germany's Russian policy. On the contrary, he said, the conversations that took place in Geneva served only to make clear to other Powers what Germany's Russian policy is. He declared further that reports of a coalition among the Powers against Soviet Russia are without base in fact, and he added:

> "As to Germany's attitude toward Russia, I must say this. The leading principle of all international policies is the non-interference of one State with the internal affairs of other States. This means that we can not and will not interfere with the domestic affairs of Russia. But this also means that we will fight most resolutely against all attempts aimed at the existing régime in Germany.
>
> "Together with other countries we will combat the world-revolution propaganda by all means. This decision is based on no secret or silent agreement. It is merely dictated to us by the principle of political self-preservation.
>
> "We intend to entertain close and active economic relations with all countries, including the Soviet Union. It is true that the political régime of Germany is in sharp contrast with the Soviet régime. This, however, does not mean that we would participate in any combination directed against the Soviets."

The claim of Russian diplomats that the Soviet Government and the Third International are two different bodies and, therefore, the Soviet Government can not be blamed for the propaganda of the Third International, rather irritates the *Frankfurter Zeitung*, which reminds us that the propagandist activities of the Third International resulted in the break of diplomatic relations between Moscow and London. The distinction between the Soviet Government and the Third International is a purely fictitious one, according to this German daily, which continues:

> "Wild invectives filled the Moscow press on the occasion of the break of Anglo-Russian relations, and they naturally provoked resentment in Europe, in spite of the fact that the world is accustomed to the brutal tone of the Soviet press. But if they keep it up, the patience of Europe may come to an end.
>
> "Besides, the bloody executions which took place in Russia have deprived her of the sympathies of the world and have put her in a position of moral isolation. Those who want to see Russia again on friendly terms with the world must tell her frankly that bestial actions and behavior are not the means of establishing such a condition."

It is interesting to note that practically all German papers, from the Social Democratic to the Monarchist organs, are unanimous in vehemently denouncing the executions of innocent "counter-revolutionists" in Moscow. "Nothing could provoke greater indignation in Germany than that," says one German editor, and other journals and editors echo the thought.


NOW DO THE WAR DANCE!
RUSSIA
SOVIET GOV'T.
GRRRR!

KEEPING HIM ON THE TROT-SKI

He knows that if he relaxes a moment the bear will turn on him.

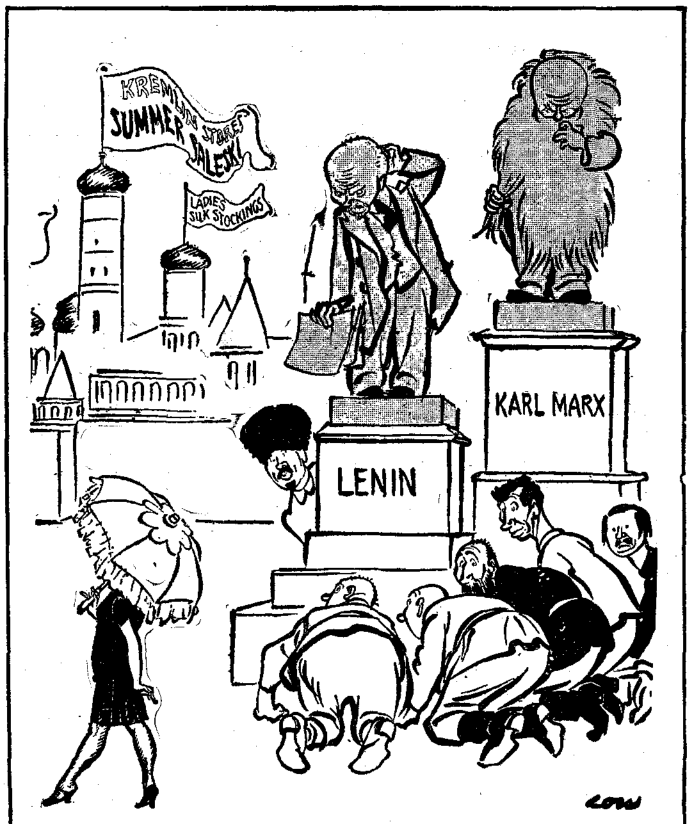
—*The Western Mail* (Cardiff).

Vorwaerts, the leading Social Democratic daily, avers that recent events in Moscow have discredited Russia in the eyes of all civilized countries, and it adds:

> "In order to rehabilitate her economic system and to keep her currency in shape Russia needs foreign credit and trade. In Moscow they realize it just as well as we realize it here—a fact which has been proven by the participation of Russian envoys in the Geneva Conference. What changes have taken place since the days of that conference! A heavy blow has been dealt to the claim that Russia is on the way to complete recovery. In the eyes of foreigners the risk connected with trading with Russia and with visiting Russia has suddenly increased. The firing in June by which twenty 'counter-revolutionists' were killed proves to the world that civil war is still going on in Russia.
>
> "The Soviet Government intended to intimidate its enemies by these bullets. Yet, far from being intimidated, its real enemy will be only encouraged by them. The Soviet Government should fear not a few individuals with guns in their pockets, but the British Conservatives who intended to overthrow it without tainting their aristocratic hands with blood. By these executions the Soviet Government has given them a trump card. Russian Bolsheviks can seize at any moment a few persons detained in prison and have them shot. And they have availed themselves of this opportunity. By this they certainly have not contributed to the improvement of their situation. A régime which preaches freedom and happiness and which, in the tenth year of its existence, still resorts to civil war and to bloodshed is obviously all wrong."

In the opinion of the Berlin *Deutsche Allgemeine Zeitung* the charges of counter-revolution made by the Soviet Government and by the Communist press are put forth for the purpose of rallying all the Government's friends against the oppositionists in Russia. Russia's growing isolation is pictured by a Geneva correspondent of the Manchester *Guardian*, who tells us that a complete change has taken place in the external and internal status of that country, and he adds:

> "To indicate the magnitude of this change, it is necessary to look back to the March session of the League Council. Relations between England and Russia were strained, it is true, but not to the breaking point. Indeed, there was reason to hope that the breach might be averted. There were negotiations going on or pending between Russia and several other Eastern neighbors for trade agreements and aggression pacts. These negotiations were by no means discouraged by Sir Austen Chamberlain. On the contrary, in a memorable sentence addrest to the assembled correspondents the British Foreign Minister declared that he would welcome any negotiations tending to bring together two neighbors, whoever these neighbors might be. Russian hostility to the League was visibly diminishing. Relations between Germany and Russia were excellent. Russia was having the benefit of the big German industrial credit scheme. A British credit operation was also ahead.
>
> "Russia was a Power of peculiar but seemingly formidable kind. In China she had a position that was unique and at least outwardly impressive. It also seemed that she still enjoyed considerable prestige among the world's labor movements. In Moscow there was a strong moderating influence at work, and much evidence of dwindling antagonism to Western Europe. Thus there seemed a fair prospect that the days of Russian isolation might be coming to an end. But within a few months everything changed.
>
> "Russia is now the most isolated of all countries, and it must be admitted that in the main it is she herself who has accomplished her own isolation. There is no evidence for her belief that British policy was to isolate her; indeed, all the evidence is to the contrary. But if such a policy existed, it would now be altogether superfluous. There was a time when German Nationalists did believe that they could promote a closer understanding with Russia and play her off against the Western Allies. This was, of course, their perfect right, altho it may or may not have been wise policy. But the Russian situation has of itself and without active scheming or even intention on either side developed in such a manner that closer relationship between Germany and Russia has become meaningless. Russia has hardly anything to offer Germany, whether politically or economically—at least, not for a long time to come. Even as a field for investment she attracts Germany hardly at all."



BEGINNING OF THE COUNTER-REVOLUTION

It has been decided in Russia to allow Communist flappers to beautify themselves. The order says that "a striving for beauty and feminine allurement is not necessarily a bourgeois trait."

—*The Star* (London).

FRANCE'S DAUDET AFFAIR

THE MOVING-PICTURE ESCAPE from jail of Leon Daudet, who was serving a sentence for libel, alleged to be committed through his Royalist newspaper, the Paris *Action Française*, is treated by some as a distinctly Parisian comedy, altho there are those who think it must not be regarded as a minor matter. The Daudet affair, as it is called, is a successor to many affairs which have marked the history of the Third Republic, in the judgment of rather pessimistic onlookers, but to so intelligent a mind as Ernest Dimnet's the whole neo-Royalist movement in France has been and remains "a huge practical joke on the Republic." Its adherents constantly speak of strangling "Marianne"—that is, France—to death, we are told, but this informant adds that Marianne means only Republicans, who, being French, need only forget their democratic propensities for a few moments to appear congenial fellows "knowing the same songs and appreciating the same wines." We read then:

Keystone View Company photograph

TRAGEDY AND COMEDY

Are strangely intermingled in the stormy career of Léon Daudet, who made what is called a moving-picture escape from a Paris jail.

"This accounts for a smile which even Radicals suppress with difficulty when they speak of the Royalist danger and pretend to be terrified by it quite as much as by Communism. Daudet, during his short four years in the Chamber, was a universal favorite, so both the attack and the counter-attack in his case are never entirely serious. Visibly, the French Government was in no hurry to arrest him to please a taxi-driver whose evidence in the investigation concerning the death of Daudet's son was too wavering not to be doubtful. On the other hand, Daudet, after entrenching himself at the office of his newspaper, and mobilizing one thousand of his young friends to retain his liberty, was obviously delighted when the Police Prefect, advancing alone and unarmed to the gates of the fortress, appealed in Southern language to the other Southerner's chivalry. In an hour Daudet was at the Santé Penitentiary, accompanied by his wife, and, by dinner-time, he was already on the best of terms with his jailers. The effect had been produced, the Government had been challenged, and its response had meant tremendous publicity for the *Action Française*.

"Daudet's cinema escape, which filled Paris with amusement, was in keeping with the whole affair. Some editors appeared ludicrous by trying to speak of it seriously. On the other hand, everybody blames Mr. Barthou for quashing the director of the Penitentiary. What did Mr. Catry do that was not at one with the whole background of the affair? He should never have acted on a mere telephone message, Mr. Barthou says. But what did the telephone message say? It said: 'Please release Daudet, Delest, and the Communist Semard under the same procedure under which the hunger-striker Girardin was set free last week.'

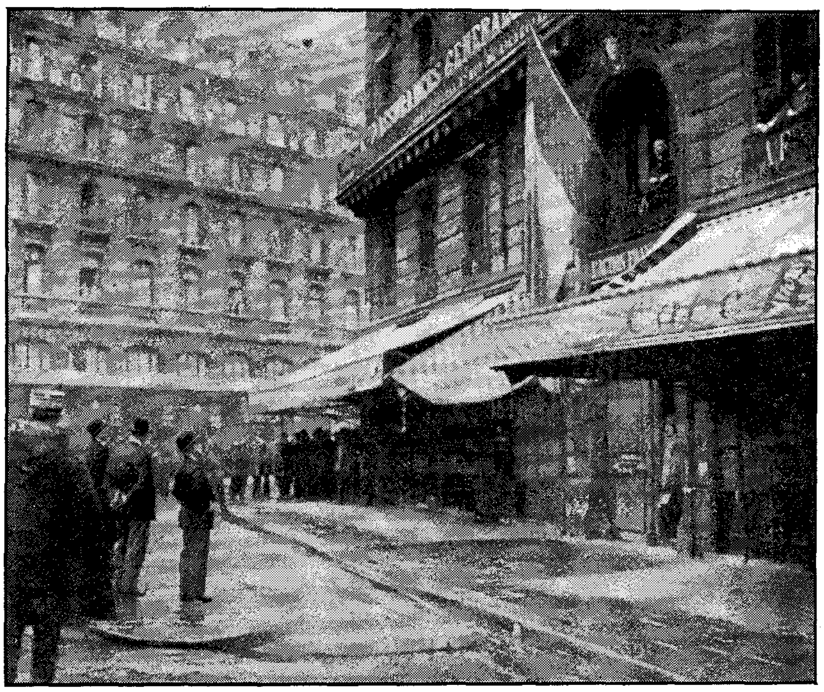
"What had been done once could certainly be repeated. And how could an honest penitentiary director, who at all events was on deck, if he was at lunch, imagine that the offices of his chief, the Minister of Interior, could be so completely deserted that one solitary *Camelot du Roy* was free to hold possession for nearly an hour? Daudet was interrupted in his lunch by the director, hugged, congratulated and packed off at one o'clock, and it was not till three that Mr. Catry, anxious to report how careful, but at the same time how diligent he had been, could communicate with anybody in charge. 'You should have remembered,' Mr. Barthou insists, 'that fifteen years ago Mr. de Baleine, a Camelot, who had pulled the President's beard in no homeric spirit at the Quatorze Juillet review and was sentenced for that offense to a term at Clairvaux, was released through an exactly similar stratagem.' 'That,' Mr. Catry might reply, 'shows that the methods of our administration have not changed in fifteen years.'"

To the London *New Statesman* a review of the whole Daudet affair is contributed by Sisley Huddleston, a well-known Paris newspaper correspondent, who recalls that on November 24, 1923, Philippe, the son of Léon Daudet, and the grandson of the famous French literary man, Alphonse Daudet, was found shot in the taxicab of a chauffeur named Bajot, and it is further related that:

"The first theory was that the boy had committed suicide, and Léon Daudet (who is, unlike Charles Maurras, a good Catholic) was properly anxious, in his grief, to cover up the incident and to have the body for burial in consecrated ground without undue inquiry. Everybody sympathized with the father, and probably nothing more would have been said had not the anarchists a little later published, in their newspaper, curious revelations. The boy had spent some time in the company of the anarchists and was alleged to have developed anarchist leanings. Then it turned out that one of the anarchists, whose bookshop he had frequented, was in reality a spy in the pay of the police. No bullet was found in the cab, and gradually a series of suspicious circumstances was revealed. Doubts were cast on the theory of suicide. Had the boy been murdered, and by whom? There was a suggestion that the anarchists had murdered him, but finally the allegations of Daudet were that the boy had been killed by the police, who were hand-in-glove with the anarchists. A number of people adopted the hypothesis that the boy contemplated an anarchist crime, that the police were informed, and shot him on sight without any knowledge of his identity. This milder charge against the police is, of course, rejected by Daudet, because it cast aspersions on the memory of his son. His own reconstitution of the tragedy is merciless to the police. The case has been so confused that it is now difficult to pronounce judgment. While I think that the theory of suicide has not been disproved, it is easy to put oneself in the place of a father who has written daily about these charges, building them up bit by bit on the variations that have revealed themselves in the evidence during the past three and a half years.

"The matter was brought to a head by means of an action for libel brought by Bajot the cabman. The process has been long drawn out. The resources of the law have been exhausted. In the upshot, after various appeals, Daudet was condemned definitively to pay 25,000 francs and to undergo five months' imprisonment. This is an unusually severe sentence in France, where imprisonment for libel is scarcely known. It is the more extraordinary in that one has, after all, a good deal of regard for the bereaved father, even tho he may have calumniated an honest cabman. It is almost needless to say that Daudet accuses everybody, the Procureur-Général, the Judge, the Ministers; but this conviction relates only to his vituperation of Bajot. No fair-minded man can condone the sentence on the ground that if it is not deserved for one offense it has been deserved for a thousand offenses in the past."

Also sentenced to prison, Mr. Huddleston reminds us then, was Mr. Delest, the manager of the *Action Française*, and it seems that they had special rooms in prison and their meals were prepared by Madame Daudet. Visitors in great number saw them every day, and, we are told:



From the Paris *Illustration*

AN INVITATION TO JAIL

Léon Daudet—standing in upper window—addrest by a French Prefect of police with a request that he accompany him to prison to serve a sentence for libel.

"Daudet wrote his daily article, abusing the authorities more than ever. Hints were freely given in the newspapers that Daudet was to be pardoned. This would scarcely have suited Daudet's book. He had no desire that the episode should end. The Camelots, taking advantage of the laxity of the administration, telephoned to the governor of the prison at midday when the ministerial offices were deserted, in the name of Mr. Sarraut, ordering the immediate release of Daudet and Delest and (to persuade the governor that the instructions were genuine) the Communist Secretary, Sémard. With smiles and with thanks, and even with the accolade, the Royalists were escorted to their carriage. Never has Paris laughed more uproariously."

Referring to the efforts of the French Government to re-arrest Mr. Daudet, the London *Daily News* asks:

"But what right, after all, had the French Government to rearrest him? There is no evidence at all that he was personally implicated in the plot to set him at liberty; he was liberated on the direct order of the prison governor, the Ministry's executive authority, and presumably Mr. Daudet is in possession of his discharge papers, signed by the governor's own hand. French politicians may be expected to make a good case dialectically out of the apparent dilemma, but we do not suppose the French Government, when it has recovered its prey, will be persuaded to let it go again on any mere technical grounds of justice. What appears strange to English eyes in this affair is the genuine apprehensions it has raised in the minds of French Ministers, and the undoubted fact that the stability of the Administration was threatened by it. It is perfectly true, as a Socialist deputy said in the Chamber, that the Government has made itself the butt of all the cafés chantants of Montmartre. If the same thing had happened in Great Britain the British Government, too, would have been held up to ridicule. But its existence would not have been endangered."

THE LEGACY OF KEVIN O'HIGGINS

THE POLITICAL ASSASSINATION of a pillar of the State, as President Cosgrave of the Irish Free State described the murder of Kevin O'Higgins, is the fruit of the steady attack against the State and its fundamental institutions. But, he assured his hearers in the Dail, the crime will fail in its object, and he added: "We will meet this form of terrorism as we met other forms of terrorism, and we shall not falter until every vestige of it is wiped out from the land." The leader of the Irish Republicans, Eamon de Valera, is quoted in a Cork newspaper as calling the assassination of Mr. O'Higgins a crime that "cuts at the root of all representative government, and no one who realizes what the crime means can do otherwise than deplore and condemn it." Meanwhile in the Irish press we find declarations that, altho Kevin O'Higgins is dead he has left Ireland the legacy of his life-work, which, as the Dublin *Weekly Irish Times* sees it, was devoted to the union of all Irishmen on a common platform of practical patriotism. His effort was to guide their vision toward the future rather than the past, we are told, and to build up a policy in Ireland that could command the enthusiastic allegiance of all creeds and classes. We read then:

"Already his policy, which has been shared and advanced by his fellow Ministers, has borne precious fruit. The flags of the Free State and the British Empire, flying side by side at half-mast over Trinity College, Dublin, are a symbol of a great work as yet not consummated. After centuries of hatred and misunderstanding the Irish and the English peoples have begun to recognize the blunders of the past and to respect each other's qualities. Within the confines of the Free State men and women who formerly held themselves aloof from the mass of the people now are taking an active part in the national affairs. Irish unity, that shadowy ideal which has eluded the grasp of statesmen for ages, is beginning at last to take concrete form. The King has spoken for his mighty Empire, and the telegrams of sympathy which have been received in the Free State from the Governor and Prime Minister of Northern Ireland reflect the feelings of the whole people of the six counties. To-day the Free State's international status is assured, and the lines of cleavage that formerly divided the Irish people are disappearing. Almost a miracle has been wrought in the last six years; but the end is not yet, and over the grave of their martyred colleague the men who already have done so much for Ireland will pledge themselves not to falter in the completion of his work."

This Dublin weekly calls attention also to the fact that Mr. O'Higgins recognized that the Irish Free State never could take its place among its peers until it had set its own house in order, and it adds:

"How he achieved that end, supported loyally by his colleagues, constitutes the history of the Free State's transition from anarchy to peace. When the State's foundations had been laid truly on the rock of social stability the late Minister lifted his eyes from the immediate problems of purely domestic concern and gave his attention to wider things. He never was, and never could be, an imperialist, but he was a realist, who hated the shams of political make-believe. The imperial connection offered prospects of international influence that never could have been attained by an independent republic. At the Imperial Conference in London, last autumn, Mr. O'Higgins was an outstanding figure.

"Years must pass before the full story of that momentous congress can be told in full, but when the day arrives the name of the Free State's chief representative will loom large in its records. Mainly by virtue of his forceful personality, the Free State delegation played a part in the discussions of the Inter-Imperial Relations Committee out of all proportion to the size of this country, and when finally the famous Balfour Report was

> published, the work of Mr. Kevin O'Higgins could be detected in every page. At the Imperial Conference the Irish Free State secured a status which membership of the League of Nations could not give it. *Saorstát Eireann*, which at Geneva merely had been one among a multitude of minor States, acquired in London a full measure of international prestige."

There has seldom been such unanimity of opinion in the Irish Free State, remarks the Cork *Weekly Examiner*, than exists with regard to the death of Mr. O'Higgins, which is characterized as "an overwhelming tragedy." Even those who did not like his methods, and were opposed to some of his legislative proposals, it is said, are at one with those who regarded him as the fearless champion of the people's political rights. It is further averred that:

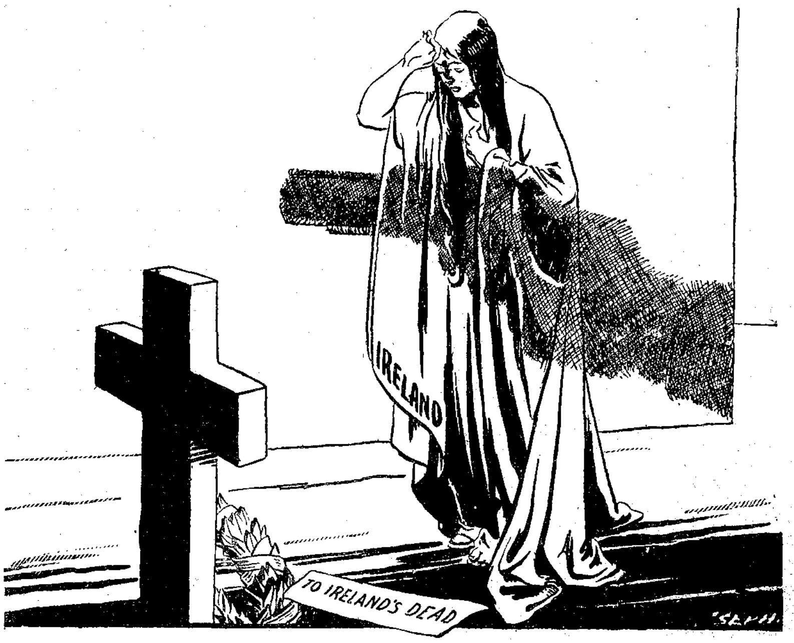
> "There is not an intelligent person in the Free State who didn't recognize in him a man whose ability and education and character eminently qualified him to play a leading rôle in guiding the destinies of the country. At an age immature for a politician he had already distinguished himself. Not only did he prove himself capable of doing a colossal amount of work; he also showed that he knew the work that it was most necessary and urgent in the country's interests to do. He established a police force; he took measures, some of which were regarded as drastic, to restore order; on him mainly fell the responsibility for ordering our new court procedure; it was he, also, who drastically altered our licensing laws.
>
> "In a word, he showed himself peculiarly fond of playing an unpopular part. His gifts enabled him to repel attack. The pathetic and almost wooden figures who, by some strange irony, continue to maintain a rather important place in our politics, had many harsh things to say of him. Any one who knew Mr. O'Higgins can easily imagine the amusement with which he read their comments, and the pleasure it gave him to make a trenchant and devastating reply. He was probably the only member of the Government who, without the slightest loss of dignity, was able to rout and humiliate political opponents. In a few sentences he reduced them to objects of derision."

There are men in the Dail who will make a conscientious effort to take his place, this Cork weekly then says, and they are credited with having the courage to ignore the consequences, but—

> "There are few men in Ireland with his capacity for statesmanship, and fewer still with so firm a grasp of what was essential to the country's welfare and what was only a secondary or a minor thing. His death has aroused the people's indignation; but there has been no panic. Yesterday was the sixth anniversary of the Truce, and the Dublin outrage was a shocking reminder of it.
>
> "It is a pleasure to be able to give to our readers the views which Mr. de Valéra has exprest to our Ennis correspondent. He had not been in the least halting or indefinite about his language when referring to the Dublin crime: 'The assassination of Mr. O'Higgins is murder, and is inexcusable from any standpoint,' he told our correspondent, adding that: 'It is the duty of every citizen to set his face sternly against anything of the kind. It is a crime that cuts at the root of all representative government, and no one who realizes what the crime means can do otherwise than deplore and condemn it.' There is no ambiguity about Mr. de Valera's denunciation. It is welcome for that reason."

Of especial interest is the reaction of the press of Northern Ireland to the assassination. Thus, for instance, the Belfast *Weekly News* observes:

> "No wonder that the tidings sent a shock throughout the Free State, and that they were received with horror throughout Great Britain and Northern Ireland, for the assassination has proved conclusively that the gunmen are still a force to be reckoned with in Southern Ireland. Mr. O'Higgins was the strong man of Mr. Cosgrave's Ministry, and, unlike some others, he had shown conclusively that he possest the mind and the will of a statesman. An enemy of Great Britain in the days of the Anglo-Irish struggle, when the 'Treaty' was signed, he put the past behind him and set himself to build up the Free State on the lines of the London Agreement. Neither fear nor friendship diverted him from the path he had marked out for himself, and when the safety of the State demanded it, he had no hesitation sending one of his closest friends to death. Now he is dead, and on all sides fears are exprest as to the effect that the tragedy may have on the future of the Free State.
>
> "On one point we have no doubt, and that is that the murder will rally the people of the South behind Mr. Cosgrave, and that they will support him in every step that he may take to deal with the menace that has again raised its head in the country. It will be hard to fill Mr. O'Higgins's place. No man is indispensable; but there is a danger, not that the people will fail the Ministers, but that some of the latter may fail the people. In the past some of them have spoken with no very certain voice, and it would be nothing short of disastrous should any of them hesitate in the presence of this new danger. The Free State was founded on bloodshed, and it would seem that only the sacrifice of fresh lives can give it strength and stability."



THE SHADOW OF THE GUNMAN

—*The Daily Chronicle* (London).

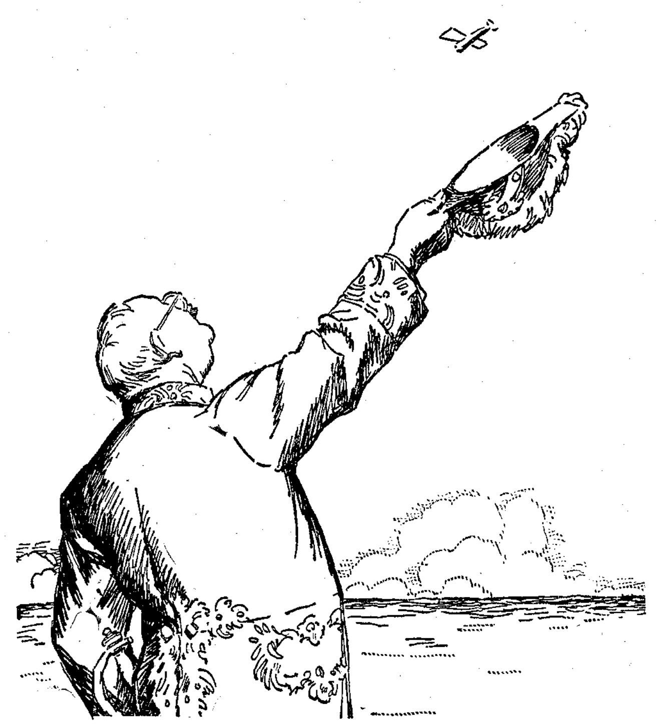
The Belfast *Northern Whig* is skeptical when it says that whatever statements denouncing the murder and disclaiming any share of responsibility for it may be made by the murdered Minister's political opponents, public opinion will "certainly attribute this crime to the Republican faction," and we read:

> "It is at present split—according to precedent—into two or more subfactions. Between them there are understood to be certain obscure differences of opinion as to the extent to which a resort to those weapons the use of which the evil traditions of pseudopatriotism sanction is desirable. But all who call themselves Republicans are arrayed against the Free State Government, and the proved barrenness of their partial success at the polls was exactly calculated to stir the wilder spirits among them to some desperate deed. That it will be an isolated outbreak of the evil forces which have wrought so much dire mischief in Ireland is devoutly to be hoped. Unfortunately, there is no certainty that such will be the case. The murder of Mr. O'Higgins must have been carefully planned, with all that minute attention to detail of which there are so many instances in the grim annals of Irish 'political' crime. There was some organization behind the men who shot down the Vice-President of the Executive Council in the streets of the capital, and that his assassination is the first stroke in a fresh campaign of atrocity is a possibility with which the custodians of law and order are bound to reckon."

SCIENCE AND INVENTION

THE "USE" OF A LINDBERGH

"OF WHAT USE IS IT?" asked some one of Franklin when he spoke of electricity. "Of what use is a baby?" queried old Ben in return. In some such fashion are couched the replies made by French experts to queries sent out by *Le Progrés Civique* (Paris) following a somewhat doubtful article in that paper by Th. Ruyssen. "Are transoceanic flights useful?" asked Mr. Ruyssen. To obtain the opinions of its readers the *Progrés* propounded the two following questions: Do you think that flights like those of Nungesser, Coli and Lindbergh are useful? And if they are, what is the nature of their utility? We translate some of the answers below. They naturally vary, the editors bid us note, according to the experts' belief that the airplane is now practically perfected, or as they hold that we may expect from it great improvement in the future. The first class pronounce such exploits as Lindbergh's perfectly useless, their success being dependent on a combination of chances to which a commercial enterprise could not be adjusted. The second class, on the other hand, regard these feats as leading to consequences of perhaps incalculable value. Airplanes will go on improving, they think, until an Atlantic flight will be an every-day matter, and Lindbergh will be looked back upon as "the Columbus of the air." Mr. P. M. Brès, of Miramas, avows himself a member of this latter class. He writes:



FRANCE-AMERICA

PAUL CLAUDEL—"I am only a poet. There is the Ambassador!"

—*Le Journal* (Paris).

> "With the present machine we may perhaps make practical the high-altitude flight and thus increase speed in great measure.
>
> "Improvements, since the beginnings of aviation, have been largely in the motor; the propeller has been modified hardly at all. The motor-builders say, we wish to run at 5,000 to 6,000 revolutions; make us a propeller adapted to this speed.
>
> "The propeller-constructors say, we can not do it; it is not possible to achieve such speed of rotation.
>
> "Now suppose that to-morrow a new system of propulsion permits the use of a 6,000-turn motor. Some rival of Lindbergh may make 5,000 miles as easily as he made 3,000. The Atlantic passage would then be commercially practicable.
>
> "Believing such improvements possible, we think that such flights as Lindbergh's are useful; by marking the limits of present possibility they give us a glimpse of the practise of to-morrow, and so they keep investigators on the watch."

That exploits like Lindbergh's should not properly be judged from the standpoint of simple utility, since their chief interest is psychological, is the opinion of G. Loriod, of Houilles, who writes:

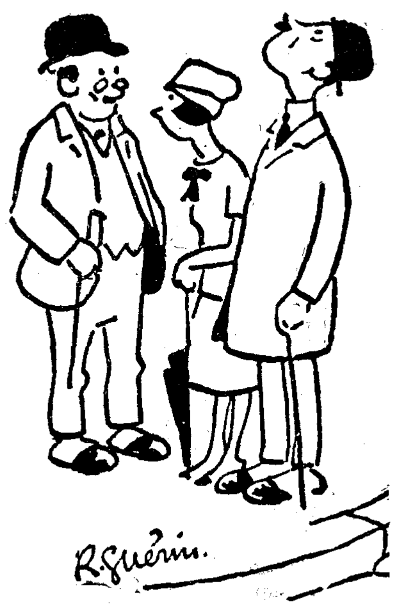
> "The greatness and the beauty of this exploit lie in the fact that for an instant it caused us to realize, above the sordid rivalries of nations and classes, a universal communion of thought and hope—a world-wide enthusiasm. Altho few may have understood what Lindbergh's flight implied to science, multitudes of ordinary men have been imprest with its manifestation of daring and valor, and by the poetry of it."

Useful? that depends on the point of view, writes P. Sael, who describes himself plainly as *étudiant* [student]. He says:

> "It is always easy to stigmatize as useless something that is not useful to us personally or directly. Things, however, should be looked upon from a higher plane. These flights have made it clear to both French and Americans that their heroes were men, above all, under whichever flag they flew. Thus they did more for peace than any pacific pronouncement."

Lindbergh is not only the Christopher Columbus of the air, who has opened a new road for future generations, thinks Edmond Love—

> "But it is above all from the moral point of view that the utility of these great events makes itself felt. We French have been beginning to regard the Americans with a rather unfavorable eye. Their difficulty on the subject of the debts, their attitude toward the League of Nations, their responsibility in the fall of the franc (our big French financiers had a hand in that, too), their ways of making free with our land and our goods with the money that they made so easily—were all so many causes of our attitude toward them. We were thinking that perhaps they were a little different from us! Nevertheless, we thrilled in the same way and with one heart at the moment of these glorious flights. They shared our grief over Nungesser and his companion. We found in Lindbergh a worthy relative of the Uncle Sam that we knew in war-time—the antipodes of the type of American who threw himself last year into the orgies of Montmartre. As in the day of the victory march, we have renewed again the old Franco-American friendship, through these deeds destined to hasten the march of progress—useful to humanity as a whole."



THE LATEST FRENCH MALADY: STIFF-NECK

"How did he get that way?"

"It's perfectly simple. He spends all his time looking up for American aviators."

—*L'Oeuvre* (Paris).

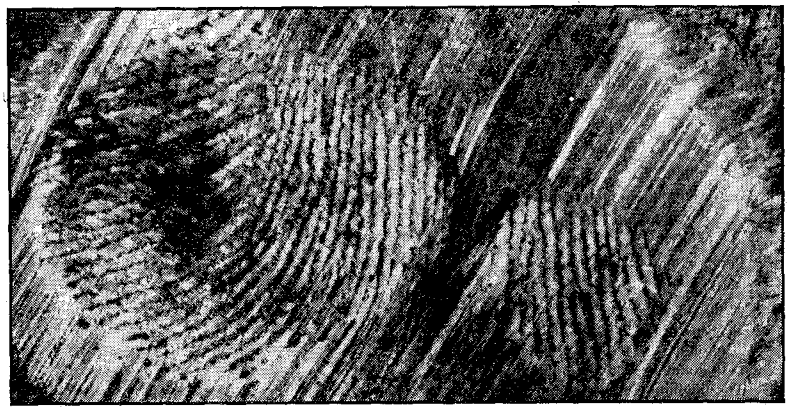
PRINTS FROM GLOVED HANDS

GLOVES DO NOT ALWAYS PROTECT criminals from the finger-print experts. Owing to carelessness, or to the necessary exposure of parts of the hand or arm outside the protection of the glove, prints left by gloved criminals have ultimately led to their detection. In *The Finger Print Magazine* (Chicago), Dr. Hans Schneickert, chief of the police identification service in Berlin, tells of three such cases. Writes Dr. Schneickert:

"The riskiness of the 'job' at the place of the crime, incidental to leaving compromising traces in the form of latent finger-prints, is naturally well known to many criminals, so that they try to protect themselves from this danger. The protection lying nearest to hand is the carrying of gloves on the place of the deed. The members of the staff of the Berlin Identification Service in their professional activity often find indications of this use of gloves for protection. But in three cases it was, nevertheless, possible to convict the glove-protected burglar through identification of the papillary lines.

"In the first case the burglar had, after a completed 'job' on the safe, pulled off the inconvenient glove and treated himself liberally from a bottle of wine standing close at hand. But in doing so he left his finger-prints on the neck of the bottle, which helped to trace him. On being arrested, he gave vent to his anger over becoming a victim of dactyloscopic science, in spite of the precaution taken to carry gloves on the burglary 'job.'

"In the second case, an impression of a glove-covered hand was found on the place of the deed, and in the lower, round opening (below the wrist) the bare part of the hand surface had left an impression of the skin of the hand, even if it self-evidently was ever so small. The papillary lines thereby made visible were sufficient to convict the criminal upon whom suspicion had fallen.



Illustrations from *The Finger Print Magazine*

FIG. 2.—ENLARGEMENT OF TRACE FROM SCENE OF CRIME

"In the third case, which I here elucidate with illustrations, the impression of the glove-covered hand surface was made in the same manner as in the previous case. In Fig. 1 is seen the original size of the papillary lines lying in the round opening, and along the edge of and below this opening, which in the use of common cloth gloves leaves the skin of the inner hand surface bare—one can plainly see the parallel lines of the cloth texture of the glove worn. The impression came about through the circumstance that a silver tray for the sake of easier transportation had been made smaller by folding it together; but this tray was left behind on the 'job' through an oversight. In this case there was, however, no suspicion against any certain person as the perpetrator. But the dactyloscopists compared the daily arriving, newly taken hand-surface prints of burglars with the impression secured at the place in question, and, after about eight days, the burglar here under consideration was accidentally turned over to the Identification Service for another burglary, so that the watchful dactyloscopists could immediately identify his submitted hand-surface print. In Fig. 2 is shown an enlargement of the trace from the place of the crime, and in Fig. 3 the corresponding identified part of the hand surface of the burglar later turned over. On the basis of the identity statement rendered, and against his denial, the burglar was sentenced to three years' imprisonment and took this punishment at once without resorting to other legal remedies."

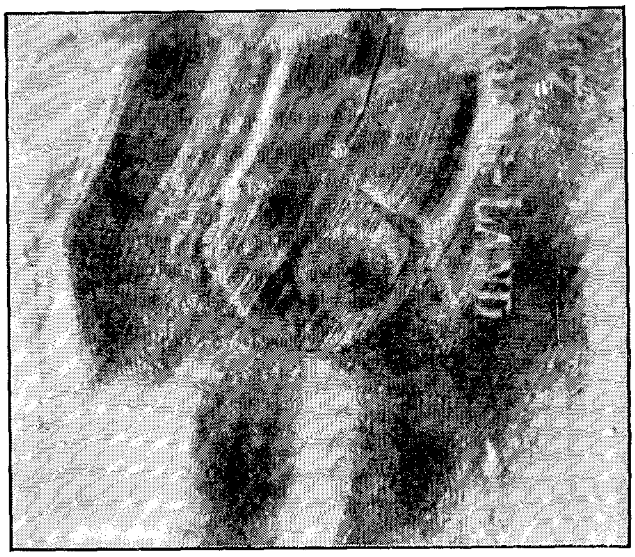


FIG. 1.—THE PRINT THAT CAUGHT THE BURGLAR

MYSTERIOUS SOUNDS IN THE AIR—Of all the sounds that haunt the air probably the most mysterious are those that are best called by the generic name "brontides" (coined from two Greek words meaning "like thunder"), tho they rejoice in scores of other names in various parts of the world. Brontides are muffled detonations, resembling the sound of distant cannon or peals of thunder, and observers say that the sounds seem to be heard chiefly in warm, clear weather. Says Charles Fitzhugh Talman in his *Why the Weather?* a Science Service feature (Washington):

"There is a reference in one of Lord Bacon's works to 'an extraordinary noise in the sky when there is no thunder.' Probably a search of other early literature would reveal many notices of mysterious rumblings and explosive sounds such as we should now describe as brontides. The first systematic investigation of these noises was made in India, where they have frequently been reported from the neighborhood of Barisal, a town in the Ganges delta, and are known locally as 'Barisal guns.'

"Along the coast of Belgium brontides are called 'mist-poeffers.' They are well known in many parts of Italy under numerous names. In Australia they are called 'desert sounds,' in Haiti 'gouffre,' etc. The 'Moodus noises' heard about Moodus and East Haddam, Connecticut, probably belong to the same category. The source of these sounds is undoubtedly subterranean in a great many cases, tho perhaps not in all. It is thought that slight movements of the rocks, such as would be inaudible under ordinary circumstances, may give rise to noises when the atmospheric vibrations are reenforced in some way by the configuration of the ground. The explosion of unseen meteorites may account for some brontides, while others may be the sounds of thunder, cannonading, blasting, etc., heard at abnormal distances because of the refraction of the sound waves by the atmosphere."

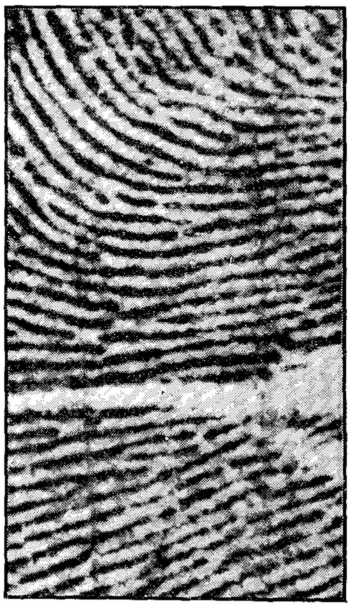


FIG. 3.—CORRESPONDING PRINT FROM BURGLAR'S HAND

THE WANDERINGS OF AN OIL-WELL

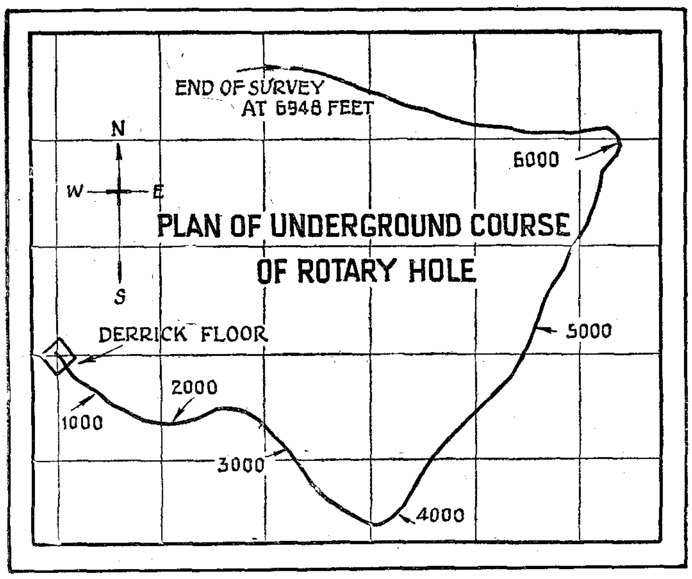
BORINGS FOR OIL, instead of going straight down, often describe curves, eccentric or spiral, which sometimes deviate by hundreds of feet to one side or the other of a vertical line. The man who sinks a well on a small claim, if he bores deep enough, therefore runs a good chance of getting his oil from his neighbor's property. These deviations have long been recognized, or at least suspected, by oil men; but it has been impossible to map them, or even to prove definitely that they exist, until the invention of a device for that purpose, described in *The Scientific American* (New York) under the above heading. The writer tells specifically of a survey made of the Olinda well in California, said to be the deepest in the world, which is shown to be no less than 517 feet out of plumb at a depth of 6,000 feet. We read:

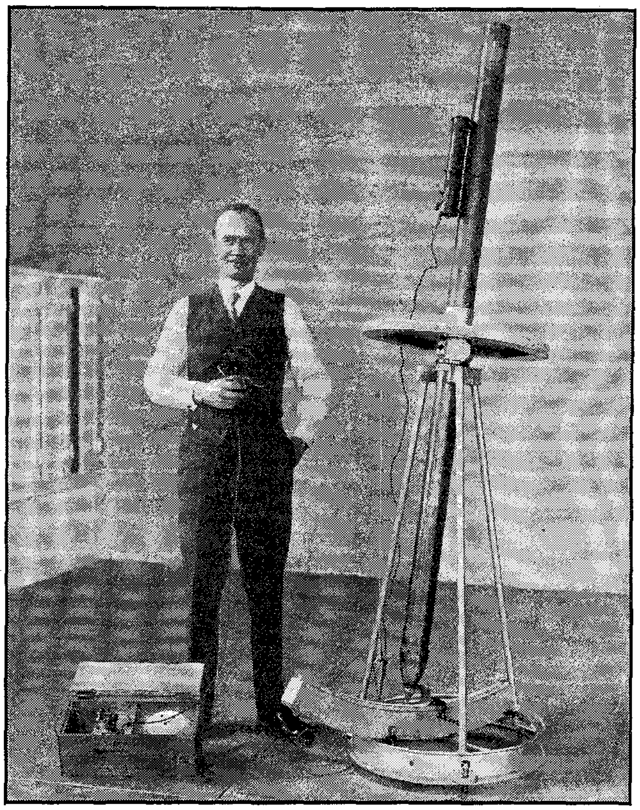
"The men who put up a derrick and begin to bore for oil, believe that they are driving their drills vertically into the ground beneath them. If the drill should not go where it is pointed, it would be a serious matter, for the derrick is erected and the drilling is started under the belief that the quickest way to get at the oil is by a vertical well.

"Not all of the experienced well-drillers, and certainly not the trained mining and petroleum engineers and the geologists, have such a simple faith in the good behavior of the oil drill. These expert men are well aware that the progress of the drill on its way down to the oil-bearing sands is apt to be somewhat erratic; but none of them was able to determine the extent or the direction of these deviations from the vertical. The diameter of the well was altogether too small for that.

"It was reserved for a well-known mining and petroleum engineer, Mr. Alexander Anderson of Fullerton, California, to design a small and very ingenious instrument that is capable of making such a survey. It is so small that it can be lowered bodily into the drill hole, and so accurate that, in its course down to the bottom of the well, it automatically records and photographs on a reel of film its exact position at any desired depth.

"The survey machine proper consists of a tube 3½ inches in diameter and 7 feet long. At its lower end is a conical plug welded into the tube. At its upper end a top plug is welded, and this connects by a coupling to the tool joint pin at the bottom of the drill pipe. Attention is directed to the photograph showing the head of the well. At the back of the picture are seen several lengths of drill pipe 85 feet long. In the center at the top of the picture is the end of the main drill pipe, and below this the pipe reduces in diameter until it is screwed into the top of the survey machine, which will be noticed projecting somewhat above the mouth of the drill hole. When the coupling up of the survey machine has been completed, successive lengths of the 85-foot pipe will be screwed on as the machine is lowered into the well. At stated intervals the recording apparatus within the little tube will make a photographic record of the inclination and variation of the survey machine at successive levels."





Illustrations by courtesy of *The Scientific American*

THE INVENTOR DEMONSTRATING HIS DEVICE

It is here mounted on a tripod, so that it can be tilted as in a slanting well.

A demonstration frame used to show the method of operation of the survey machine is seen in another picture. A 7-foot x 3½-inch tube is supported by three rods upon a circular ring baseplate. The tube is so supported at its mid-length that it can be swung freely in a vertical plane. The amplifier attachment and the telephone receivers are for listening in on the mechanism, and coordinating by stop-watch with a time schedule on which "shots" are taken during the lowering of the survey machine into the well. To quote further:

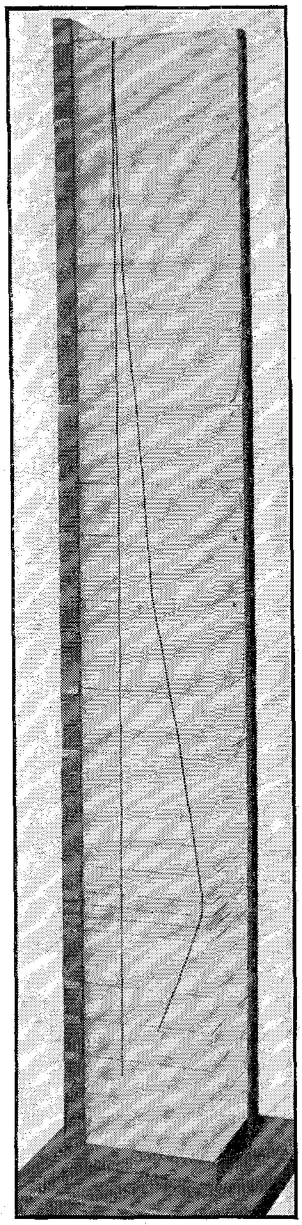
"The illustrations show some of the surprizing facts which were brought to light by a survey with this machine of the Olinda well in Orange County, California. This is the deepest well in the world. At the time that this survey was made, May, 1926, it had reached a total depth of 6,948 feet. At the present writing it is down to over 8,000 feet.

"A glass model was built to show the amount of deviation from the vertical at the different levels. The plan of the underground course of the hole proves that, in addition to traveling very much out of plumb, the drill also moved in a general circular or rather rectangular direction. It shows how the course of the well would appear if it were projected onto the surface of the ground above. The survey started at 8:45 A. M. and reached bottom at 3:50 P. M. The following July, when the hole was 1,000 feet deeper, the machine was again lowered to the bottom of the well.

"Mr. Anderson tells us that unexpectedly high temperatures were encountered and that they incapacitated the batteries inside the machine, so that the photographic record ceased at a depth of 6,948 feet. The temperature was determined by laboratory tests made on similar batteries, and it was found to have been about 212 degrees, Fahrenheit. It is believed that with the use of improved insulation inside the machine, the survey can be carried down to 8,000 feet. The first part of the hole, to a depth of 3,751 feet, runs in a general southeasterly direction; then the slope of the hole changes to a northeasterly direction and follows this course down to a measured depth of 5,962 feet. Here, the hole swings sharply around to a direction north 75 degrees west and maintains this course with the last reading at 6,948 feet.

"Now, let us see what is the significance of these erratic wanderings. Let us suppose that oil had been struck at 6,000 feet, where the lateral drift has carried the well to its extreme distance of 517 feet, measured horizontally from the derrick floor. This would mean that under the derrick there would be exactly thirty acres of untapped area.

"Mr. Anderson, writing in *Petroleum World*, tells us that there is a good deal of literature dealing with the spacing of derricks according to theoretical considerations. Such suggestions show that the great underground drift of wells was not formerly appreciated. Underground surveying of California rotary wells has demonstrated that wells in the same field do not follow parallel lines underground; the amount of drift of two adjoining wells might also vary within wide limits. It is surprizing to learn from this authority that Olinda is by no means an exceptional case of large drift, since the drift of some shallow wells has been found to exceed that amount. Furthermore, the fact that wells drift in different directions and by different amounts suggests that areas of untapped oil sand may exist under leases that are seemingly fully drilled."



GLASS MODEL

Built to show the oil-well's deviation from the vertical at the different levels.

ATTACHING MACHINE TO DRILL PIPE

Ready to lower it into the well.

HABIT SPASMS OF CHILDREN

FACIAL OR BODILY CONTORTIONS in children may always be counted on to focus attention. The interest of a whole carful of people will be riveted on one who has such a nervous affection. No amount of will-power or good breeding seems sufficient to divert the other passengers from the contemplation of such antics. Says Frank Howard Richardson, who writes on this subject in *Hygeia* (Chicago):

"It would be strange indeed if the nervous child were to overlook this opportunity for self-advertisement. More than this, since the adult who accompanies him loathes being bathed in this fierce light quite as intensely as the youngster craves it, there offers itself a fertile field for the extortion of 'hush-money' by skilfully applied pressure. The nervous child is as a rule no fool; and it would be too much to hope that these opportunities should escape the attention of the alert young strategist.

"High among the manifestations of nervousness in children (especially when complicated by overstrain and fatigue or by faulty management) rank what the physician calls tics. As this does not express clearly the picture presented, there has been invented another term—habit spasms—which is perhaps better suited to express what is meant here. For this manifestation is always a habit and is frequently characterized by spasmodic movements.

"It would be neither just nor accurate to accuse a child of reasoning out such a course of conduct. Every one of us has a self with which he is quite unfamiliar, whose power to dictate almost every action that he takes is far in excess of that possest by his will. It is this hidden but powerful unconscious self that points out to the distorted mentality of the nervous child the attractive potentialities inherent in a habit spasm.

"No habit spasm ever springs full grown without some direct exciting cause. The beginning is frequently some natural movement intended to free the oversensitive child from constraint or discomfort.

"It is impossible for the insensitive adult who prides himself on 'having no nerves' to realize how extremely oversensitive these highly wrought little creatures become to stimuli quite unnoticeable to the normal person. The constriction from a tight belt or collar, the pressure of apparel that is too small or even barely snug, the tickling of woolen underclothing, some little imperfection in the weave of a stocking, the binding under the armpit caused by an ill-fitting sleeve—any one of these, unnoticeable or only slightly irritating to the normal person, becomes little short of maddening to a nervous, 'surface-conscious' child.

"The normal reaction of the body toward an uncomfortable situation consists in its attempting to wriggle out of the disagreeable entanglement. Failing this, it tries by various contortions to assume an attitude whereby it can endure the situation with the least discomfort. The observer will frequently be enabled to recognize distinct suggestions of efforts to wriggle out from the confinement or constriction of an uncomfortable article of clothing. However, the removal of the exciting cause frequently has no effect in curing the habit spasm, when once this has become firmly established. The fact that many of these spasms seem unsuited to the purpose of freeing the body from a disagreeable situation does not prove that they were not originally so designed.

"What about the treatment of habit spasms? The treatment most commonly employed consists in a succession of don'ts. Unfortunately, the don't treatment, tho one can hardly blame the elders who resort to it in desperation, is not only ineffective but really harmful. In the first place, there is no such thing as a psychologic negative. Altho we may think that we are emphasizing the thought of the child's not doing a particular thing, we are in reality impressing the idea upon him in the positive sense. In the second place, one of the main sources of the habit spasm is the child's desire for attention, even tho unconscious. He succeeds in gaining this attention whenever his parents repeatedly tell him not to do whatever it is he is doing. The underlying causative nervousness is what merits most study, and it is far more important than the cure of any one habit spasm, no matter how maddening.

"While studying the causative condition, what may be done for the tic itself? A careful search should be made for any physical irritation. If this is of external origin, its removal is simple. If, on the other hand, it is due to a physical defect, correction may call for careful consideration, lest surgical intervention do more harm than good. It must be distinctly understood that surgical removal is not to be counted on to cure the habit spasm. All that is hoped for is the prevention of recurrence, in case other measures succeed in curing it.

"The less notice given to a habit spasm the better. The mere elimination of the subject from the conversation will do much to help; the refusal to allow its power visibly to annoy the child's elders and to focus their attention upon him is of itself another distinctly helpful measure.

"At some time when he is not 'going through the motions,' however, it may be well worth while for some one of his elders with whom he is on terms of the least tension to discuss the situation quietly and frankly with him. He may be reminded of how much fun he misses by indulging his disagreeable habit. It may be suggested, if it can be done unemotionally, that the habit deprives him of good times he would otherwise have—picnics, trips to places of interest, parties and other social gatherings—because people are unwilling to have him around. At some other time, when conditions are again favorable for unemotional discussion, it may be called to his attention that none of the people whom he most admires—baseball celebrities, movie stars, historical heroes, bandits, pirates or whatever happens to intrigue his interest most at the time—do things of this sort.

"Later, he may be persuaded to examine himself in the mirror during the exercise of his pet habit spasm, to see just how disgusting or ridiculous he makes himself look by its practise. All these suggestions are to be made at a time when emotion is entirely eliminated from the discussion. There is to be no element of recrimination or of blame admitted.

"One thing must be borne constantly in mind; that is, that a new habit spasm is always ready to be developed to take the place of an old one. In fact, until or unless the underlying condition of nervousness is materially improved, such a replacement is almost to be expected.

"Improvement is to be judged, not by the correction or elimination of one habit spasm or its replacement by some other one, but by the gradual decrease and eventual elimination of all habit spasms. Until this has been accomplished, it may be seriously suspected that all is not well with the emotional or nervous side of the child that suffers from them."

HUMAN "BLOOD-GROUPS"

THE BIBLICAL STATEMENT that the Almighty "hath made of one blood all the nations of the earth," is not to be taken too literally, according to studies undertaken originally to ensure safety in blood-transfusion. These researches, we are told by Dr. J. Laumonier, writing in the *Nouvelle Médecine* department of *Je Sais Tout* (Paris), have established the existence of definite "blood-groups" in the human race, some of which preponderate in some nations and some in others. Classed in this way, odd companionships result, English being classed with Germans, Italians with Austrians, and Russians with Jews. Dr. Laumonier writes:

"As Claude Bernard has said, the blood is the interior medium of the body, in which are bathed, through the intermediary of the lymph, all our cells. It is necessary, then, that the physical state and the chemical composition of the blood should be almost absolutely constant in a given individual, without which troubles appear, which we call diseases. Bloods differ as their owners differ in origin and constitution.

"The physicians of old found this out when they tried to transfuse into a sick man the blood of divers mammalian animals. Resulting accidents were so often fatal that this process was quickly given up. Transfusion from man to man did not give sensibly better results, because of insufficient skill, and the relative frequency of accidents caused it to be abandoned in its turn, despite its incontestable advantages.

"These advantages, luckily, have not been lost sight of, and the Americans toward the end of the last century believed that by the use of antiseptic and aseptic methods, they had been able to resume these attempts with more success. And, in fact, these experiments were sufficiently successful to bring the method again into favor, especially in cases of serious anemia, of exhaustion from infection and of bad hemorrhages. Great use of it was made during the war of 1914–18, and to-day it is almost current practise.

"Nevertheless, despite the perfection of operatory technique and the minute precautions, accidents still happen, either during the operation or after it—pain, chills, fever, convulsions, syncope—rather rare, it is true, but impressive, tho rarely fatal. Since these accidents are not due to faulty methods, they can be attributed only to the mutual reaction of the blood-mixture, that is, to the incompatibility of the giver and the receiver. To avoid this, it was necessary to inquire into the circumstances of such incompatibility. A large number of scientists have been at work, for the past twenty years, in this research, which has resulted in the discovery of 'blood-groups.'

"We distinguish in blood a solid part, represented by the red and white globules, and a liquid part, called the plasma. When blood coagulates it forms a clot, from which exudes, as it contracts, a clear liquid, the serum. Now the incompatibility of certain kinds of blood is in the red globules and the serum; it shows itself in what is called 'agglutination' and 'hemolysis' of the red globules—easily noticed facts.

"Agglutination is the sticking together of the red globules in masses, instead of their remaining practically separate, as in ordinary blood. In hemolysis, on the contrary, the red globules dissolve and can no longer be clearly perceived. Hemolysis appears only after agglutination, so in the research this latter has received special attention. It should be noted that incompatibility, characterized by agglutination, involves dangerous consequences in transfusion only in certain circumstances. The agglutination of the red globules of the giver by the serum of the receiver is the only injurious action, since it sets free poisonous albuminous globules in the receiver. The agglutination of the receiver's globules by the serum of the giver does no harm, since the albuminous globules thus set free belong to the receiver himself and are not poisonous.

"In 1901, Landsteiner deduced the existence of three 'blood-groups,' which were later raised to four. Recently others have been announced. In France only four are recognized, while in America and England the three-group classification is preferred. In what follows, we shall follow the French system.

"The differentiation between the 'blood-groups' is based on two experimental facts:

"1. Bloods of the same group do not agglutinate.

"2. Bloods of a given group always behave in the same manner toward bloods of other groups. The characteristics of these groups are as follows:

"*Group I.* Its red globules are agglutinated by the serum of all other groups, and its serum agglutinates none of them. Individuals of the group are 'universal receivers,' and can be transfused with any blood. But they are bad givers, for their blood can be received only by members of their own group.

"*Group II.* Its serum agglutinates the red globules of groups I and III, but its own red globules are agglutinated by the serum of the latter only. Receivers of this group may be transfused from groups II and IV.

"*Group III.* Its serum agglutinates the red globules of groups I and II, and its own red globules are agglutinated by the serum of II and IV. Consequently its members can be injected from groups III and IV.

"*Group IV.* Its serum agglutinates the red globules of all the other groups, and its own are agglutinated by no serum. The members are 'universal givers' but bad receivers and can receive blood only from their own group.

"We can not ascertain incompatibilities theoretically in advance, even in transfusion between near relatives; accidents can be prevented only by testing both bloods. Two methods are used, that of Beth-Vincent is most convenient and speedy, but it requires that the tester shall possess controlled serums of groups II and III.

"A simple prick on the finger gives the blood to be tested. On a slip of glass are placed two drops of the giver's blood; to the first is added a drop of serum II and to the second, one of serum III, and several minutes are allowed to elapse. If there is agglutination in both drops, the giver is of group I. If it occurs only with serum II, he is of group III; with serum III, he is of group II, and finally if there is no agglutination, he is of group IV. In general, the giver is preferred who belongs to the same group as the receiver.

"If the tester has no serums II and III, recourse must be had to a direct process, much too long to be described here.

"The distribution of these groups varies notably in different races. For instance, here are the percentages for the Americans and the French.

Group	*Americans* (*Moss*)	*French* (*Bécart*)
I	5	3
II	40	40
III	10	12
IV	45	45

"In other races the proportions change. Tests during the Great War, made on thousands of soldiers—European, Asiatic, African and Australian, show that group IV is the most stable; group II shows great variation, from 53 per cent. with English and Germans, to 42 with the French, 38 with the Italians, Austrians and Roumanians, 32 with Arabs, Turks, Russians, and Jews, 26 with Malagasies, 22 with Senegalese and Anamites, and 19 with Hindus. With the last-named, the group III, on the other hand, rises to 41 per cent., while it falls to 7 with the Anglo Saxons. Finally, group I is rarest, never exceeding 5 per cent. in any race. The reasons for variation are unknown. Perhaps it depends on food habits, for group II, preponderant with the flesh-eating English, is very low with the vegetarian Hindus."

THE STRONGER SEX

NOT MEN: writes Dr. J. Laumonier in *Le Petit Provençal* (Marseilles, France). Such data as science has been able to accumulate show that women are the stronger—more resistant to death, disease, and the mishaps of life. Nature sees to it that more men than women are produced, because a larger number of the men are doomed to extinction. He writes:

"There is one argument that I have never seen invoked in favor of feminism. It is, nevertheless, of importance; and here it is. The male animal resists less well than the female the causes of destruction and death. This rule applies, of course, to men and women. It is known, in fact, that at equal ages, widows are more numerous than widowers, and that the average length of life of a woman is a little greater than that of a man. I will not pause to consider the interpretation of this fact given by misogynists—namely that the harsh humor of our companions contributes to the shortening of our days. This is worth nothing, because the same phenomenon—the slighter longevity of the male—is observed also in animals. We must also take into account the fact that this feebler resisting power of the male to death appears from the beginning—that is to say from the very moment when his sex is determined, and consequently before birth.

"In the first place, prenatal mortality is quite high—14.8 per cent. with goats, 33 with mice; the embryos degenerate and lose their vitality. In this mortality, what is the proportion of males? It can not always be determined, but it seems considerable, if we may rely on the following data. Altho in favorable conditions a given number of births may furnish a total of 100 males and 100 females, the number of males falls to 80, or even 60, when the conditions become unfavorable. Thus the males are more sensitive to such conditions than the females, and we may accordingly conclude that the males bear the chief brunt of prenatal mortality.

"For the human species, the study of still-births leads to similar results. There are more still-born children of the male sex than of the female. We may conclude properly that there must be more male than female children born. But altho male natality is greater than female, male mortality is also greater. In 1913, in England, 104 boys to 100 girls were born. But during the first month 129 boys died for every 100 girls; during the two following months, 132, and at the end of the year, 125. Thus the female sex predominates at all ages. Of ten centenarians, seven are women. This all goes to prove the greater fragility of the male. What is the cause? The physiological activity of the male is ordinarily much intenser than that of the female; his nutritive exchanges, his expenditures of energy, are sensibly larger. He thus uses himself up more quickly. Besides, in many species, except in the superior vertebrates, he is less robust than the female, and often becomes her victim. Occasionally she even devours him. This is why nature multiplies him innumerably, seeing that very few are to survive. We know of small creatures whose males are so rare that they are never met with except by accident.

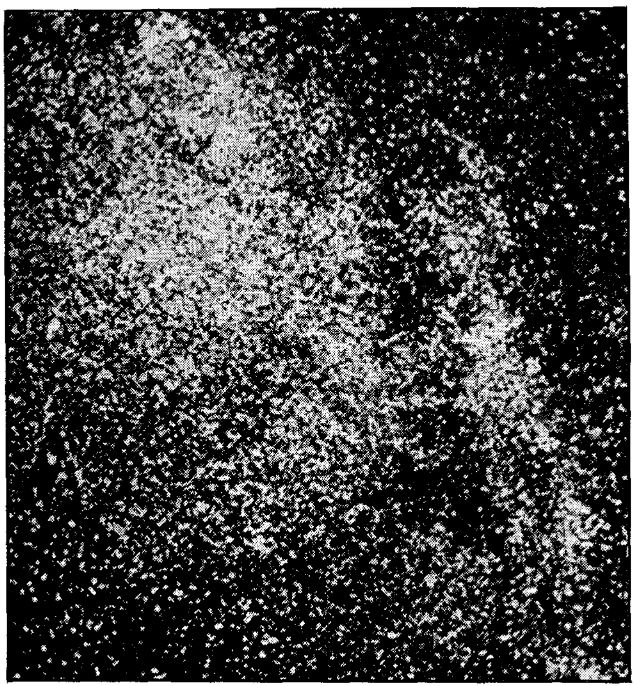
"But then which is the 'superior sex,' even in the human species? Are not most men, as some English spinsters are maintaining, nothing but parasites, delicate and born in too great numbers—blown away by the slightest zephyr? How much we have been deceived in our pretensions! So far as science has anything to tell us, we can not do otherwise than admit that our charming spouses are not altogether wrong in wishing so often to wear the breeches!"

"MUSICAL EARTHWORMS" MERELY NERVOUS?—When earthworms are brought to the surface by vibration, musical or otherwise, it is not because they are musical, but because they are attempting to escape threatened danger, or what they believe to be such. This, at any rate, is the view of John D. Westall, of Randall, Washington, who writes as follows to THE DIGEST:

"Concerning those 'Musical Earthworms,' I would suggest that it is no love of music or 'fiddling' that causes them to come to the surface of the ground, but that fear is the impelling cause. During dry weather, earthworms stay deeper in the ground than they do in wet places or during wet weather. Once when these worms were near the surface of the ground, I noticed dozens of them coming out, and after watching for some time I saw a mole at work, evidently making a meal off any he could overtake. The vibrations in the soil caused by the mole's claws moving the earth warned the worms of their danger, and up they came to escape the mole. In order to prove this, I took a long stick, and walking carefully some distance away, I thrust the stick into the ground as nearly horizontally as I could. By turning it in the ground so that the small knots I had left on the stick would tear the soil, I found that I could frighten the worms to the surface in the same way that the mole had done. My opinion is, therefore, that it is just a case of nerves that causes them to come to the surface, and who can blame the poor things for trying to escape *some* violin music!"

COUNTING THIRTY BILLION STARS

MODERN ASTRONOMY, says a correspondent of the New York *Times*, is the interpretation of the messages of light, and modern astronomers, within the last twenty-five years, have deciphered these messages to obtain astounding facts on the total number of stars, their distances and sizes, their ages, and composition, movement and relation to life. That is the gist of a lecture read at a recent meeting of the American Philosophical Society by Dr. C. G. Abbot, Acting Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and director of its astrophysical observatory. In cooperation with Dr. S. A. Mitchell of the University of Virginia, Dr. Abbot is preparing a book on the subject of the lectures, to be called "Fundamentals of Astronomy." The correspondent writes as follows:



COUNT THESE FOR A STARTER

A photograph of a mere fragment of the Milky Way, and then realize the astronomer's task in counting all the stars of heaven.

"The new astronomy estimates the number of stars as 30,000,000,000 according to Dr. Abbot. The first step in attaining this estimate is the elimination of the idea that the number of stars is infinite. This is accomplished by the argument that if the stars were infinite in number and if space were infinite in extension, the whole vault of the heavens would glow as brightly as the sun. The next step is to divide the stars into magnitudes of brightness. Then selected areas over the heavens are photographed by processes which record stars a million times fainter than the naked eye can see them. The number of stars brighter than specified magnitudes lying in many small sample regions of the sky are counted. It is found from these counts that a definite relationship exists between the ratio of increase of the number of stars and their magnitudes, and that this ratio of increase tapers off toward zero as the stars grow fainter. Assuming that the relationship holds good for stars beyond what the telescope can see, it is possible to integrate the total number of stars. Thirty billions is the answer."

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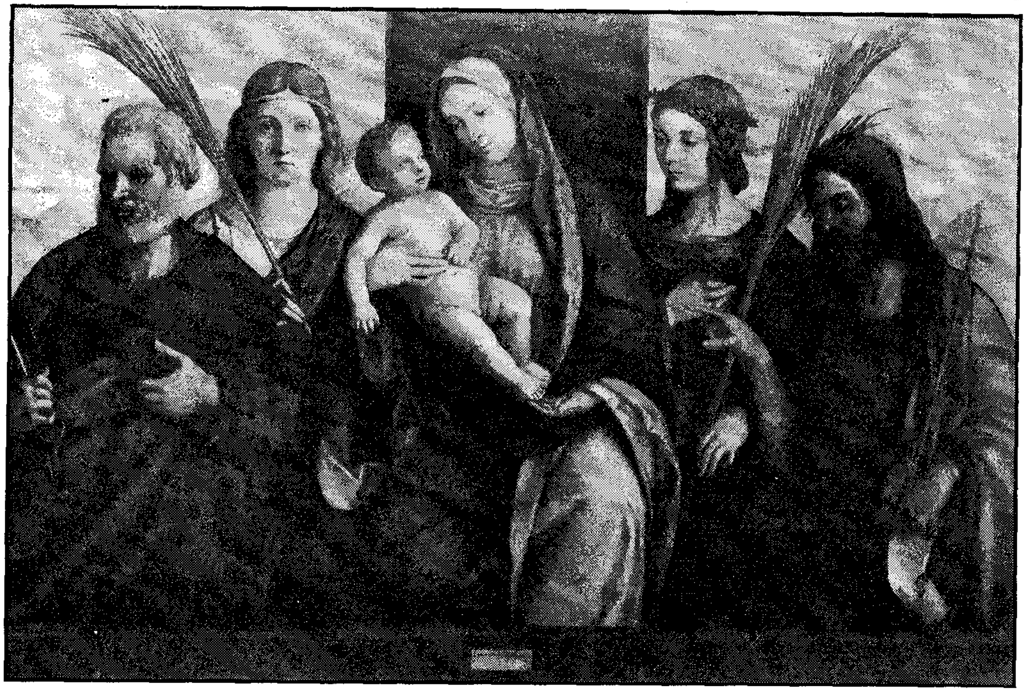
LETTERS - AND - ART

LITERATURE DRAMA MUSIC FINE-ARTS EDUCATION CULTURE

A HUNDRED ITALIAN MASTERPIECES FOR AMERICA

A NEW TURN IN THE TIDE of picture collecting in America may be seen perhaps in the purchase, destined for these shores, of the Benson collection of old Italian masters. Up to now the prizes sought were Rembrandts and eighteenth-century English. These will not be overlooked in the future if the market furnishes them, as is seen by the recent acquisition by the Detroit Institute of Art of a superb Rembrandt —"Visitation of Saint Elizabeth." But the purchase by Sir Joseph Duveen of the famous Benson collection of 120 Italian pictures, ranging from the thirteenth to the sixteenth century, impresses an editorial writer in the New York *Herald Tribune* as something of "positively dramatic contrast." He goes on to record the slow accumulation here of Italian pictures, forgetting only to mention the Jarves collection of Italian primitives, brought here near the middle of the last century and now lodged at Yale University. They came in small enough numbers, however, to justify his remark that "it seems only the other day that old masters of the Italian school were practically unknown in the American market." Great as the grief may be in England over the loss of "perhaps the finest single collection of Italian masterpieces in any private gallery in Europe," as Carlyle Burrows in the same paper remarks, the editorial implication is a query as to who has the greater right to them:



Photographs by courtesy of the Duveen Galleries, New York

A MASTERPIECE BY ONE OF THE GREAT SIXTEENTH-CENTURY VENETIANS

The Virgin and Child, Saints Catherine and Lucy, Peter and John the Baptist, by Giovanni Bellini. One of *the $3,000,000 Benson collection to come to America.*

> "The Italian Renaissance was an almost closed preserve.
>
> "Only the late John G. Johnson, of Philadelphia, contrived somehow to get the distinguished examples of it which he left to his city. Then with Berenson's aid Mrs. Gardner carried on the campaign which enriched Fenway Court with divers resplendent works. And still anything like a supply of early Italian pictures equal to the demand for them here long seemed inaccessible.
>
> "In recent years the tide turned. The war has done much to accelerate it, but even prior to that crisis and its accompaniment of increased taxation abroad a change was perceptible. Mr. Altman was occupied well before the war in forming the noble collection he left to the Metropolitan Museum. It was in the same period that the late J. P. Morgan acquired from the Kann collection that renowned portrait of Giovanna Tournabuoni, by Ghirlandajo, which is one of the outstanding monuments of the Renaissance. To-day the Benson collection is promised to a country in which there already exists an atmosphere harmonious with its own. Witness the Italian masterpieces in the Mackay, Goldman, Widener and Emery collections, to mention only a few. Yet when all is said this latest coup of Sir Joseph Duveen's constitutes a veritable landmark in the evolution of an extraordinary movement. It will bring to us in unprecedented number (more than a hundred) such pictures as ordinarily hang only in the public and inviolable galleries of Europe. We can imagine, by the way, the groans of the directors of those galleries.
>
> "The Benson collection has for years had a status all its own. It has been known for its princely scale and for the major 'museum pictures' it contains. Commentators who have reflected at all upon its probable destiny have assumed that of course it would go to the National Gallery. In bringing it here Sir Joseph Duveen carries out something like a Napoleonic *tour de force.* He has brought some unique things to the United States, like Mrs. Emery's Mantegna from the Duke of Buccleugh's collection, like Mr. Widener's Bellini, like the 'Mrs. Siddons' and 'The Blue Boy' in the Huntington collection. But this time he brings a whole dazzling host of pictures. From Giotto and Duccio, in the era of the Primitives, to the sumptuous efflorescence of Venetian art in the works of John Bellini and Titian, he will put before our collectors an embarrassment of riches.
>
> "The thrilling thing about the event is its perfect inevitability and fitness. As has been indicated, the subject is one of growth within the memories of living men, yet our galleries, public and private, are all ready to absorb this latest and most prodigious array of masterpieces. That is the way of American civilization. It advances with incredible rapidity. There are collectors functioning who can recall their first ventures, naively tentative wanderings among the pretty painted anecdotes of the Paris Salon. That phase is as dead as Julius Cæsar. Sir Joseph Duveen brings straight to New York the greatest gathering of gems that has changed hands in a generation. Here and nowhere else in the world is its dispersal appointed. The cynic will say that this is explained by our supremacy in wealth. The thoughtful observer will recognize in it also a historic episode in the mutation of civilization and taste."

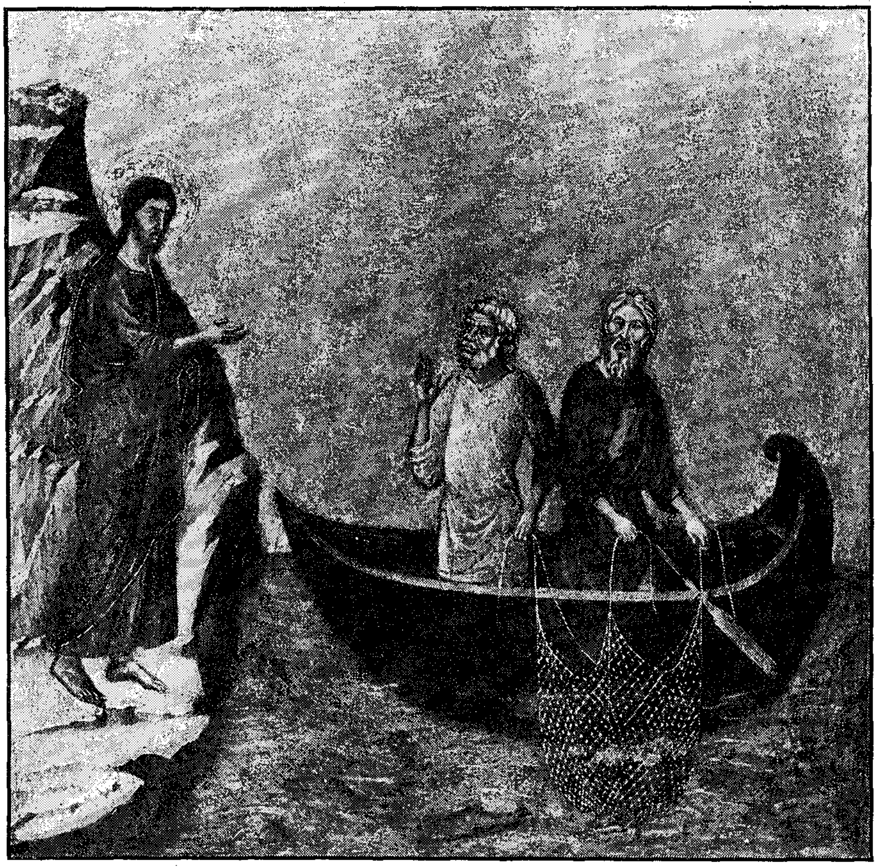
Are there fundamental rights and wrongs in the removal to new America of the art treasures of the Old World? asks the New York *Evening Post,* and it tries to find something more than a money justification:

"The question arises again in the purchase of the Robert H. Benson collection of Italian old masters and his reported intention of bringing the 120 pictures to New York. London is dismayed, as this collection, through its frequent loan exhibitions, had come to be regarded as belonging to that city. We can understand this dismay, altho the pictures really 'belong' to Italy rather than England. We can quite comprehend the Old World's unwillingness to have its treasures go to the New. Yet America's civilization takes its roots in the countries of Europe. Examples of European culture will have here the esthetic influence which they exercise there. They can never be wholly transported hither. Physical and legal limitations bar this. But what we can get we need as a part of our heritage. And we assuredly give them as effective display as any capital in Europe. Perhaps, too, the problem is by way of being solved by airplane. If we are going to be able to jump from Paris to New York in thirty hours or less, we shall all be jumping about the world for all sorts of projects. If we are studying Italian old masters in Paris we shall take a quick jump to Rome and then another one to New York. The world is growing smaller through the wonders of transportation. Taking art treasures from one continent to another is even now far less a journey or separation than used to be the case when they were removed from one European capital to another."

The Brooklyn *Eagle* furnishes an interesting account of the formation of the collection:

"Well, in 1887, Robert Stayner Holford of London had a private gallery that ranked with those of the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Westminster, Lord Lansdowne, and Lord Ellesmere. His special treasure, not quite matched in England, was a gem of Albert Cuyp, but the range of his interests had been a wide one. He had two daughters, of whom Evelyn, the younger, had grown up in a collector's atmosphere and knew art as well as she loved it. This daughter was married to a banker, Robert H. Benson, that year. He had large resources and tastes precisely like hers. Together for more than thirty years they wandered part of each year over Europe seeking what they could pick up. Man and wife were equally interested.

"The result was a marvelous showing in the Benson Gallery. Six distinct schools of Italian art were represented in one hundred and fourteen paintings. There was a Titian Madonna and an early Correggio Madonna. Milanese, Florentine, Sienese, and Venetian works of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries were included. Bellini, Del Sarto, Bernardino, Ghirlandajo were there. The Life-of-Christ panels of Duccio di Buoninsegna were prizes. All were carefully cataloged. And the prices paid by Mr. and Mrs. Benson had been moderate in almost all cases, for they knew what they were buying."



THE EARLY MORNING OF ITALIAN ART

Duccio di Buoninsegna, a fourteenth-century Sienese painter, in his conception of "The Calling of Peter and Andrew." There is also another Duccio among the "Bensons."

THE COVER—The technique of the painting reproduced on our cover this week well illustrates the title. "The Swirl," of course, refers to the patch of water in the focal point of the picture, but trees and rocks seem also to partake of the spirit of the whirlpool. The painter, Marie Kendall, is one of the foremost of California's artists. "The spirit of the great Southwest has been immortalized in the paintings of Marie Kendall, whose California canvases have been admired in art circles throughout the country, and whose works invariably give a true portrayal of nature," writes a Western art critic, Antony Anderson of the Los Angeles *Times*. As a contrast to the West, Miss Kendall has also given some representations of New Hampshire scenery. She studied under William Chase and Jean Mannheim, after completing her course at the University of Southern California.

"NUTS IN AUGUST"

A THIRST FOR INFORMATION, "perhaps brought into being in the hopes of superseding thirst of another kind," is noted by a British observer as "assailing the United States." Devotees of the daily questionnaire supplied by many of the newspapers, and imitated by at least one London paper—*The Daily Express*—will not have to think long for the answer. Mr. E. V. Lucas has got hold of a book called "What's Your Average?" and from it he deduces a whole strange civilization. If his tone is somewhat satirical, it can be forgiven after we read that "having imbibed somewhat freely of this provocative beverage, I find that I know nothing at all, that my average is as negligible as those of fast bowlers and wicket-keepers used to be in the good old days when cricket elevens had tails which seldom wagged and were not censured for their quiescence." Americans who may have prided themselves on their native "averages" will fall into the same despair as assails Mr. Lucas when they attempt the puzzlers of *The Daily Express*. A useful lesson will be learned, however, in realizing how wide apart is the small change of daily current information in the two countries. Let us turn to Mr. Lucas's confessions in *The Sunday Times* (London):

"I began well, for the very first question of all gave me cheerful altho only illusory confidence. 'What great poet,' it ran, 'was known as "The Tentmaker"?' Simple, I replied: Omar Khayyam. But any pride that was thus engendered evaporated under question number 2: 'Who is generally credited with introducing bobbed hair to America?' There I was done. Referring to the Key at the end I find that the honor for this achievement belongs to Irene Castle. And so it went on through the pages—every triumph was immediately paid for by several bad falls. To be able to state offhand that *Sir Toby Belch* is in 'Twelfth Night' no doubt inspires a glow, but of what use is that glow when you come to the poser, 'Who is credited with saying, "Queen, you said a mouthful," and to whom?'

"Half the readers of *The Sunday Times* are so fond of being asked for information and the other half are so kind in imparting it, that perhaps I can not do better than pass on some of the nuts which my own poor teeth—those miscalled wisdom as well as the others—have found uncrackable. Not because I still want to know the answers, for the Key could supply them, but in order that I may not be utterly alone in the dark:

> What is the normal pulse of a man and a woman?
> What is the native country of the peach-tree?
> Where is the largest deposit of borax in the world?
> Where did the term "blood money" originate?
> Give the next line after "My hair is grey, but not with years."
> Who invented the megaphone?
> Who invented champagne?
> What is the average life of an elephant?
> How did the superstition of 13 begin?
> Name the four horsemen of the Apocalypse.
> How is the date of Easter determined?
> What was George Sand's real name?
> What famous paintings were swapped for kitchen pots?
> What is sard?
> What was the name of King Ahasuerus in secular history?
> Where were watches first made?
> Who invented the typewriter?
> When was the first operation for appendicitis?
> What was the Compromise of 1850?
> What author has had his manuscripts published in more places than any other known author?
> How many thunder-storms occur daily?
> What writer of best sellers once sold petticoats?
> How did Rembrandt usually sign his pictures?
> Who is the youngest member ever elected to the French Academy?
> Who named the Pacific?
> To whom was the raccoon talking when he said, "Don't shoot, Colonel. I will come down 'cause I know that I am a gone coon"?
> In Ziegfeld's chorus, are short girls or tall girls better paid?
> Where is the only statue in the world erected to the memory of a perfect child?
> What are the three chief exports of the Hawaiian Islands?
> What is a half-nelson?
> What were the maiden names of Rudolph Valentino's two wives?
> What—no, enough!

"No doubt there are well-informed barristers who could answer most of these questions; but altho I am conscious of failure, you must not think I am ashamed of it, because such are not the things that I want to know. We all have our pet ignorances, and high among mine are the Christian names of movie-stars' wives. In fact, I am not, I believe, interested in retail facts at all, but only in what might be called wholesale. To take an instance, I could probably be almost eloquent about Rembrandt's painting, altho I have no knowledge as to how he usually signed his name. I have no information as to the youngest member of the French Academy, but I know that the Institute possesses a family mansion in the Boulevard Haussmann which very few people visit, where some of the most exquisite Renaissance pictures and sculpture may be seen. I could tell you nothing of the botanical structure of the delphinium, but I could be enthusiastic for quite a long while about its range of blues, its blends of blues and mauves, and the best background for it in a garden. There is danger that the reader of this book whose average is very high may be going through life not seeing the wood for the trees."

Mr. Lucas affords a solace for the American readers of *The Daily Express* by just turning the tables:

"Meanwhile, as I fancy that certain of these questions—on account of their American character—may be beyond the solving capacity even of the *Sunday Times* sleuths, let me say that the person who said 'Queen, you said a mouthful,' was Mrs. Hylan, wife of the Mayor of New York, and she said it to the Queen of Roumania; and the writer of best sellers who once sold petticoats is Miss Edna Ferber. Mr. Ziegfeld is alleged to give his short chorus girls less than the tall ones. But as to the Christian names of Rudolph Valentino's two wives I can say nothing; for I have not looked them up. Nor do I intend to.

"According to the Introduction to this book, 'Ladies and gentlemen (in America) at dinner parties used to enjoy each other's society, the flowers and the food, and depart at ten o'clock mildly stimulated and entirely satisfied.' But the passion for general information is such that now 'dinners are rushed and gulped and ignored, so that pencils and blanks may be hastily distributed with the coffee and cigarets and the entire company may sink into chairs'—there to sit till the small hours answering such questions as I have quoted above.

"If it is for this that dinners are rushed and gulped and ignored, obviously the Volstead Law must be repealed."

LITERARY FRANCE AND GERMANY

CAN LOCARNO AROUSE AN IMPULSE for a spiritual understanding and cooperation between the historical enemies on the left and right banks of the Rhine? One who has faith that this will be accomplished is Heinrich Mann, brother of the perhaps more famous Thomas Mann, and like his brother one of the leading novelists of Germany. Despite the war, with frontiers closed for five years to all spiritual communication with France, points out Mr. Mann in the *Literarische Welt* (Berlin), "the trend of thought in both countries received its impulse from the same experience and at present tends to the same end." Spiritual sympathy of peoples living so close to each other and yet so radically different in temperament and character, we are told, has been of historical importance. The measure of this increase or decrease has always been the barometer of the understanding or misunderstanding between the French and the Germans. After the Franco-Prussian war of 1870, there seemed to be an aversion from German literature in France and, as Herr Mann declares, "the French took kindly to only a few German works, really only to Nietzsche, who was too big to be evaded. What else?" he asks. "The music of Wagner. And still what else? Scarcely anything." Mr. Mann writes:

"The tendency in the first half of the nineteenth century was in the other direction. France took much from us. There our philosophers were at home, much more than the French were with us. All the intellectuals read Hegel, all were fed with Kant. Scientists admired the German methods of thinking and research, and German writers could find a friendly world and feel quite at home in Paris. As you know, this was Heine's experience. He and many others came to France chiefly for one idea, that of bourgeois freedom. The great French revolution of 1789 still attracted the intellectuals, but the idea was not fully utilized by Germany or by the rest of the world. But it is significant that at the same time Germany possest something that attracted France, German romanticism. E. T. A. Hoffman, the romanticist, never played the rôle with us that he did with the French.

"German influence at that time was particularly strong in music. French operas with German themes were written; French music with German characters, 'Werther,' 'Mignon,' 'Margarethe.' A German dream here has become reality, and French dreams are concerned with German history. This feeling was still persisting after the Franco-Prussian war, when the opera 'Werther' was performed. September 6, 1870, five days after the Prussian victory, Renan said: 'In everything I have studied I was surprized by the superiority of the German mind and the German work.'"

But as Germany rose to power, the spiritual influence on both sides dwindled. The Germans were completely absorbed by their rise to a world nation, and France and French influences were felt only vaguely. "The case," Herr Mann says, "finally became hopeless." Going on:

"Between us was the armed frontier. Altho one could have friends in France as an author, hostile politics blocked all ways of a permanent understanding. In addition there was a constant inner discord between the two nations. France has been ruled by the 'left wing' ever since 1870, Germany by the 'right wing.' This fact alone would have forced the diversion of the two countries. And, we who always knew how necessary we were to one another, had to look on helplessly at the trend of events. Finally came the war.

"For four years in all respects, and for a longer period in part, we Germans were separated from the rest of the world. There were as few spiritual ties as there were of any other kind. When we finally saw the first French books again, we were surprized. Much had changed; but not as we had expected; the remarkable thing was that everything had changed in the same direction as with us. Also French literature was not a literature of peace any longer. Psychological problems were not in the foreground any more; instead of the social studies of former novels, descriptions of the war supervened. Man and his world took over all the space even where often woman had ruled. All this we knew; we observed that it was practically the same with us. But the similarity went further.

Tho victors, they, too, had a literature of revolution, they had Barbusse. Tho never separated from the world as we were, they, too, had an exoticism which looked like the flight from home and from the present; they had Paul Morand and others.

"French literature, the most national in the sense that it measured the events and experiences of humanity always by the rule of its own contemporary society, has become most disquieted; it does not like its own secure seclusion any more; it expands and takes the world as its field. It becomes European. The young French literature is imbued with the desire to renovate, not without revolting against traditional greatness, and recognized achievements which seem lifeless to it. Its own slogan becomes action, activity, upbuilding, which are equally well known to the young Germans.

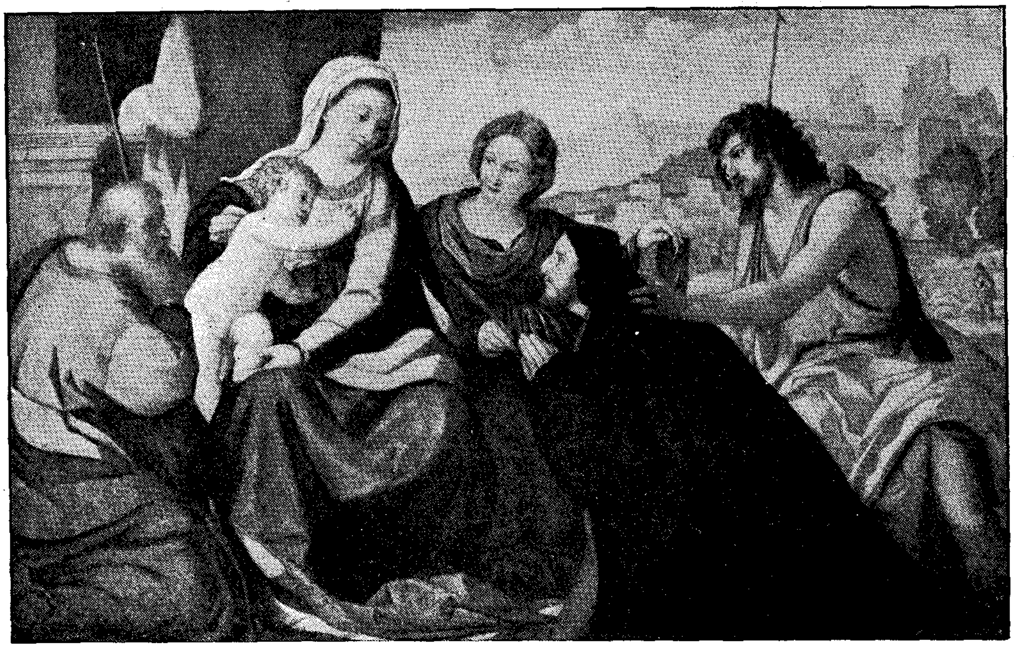
"What is true there, is true here. The thought of action may be quite left or quite right. Only it must be moving. Skepticism is prohibited; thinking for its own sake is most disliked. Therefore disinclination to the greatest national figure of yesterday, Anatole France, has become wide-spread. No esthetic form or learning is demanded, but doubt and ethical standards.

"In other words, it is the chaos of the undecided after-war time; to feel life saved from the terrors of the world's fall as strongly as possible. To intoxicate it, to build it anew.

"Do you see now how remarkably kindred these events are to our German ones? And the frontiers were locked for many years. Influences on either side were made impossible. No communication, but the same catastrophe borne by both enemies. The same spiritual experience as the basis. But this becomes a thoroughly distinctive similarity instead of hatred of the two minds."

WHO'S A GENIUS?—Dr. Butler of Columbia declared lately in London that there weren't any any more. "For the first time in twenty centuries there has not been a really great poet or philosopher or a genius of some sort or another!" He consoled his hearers by suggesting that "the intelligence of the general public has risen so high that great figures no longer stand out prominently." The New York *Sun* would not have us despair:

> "If what Dr. Butler says is true, it remarkably bears out a prophecy Victor Hugo made in 1864. 'We declare to you,' the great Frenchman said in his work on William Shakespeare, 'that the earth has exhausted its contingent of master spirits. Now for decadence and general closing. We must make up our minds to it. We shall have no more men of genius.' That is a lugubrious prophecy, but can it be proved that in the sixty-three years which have elapsed since then no more men of genius have risen?
>
> "That can not be proved save by the test of time, but at least the last six decades have produced some interesting nominees—Edison, for example, and Einstein and Lenin and Mussolini and Li Hung Chang and Bismarck and Ibsen and Walt Whitman and Sargent and Whistler and Sarah Bernhardt and Leo XIII and the Curies and the Wright brothers and Holland and Marconi and Dwight Moody and Caruso and Foch and Ysaye and Gilbert and Sullivan and Kipling and Mark Hopkins and Paderewski and Pasteur and Lister and heaven alone knows how many others. Many of these were living at the time Hugo wrote, but their greatest fame has been achieved since the year in which he penned his pessimistic lines."



ANOTHER VENETIAN PAINTER IN THE BENSON COLLECTION

Palma Vecchio of the Sixteenth Century represents the Holy Family with a founder kneeling in adoration.

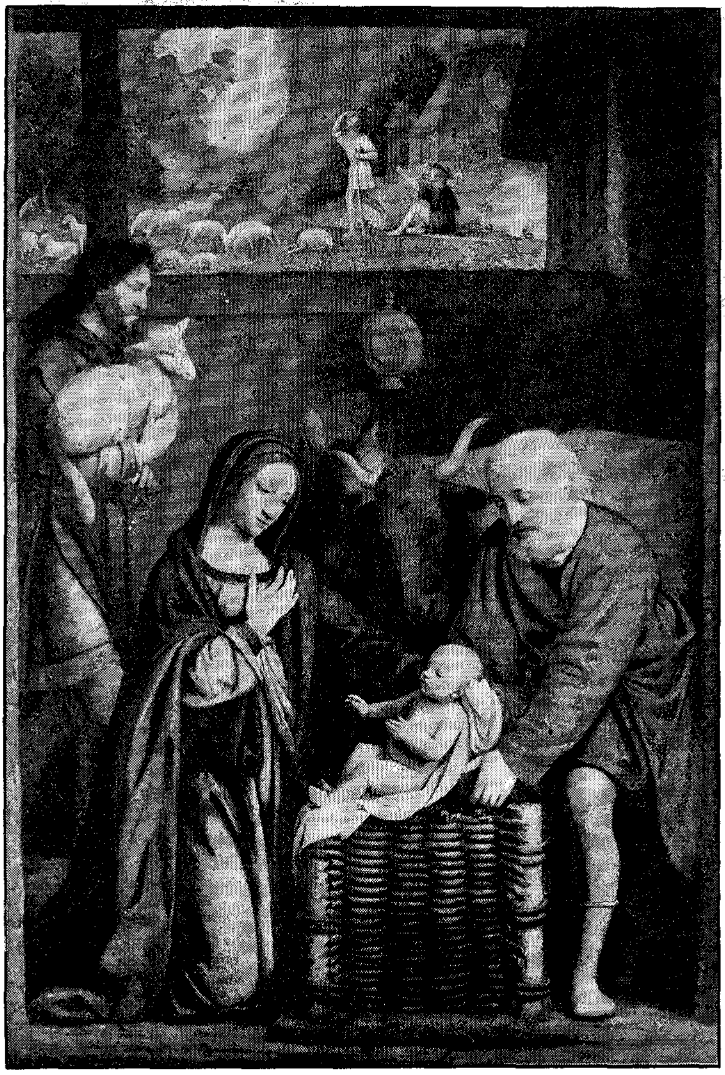
ANOTHER "FAUST"

FAUST, LIKE TRISTRAM, seems continually to knock at the souls of artists, begging for the chance of making new revelations. The old legend of Dr. Faustus has served Marlowe, Goethe, Berlioz, Boito, Gounod; and finally a Germanized-Italian, Feruccio Busoni, takes him in hand and produces a work that is likely to be caviar to the general but may intrigue musicians. At least Busoni's, "Doctor Faust," not quite finished at the time of the composer's death in 1925, figured this summer in Frankfurt-am-Main, as the opening work of the fifth festival organized by the International Society for Contemporary Music. Musicians go to these gatherings, thinks the London *Times*, "prepared to do some hard musical thinking," and it appears that Busoni has given them the chance, for we are told that "every sweetening element" has been extracted from the theme by his predecessors, and Busoni has created "a *Faust* without a *Marguerite*, a *Faust* for whom life is emptied before it began, and for whom, therefore, love and lust, religion and the black arts, good and evil, present no real antithesis." Mr. Downes, who reviews the work for the New York *Times*, is doubtful of its being a morsel satisfying to our opera appetite, but Mr. Fox-Strangways of the London *Observer* pleads for it for Covent Garden. The interest that resides in the theme will, at least, warrant a retelling of it in a new medium. We quote first from Mr. Downes, who is apparently doing Europe in the off season of New York's music life:

> "This production was a votive offering to the memory of the man whom many regard as the patron saint of German modern music, and as a further contribution to the international festival. One hesitates to speak in a purely critical way about Busoni's opera, because of the indubitable greatness of his thought, his lofty purpose, and the stimulating influence which undoubtedly he had on many of the younger men who have followed him—on Phillip Jarnach, for example, Busoni's pupil, one of the leading spirits of the present festival, and the man called upon to write the final scene of the unfinished posthumous opera. . . .
>
> "The history of 'Dr. Faust,' which has had performances under Fritz Busch in Dresden on May 25 of 1926, in Stuttgart the 27th of last November, and in Hamburg the 25th of last May, is eloquent testimony to the processes of its creation. Busoni dreamed for years of an opera in Italian, for his countrymen—an Italian Faust. The hero was to be Leonardo da Vinci. He asked d'Annunzio for the libretto, but he secured nothing from

this source but frequent enthusiastic telegrams. 'Penso a l'opera—Gabriele!' At last Busoni decided to write the libretto himself, just prior to his last visit to America in 1914. Once this decision reached, he could not wait for anything. It was the week before his departure for America, and the vexatious minutiæ of final preparation that such a situation implies, when he sat down to his manuscript. He could think of nothing, talk of nothing, do nothing but this. In eight days the libretto was completed.

"The music took years, between concert-tours, teaching, incessant musical activity of all kinds. Faust's final monolog was not completed when Busoni died in 1925. This is the passage written by Jarnach, composed with infinite care, based on the musical material that has gone before, and neither inadequate nor inappropriate in its composition to what has gone before; and of a somewhat warmer color. Of this opera we in America know something through dispatches. Busoni explains in a preface 'from the poet to the public' that one Master Goethe has created once and forever the Faust that all the world knows through his poem; that this is a realm which another mortal had best not attempt to enter; that, therefore, the later 'Faust' goes back to the old puppet-play for its inspiration. This is no doubt one reason, but not the basic one, for the composer's proceeding. Busoni's opera is Faust, all Faust, nothing but Faust and his eternal search for the truth—stript bare, at the same time, of all theatrical trappings and romanticism."



THE NATIVITY

Another Benson masterpiece painted by Bernardino Luini of the Milanese school.

Mr. Fox-Strangways, being more imprest with the work, gives a spirited account of its plot:

"The nuance intended by substituting the title 'Doctor Faust' for 'Faust,' is that this opera takes little from Goethe, very little from Berlioz, nothing from Gounod, but goes back straight to the puppet-play of the middle ages, on which Marlowe worked. Goethe had centered the interest, in his Part I at any rate, on 'the spirit that forever denies,' Berlioz on the dramatic antithesis of heaven and hell, and Gounod, of course, on *Gretchen.* Busoni reinstates *Faust* himself, who 'rises superior to law, embraces whole eras in one life, he, *Faust,* the eternal will,' the will to be free. He withdraws the human interest from his characters, but confers an austerer dignity upon them as puppets, because their action gains in universality. They sum tendencies instead of purging passions. In a way that can be felt rather than described the music does the same. It is full of striving, but the striving is contemplative rather than militant. It strives to be free of form and convention and type, of any prejudices of harmony or tyrannies of rhythm or preconceptions of melody. In a dramatic sense it is stagnant; we have few climaxes of situation, and none of noise. In a philosophical sense it maintains an equipoise between passion and action. In a musical sense it is of absorbing interest; we are always wanting to know what comes next, and are never satisfied, because each vista opens a new one.

"*Faust* is discovered in his study reading. *Wagner* announces visitors, and *Faust* consents reluctantly to see them. They bring a key, a book and a deed of gift. They will say only that they are students from Cracow (his birthplace), and that 'perhaps' they will come again. They go; with the key he unlocks the book, 'Clavis Astartis Magica,' and six spirits appear in the form of a hexagram of lights, of whom he accepts the last, *Mephistopheles,* because he alone can serve him as swiftly as human thoughts. But afterward *Faust* must serve him. 'Never!' says *Faust.* 'But your creditors, the girl you deceived, the priests? Shall I get rid of them?' It is done.

"A soldier in armor (our *Valentine*) is praying to a god, as of mercy so also of revenge. A monk (*Mephistopheles*) tries to get him to confess, but the soldier suspects him for what he is. *Faust* enters. 'Shall I get rid of him?' asks *Mephistopheles.* It is done.

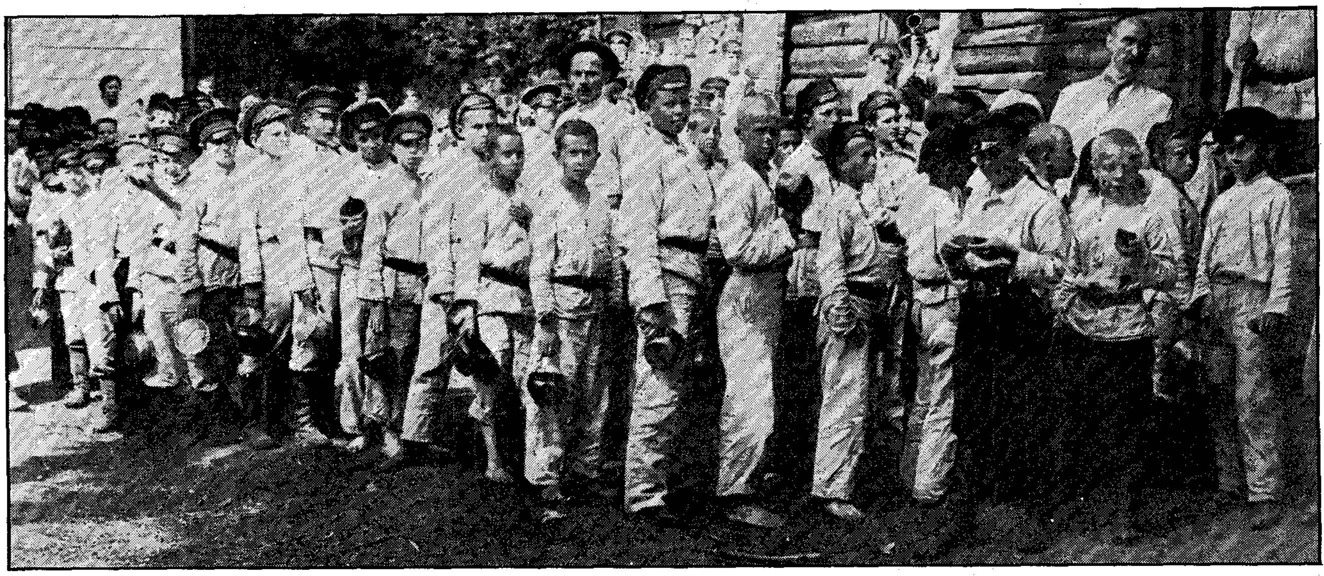
"After these two 'Intermezzi' the play proper begins at the Duke of Parma's court. At a reception after a hunt the *Herald* (*Mephistopheles*) introduces *Faust,* the great wizard. He shows his magic art. He turns light into darkness. What will the Duchess have? 'Ask the impossible!' whispers the Duke. Solomon appears with the *Queen of Sheba.* They are exactly like Faust and the Duchess, as the Duke notes. Now *Faust* must guess what she wishes: Delilah and Samson, again like the *Duchess* and *Faust.* A third group, and now *Faust* must choose. *Salome* (the *Duchess*), *John the Baptist* (*Faust*), executioner (the *Duke*): 'does Salome wish the head to fall?' With her 'no,' she passes into *Faust's* power, and when she has sung her raptures of love, on and off the stage, the court chaplain explains that for reasons of State, the seduction is all for the best; the *Duke* calls him an angel in disguise and kneels for his blessing, and the claw that blesses reveals to us *Mephistopheles.*

Time goes on, and brings *Faust* to Wittenberg, where he discusses wine and philosophy with students. 'Nothing is proved,' he says, 'nothing provable.' The wine breeds strife between Catholics and Protestants, in which 'Ein' feste Burg' is waved as a flag. A messenger rushes in with something—a child?—a doll?—'The Duchess of Parma is dead, and sends you this souvenir.' He, *Mephistopheles,* sets it on fire, and in the smoke we see *Helen of Troy.* *Faust,* now alone, puts out a hand to grasp the vision, and sees three dark figures, the students of Cracow come to reclaim their gifts.

"In a street in Wittenberg, students are congratulating *Wagner, Faust's* successor, who swallows their compliments without noticing the sarcasm. So he to bed, and they to serenade him. Enter *Watchman,* and they scatter. *Faust* comes and looks up at *Wagner's* house, once his own, and down at a woman nursing a child. In the church they are singing of the Last Judgment. She leaves the child with him. He tries to pray, but the armed soldier bars his entrance to the church. He kneels to the Crucifix, but it turns to the figure of *Helen.* He utters the aspiration, since he can not pray, that this child may grow to build up what he could not—the edifice of mankind's Eternal Will to freedom—and dies. The *Watchman's* lantern finds him, and his harsh tenor—'This man seems to have had an accident'—reveals to us *Mephistopheles.*"

The play is full of visions, and Mr. Fox-Strangways recommends either the second part of Goethe's "Faust" or the methods of the movie to find their genesis.

RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE



International Newsreel photograph

JUST A SMALL GROUP OF RUSSIA'S 4,000,000 ABANDONED CHILDREN

They have been "nationalized," that is, taken over by the State, and illustrate tragically the worst result of free-love marriages. The Soviet aim, we are told, is "the definite destruction of family, and the method is to make family life difficult through economic organization, and to stifle the ambitions that have made the family the impelling force in all progress as far back as the memory of man goes."

THE CHAOS OF FREE LOVE IN RUSSIA

RUSSIA HAS FORSAKEN THE FAMILY, and is now facing the gravest crisis in its career, says a writer who has studied court records and uncovered some astounding facts in connection with Russia's experiment in changing by fiat a moral order that many claim to be of divine origin, and most admit to be the only safe one for civilization. Russia, writes Hubert Malkus in *Success Magazine*, "has danced wildly to the tune of free love, and has now begun to pay the fiddler." It is a terrible price, to judge from what we now read. The sum and substance of his findings are that the new marriage and divorce laws, under which a boy and girl may marry on Monday and be divorced on Tuesday, in less time than it takes to buy a railroad ticket from New York to Chicago, have resulted in the desertion of thousands of wives and the abandonment of thousands of nameless children, to be added to the hordes of children which the Revolution orphaned and left to starve. According to Mr. Malkus, last year 100,000 wives were abandoned and appealed to the Soviet courts to find their husbands and compel them to contribute to the support of their children. In addition, 90,000 women brought suit against men who denied the paternity of their offspring. And 18,000 wives asked support for dependent children. These, we are told, are the authenticated figures of Soviet court records. The number of unrecorded cases, says Mr. Malkus, can only be surmised.

In Russia to-day, he goes on, it is the law that marriage ends when love cools. "And love, it appears from the dockets of the Russian marriage courts, cools quickly." He describes the Russian method of marriage and divorce:

> "If a man and woman wish to marry, the wish is sufficient to legalize the union. If the newly wedded pair desire to record the marriage, they can do so, but it is not obligatory. It is helpful, however, particularly if a divorce is anticipated. If the marriage is not registered it may be necessary at some time to call witnesses to prove that the couple had lived together as man and wife.
>
> "Grounds for divorce is simply the desire of the couple to be divorced. If the marriage has been registered, all that is necessary is to appear before the registrar and advise him that a divorce has been agreed upon. He enters it in his book and the couple go their separate ways. If there are dependent children, each parent must contribute a third of his income to their support. That is the only restraint upon divorce in Russia, and, curiously, it is an economic barrier, not a moral one.
>
> "This simplification of the marriage law has been abortive in its practical reality. Consider what this effort to 'free' the sexes has done. It has reduced marriage to an agreement to live together only as long as it suits the fancy of the parties thereto. The handicap of the children and the obligation to support them is something else again. But how can a country police husbands who evade their responsibilities by hundreds of thousands? The situation is further complicated because in thousands of cases it is difficult or impossible to establish paternity or the consent of the man to be the husband of the woman he has lived with when there has been no registration of the marriage.
>
> "Consider the marriage situation as it exists in Russia to-day. It is literally possible to marry a girl on Monday and divorce her on Tuesday; no question of alimony is involved, except when there are dependent children. And what is the result of this freedom? There is an appalling number of these casual week-end marriages. From such unions, obviously, have come the suits of the 100,000 abandoned wives, and the 90,000 women who could not find a man to acknowledge paternity of their child. In these nearly 200,000 cases, the men did not avail themselves of the divorce courts. They simply walked off. The 18,000 who apparently did go through the formality of getting a divorce evaded the responsibility of contributing to the support of their children."

The Soviet Russian form of Communism, as Mr. Malkus explains it, has no place for the family. Men and women, except for some concession to biological facts that not even Communism can ignore, have equal rights and obligations. A husband is not required to support his wife, and is only jointly responsible for the support of the children. The woman is expected to provide. Little value is placed on her work in the home; she must be a worker outside the home. To go on:

"This breaking up of family ties, under the Soviet theory of ideal relations between the sexes, frees the woman from 'economic slavery.' It wipes out her status in the bourgeois family life as a 'chattel of the man.' It makes the only bond between husband and wife one of mutual affection and a decent feeling of responsibility. That is the theory in a nutshell.

"But the fact is something else entirely. The idealistic laws as outlined, failed, it seems at least, to give freedom to 208,000 women last year. On the contrary, these same women were burdened with small children and abandoned to starve. By such a costly process is family life being broken up. As a means of making workers out of women, however, it has certain virtues. The abandoned women will be forced to work to support themselves and their offspring. The marriage laws have accomplished this much: That they have freed woman from man's domination is not so clearly apparent.

"Any one who has made the most casual examination of the statements of the Soviet leaders can reach no conclusion except that which is forced on him—that the aim is the definite destruction of the family, and that the method is to make family life difficult through economic organization, to destroy the recognized safeguards of the family, and to stifle the ambitions that have made the family the impelling force in all progress as far back as the memory of man goes."

HOLY PLACES

By Herbert D. Gallaudet

Wherever souls of men have worshiped, there
Is God: where old cathedrals climb the sky,
Or shining hillsides lift their heads on high,
Or silent woodland spaces challenge prayer,
Or inner chambers shut the heart from care;
Where broken temples of old faiths now lie
Forgotten in the sun, or swallows cry
At dusk about some crossroads chapel bare,
Alike of bells and beauty; where saints walked
Of old with speaking presences unseen,
Or dreaming boys with quiet voices talked
In pairs last night on some still college green;
Where Moses' Sinai flamed, or Jesus trod
The upward way apart: there, *here*, is God!

—*The Christian Century, Chicago.*

They are, as Mr. Malkus quotes from one of Lenin's tracts, "removing the last foundation of bourgeois marriage, with its privileges, its narrow family interests, its isolation and its patriarchal limitations." Madame Alexandra Kollontay, now Soviet Ambassador to Mexico, speaks in the same general tenor. Mr. Malkus quotes from her address before the Third Communist Congress, that there can and must be no such thing as family in the Communistic society. "For Communistic society as a whole," she says, "represents such a fortress of collective life, precluding any possibility of the existence of an isolated class of family bodies, existing by itself with its ties of birth, with its female egoism, with its love of family, honor and its absolute segregation." The result, as seen by the writer, is chaos. On top of this is the army of homeless waifs, estimated at 4,000,000, roaming about Russia, beyond all control. Some effort to place a few of these waifs in institutions has been made, but without effect, and Mr. Malkus tells us of the "bungling of the Soviet in meeting this grave menace":

"One State institution for the care of the homeless children received 287 children in a space of three months, and 270 of them ran away again almost immediately. In another 'home' in Moscow, with a capacity for 125 inmates, there were only seventy-five children and there were forty-five attendants caring for them. In all Russia, in 1925, with several million homeless children, the capacity of the State homes was only 290,000.

"The Government has given up in despair. The State homes have been abandoned gradually as incapable of meeting the situation. It ought to be significant that the Government has turned to the peasants, who still have a decent regard for family life, to care for the unruly little waifs. Meantime, illogically, having failed to establish the State as capable of supporting or training its children, and having turned to the peasant families for help, the Soviet leaders, by removing all restraints on marriage and divorce, add daily to their woes. Who is going to care for the children of the 208,000 women whose husbands have deserted them? The mothers can not do this, because they must work to live, and the State has proved incapable."

Can a State exist which sweeps away the fundamentals of social life? asks Mr. Malkus. "Can Russia look forward to any future stability or greatness with the animal instincts of man set free?" He tells us:

"The Soviet theorists say yes; the records of the Soviet marriage courts show social chaos. The theorists, who make the laws of Russia, hold that marriage is based on love alone, and dissolves automatically when love dies. The experience of nations that have survived through centuries and achieved greatness is something else. It is the knowledge that marriage is the solemnizing of the family function; it is neither to be lightly assumed nor lightly shed. It is bigger than individuals. It exists for the safety and the progress of the world. It is as old as civilization itself."

WHY YOUTH IS CYNICAL

Abusing the young folks seems to be a favorite pastime these days. They are "idle," they are "irreligious," "slack," "selfish," and besides all that, they are "cynical." They are "too selfish to get anything done," declares one critic, and he says to them: "The truth is that instead of following the glowing examples of great Christian endeavor that you could find, for instance, in nineteenth-century history, you hide behind a loose creed of empty cynicism." Well, it's no wonder, retorts one of them, Mr. B. Ifor Evans. "The average young man, as I know him," he writes in *The British Weekly*, "is struggling against the inheritance of spiritual and material difficulty that the war left in its track," and he goes on:

"I am not prepared to deny that in the years which followed immediately upon the war, a mood of pessimistic cynicism spread through the younger circles of most European countries. It could be found in its darkest form in Austria and Germany. For many young men and women in those days life seemed, as Shelley once called it, 'a painted veil'; whatever might be its superficial colors, its underlying texture seemed hypocrisy and deceit. It is easy enough to condemn that mood; but see how it came into being! In 1914 the younger generation was told that it was fighting in an idealistic struggle which would end in the creation of a new world. That generation found instead that it had been flung into the dirtiest of all occupations in which decent men must meddle. It found that war, like disease, ravages but does not purge the body through which it passes. Can you be surprized if a generation, robbed of its youth, with its ideals empty as blown bubbles around it, turned for a time to a mood of pessimistic cynicism which found a sad relief in mere pleasure?

"The mood has passed, and the younger generation is attempting soberly to adjust itself to this bruised world. No generation needed more the sympathetic help rather than the caustic condemnation of its elders. I began this article with a quotation from Ecclesiastes, and here is another precept from that writer: 'Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth.' But our generation was robbed of that joy of youth; it was forced to be prematurely disillusioned. If the charge be brought against us that we are not tolerant of ideals, let it be remembered that ideals were very plentiful when we, like Mr. Milne's children, 'were very young'; but we came to see that these paper Utopias lead not to the Kingdom of Heaven but to the Treaty of Versailles. Much must be forgotten, and fortunately one does forget. Youth is forgetting that deepest pessimism; disembarrassed of an excess of hope, and certainly without that rose-colored optimism which flavored political thinking thirty years ago, it is revaluing the problems of the world for itself."

CHRISTIANITY NOT ON ITS DEATH-BED

WHEN A PESSIMIST USES THE BRUSH, conditions in the Christian world are as black as he can paint them. Protestantism is represented in a state of confusion and decline. Mohammedanism, on the other hand, is pictured as reviving and pushing a vigorous propaganda, especially in Africa. Buddhism is represented adjusting its methods to modern social conditions and taking a new lease on life. India is pictured as subjecting Christianity to a new scrutiny and manifesting toward it a growing hostility. Atheism is seen as sweeping half the world and permeating the universities of the other half. Christian missions are seen in retreat, and, says *The Baptist* further, "existing methods of Christian propaganda are seriously questioned, the churches flinch from bearing clear and brave testimony to the practical requirements of the Gospel, fear has stimulated a new resort to millenarian and bizarre evangelism, and the Christian attitude is timid, apologetic and panicky." The picture could hardly be blacker. How far is it true?

A world survey at any time would show a vast array of mighty forces opposed to Christianity and give us long lists of defeats. *The Baptist* reminds us of the pessimistic moods of Paul when he looked upon the darker aspects of Christian progress in his own day, of the martyrdoms of the second and third centuries when the Church, in poverty and weakness, confronted the power of imperial Rome; of the barbarian invasion that overran Western Europe and seemed about to destroy the last vestiges of Christian civilization; of the Mohammedan conquest, when the salvation of Christendom hung upon the issue of a battle between Saracens and the French at Tours, and of other climactic periods in the history of the Church and of civilization. That such discouragements are greater in measure and intensity now than at other times is, says *The Baptist*, not yet conclusively shown.

Now let us look at the light breaking through, for *The Baptist* sees it clearly. Hitherto, we are told, evangelistic effort has been directed predominantly toward winning and training individual Christians, and converts have come largely from the less fortunate and less cultured classes. This effort may not be abated.

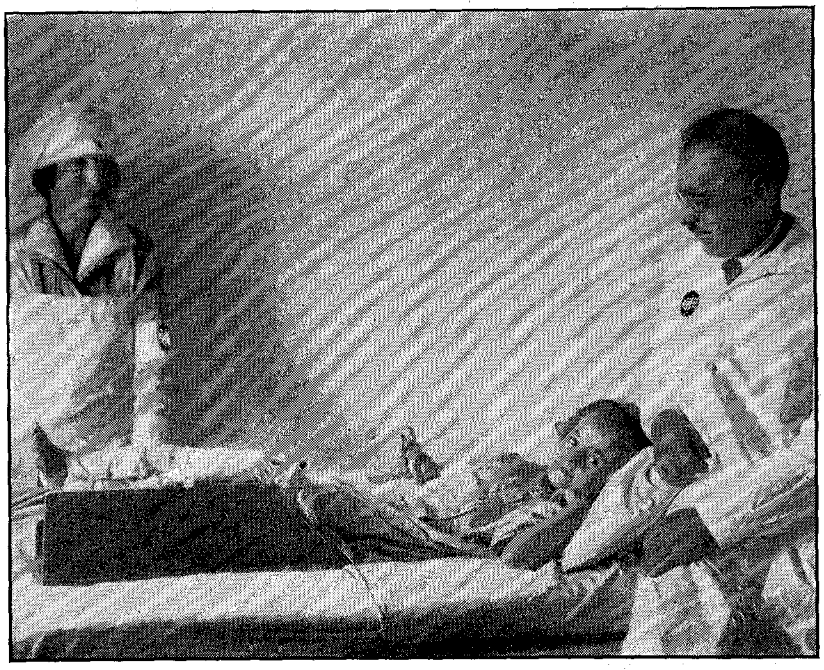
> "But Christian observers are beginning to see that the Church faces a vastly larger task; that by the sheer power of intellectual mastery it must undertake to Christianize the major thought-currents of the world; that it must learn the art of moving whole nations and races toward a common Christian goal of justice, freedom, brotherhood and peace; that to this end it must recognize, welcome and cooperate with all ideals, cultures and tendencies that can be made to serve the spirit of Christ in the making of a better world; and that if the spirit of Christ be released among men, philosophies and institutions may be largely trusted to the ordering of his spirit unhampered by denominational or traditional preconceptions. This new understanding of the world and of the mission of Christianity in the world is a splendid omen of hope."

Indeed, continues *The Baptist*, the very crisis in which the world now finds itself is largely the result, directly or indirectly, of the Christian propaganda. "'Break every yoke,' is one of the ineffaceable slogans of the Gospel message." Further,

> "It is present in every true spiritual impulse of Christian experience, in every new realization of the value of personality, in every group that groans under oppression, in every mind that chafes under the bondage of traditional and unverifiable thought forms, in every impulse to break the tabus of blind custom, in every new gleam of social idealism. Sounded in the name of Christ in one place, it has reverberated far with vibrant hope among millions who knew not whence it came. If the dams of the old order are breaking, why be perplexed, amazed and alarmed? Was not that one of the original purposes of the Christian adventure? What an opportunity there is in this plastic age for the implantation and culture of the one essential element of Christianity, the Christ spirit!"

A ROMANCE OF WOMEN SAMARITANS

"AS A STUDY OF FEMININE ACHIEVEMENT," writes Dr. Kate C. Mead, an American physician, Dr. Esther Pohl Lovejoy's "Certain Samaritans" (Macmillan) "will thrill the hearts of all who are interested in the work of women." The book tells the romantic story of what the American Women's Hospitals accomplished in Europe and the Near East from 1917 down to the present time. Until this volume came to hand few realized the scope of American women's work in war-torn Europe and the great assistance these "Certain Samaritans" rendered to impoverished sufferers from wounds and disease. The book carries the reader on a tour of inspection of hospitals and clinics in France and the Near East, now with tears and now with chuckles, as the author relates stories of tragedy and comedy which filled in the experience of our women doctors, nurses and social workers in unfamiliar lands.



"CERTAIN SAMARITANS" HAD COMPASSION ON THEM

Three refugees—physician, nurse and patient—among the thousands assisted and brought back to health by the American Women's Hospitals, operated by American women doctors.

The medical work of the American Women's Hospitals, we read in Dr. Mead's review of Dr. Lovejoy's book, has been conducted at times in cooperation with the American Red Cross, Near East Relief, American Friends Service Committee and the American Board for Foreign Missions. Dr. Lovejoy was from the beginning an eye-witness of the medical work of the Samaritans whom she describes. For the past eight years she and her committee—The American Women's Hospitals committee of the Medical Women's National Association—have been the directors of the entire personnel of medical women, nurses, social workers and other employees in the various fields of Greece, Macedonia, Constantinople and Serbia, so that as a sequel to her own war work in France, described in "The House of the Good Neighbor," we now have a complete story of the activities of American women doctors, not only in their first hospitals in

France and Serbia, but of their work among the refugees in the Near East. This service, she says, has not been a bed of roses. Sometimes it was a bed of straw in a box-car, a rug on the deck of a sailing smack, or a cot in a typhus camp. Sometimes the dreary work among the sick and wounded was relieved by bright flashes of comedy. For instance, we read the amusing story of a certain Greek Patriarch in Vodena, Greece, where Greeks, Albanians, and all other Balkan soldiers, were cared for in the hospital under Dr. Regina Keyes of Buffalo. This old man braved death from appendicitis for days rather than be operated on by a woman. Finally "he committed his soul to his Maker, his body to the hospital, did his hair in a tight pug, paid proper respects to his beard, and—recovered miraculously." Under the caption of the "Hernia Brotherhood" there is a good story of a brigand chieftain who had been the terror of the country for years. He, too, came to the operating table for relief from hernia, but nothing in the world seemed so frightful to him as the anesthetic. After his first struggles were over, however, he went to sleep with his hands laid trustingly in the hands of a little refugee nurse, and he woke minus the hernia—the weak spot which threatened his life and leadership.

In Greece, which flung wide its gates to the Christian outcasts from Turkey, these women Samaritans found much for their hands and hearts to do. Since the evacuation of Smyrna in 1922, thirty-seven hospitals, with outlying clinics, food stations and other relief measures, have been conducted by this group of medical women in Greece and the Ægean Islands.

A WARNING FOR SCOFFLAWS

SCOFFLAWS MAY NOT AGREE with all he says, but good citizens, we are told, will be grateful for the repeated efforts of the Attorney-General of the United States, John G. Sargent, to emphasize the lack of loyalty and patriotism in those who sneer at the laws which interfere with their personal likes. In his address before the Pennsylvania Bar Association, at Bedford Springs, Mr. Sargent is quoted as saying:

"When intelligent educated men hold up to ridicule the rules for its conduct which society makes; intimate and by suggestion advise that such rules ought to be violated; ridicule and revile, as undesirable members of the community, men sworn to defend and enforce its rules; devote their intelligence, wit and resources to making crime and criminals interesting and attractive, why is it not to be expected that the thoughtless, the unfortunate, the ignorant, the vicious, will try and get rid of the oppressors of the criminal, in any way, by any means, and any violence that will be most effective? Day by day, because some one pays for the doing of it, and because the great body of law-abiding citizens is complaisant and says nothing to show its disapproval, flippant, jeering writers, publishers, soap-box orators and cabaret performers sow the wind, and society reaps it all in whirlwinds which blast and destroy."

It would be difficult, indeed, in the opinion of *The Reformed Church Messenger*, to gainsay the truthfulness of this utterance. Tho he did not mention any particular law, his statement is true, we are told, whether applied to law as a whole or to any single statute and the loyal attitude which is properly required of all good citizens. Moreover, says *The Reformed Church Messenger*, the damage which has been done in part with thoughtlessness, in part with malice aforethought, by broadcasting the sneers which foster disrespect and consequent disobedience to law can hardly be overestimated. A particularly shameful feature is that—

"There can be no doubt that the greatest transgressors in this respect have been those who are placed in positions of wealth, social prestige and political influence. In some cases their attitude has been in essence treasonable. When newspapers of large circulation lend themselves to such propaganda and reveal such a spirit of contempt for law, they become in fact enemies of the Republic. And what say we about judges on the bench, and occasionally ministers of the Gospel (Save the mark!) who join the ranks of the scoffers and try to outdo one another in expressing derision for a law that is unpopular to them? We can only say that it is such conduct as theirs which incites to revolution and anarchy."

A veteran Reformed Church pastor, Dr. Ellis N. Kremer, describes in his *Church Bulletin* the dangerous situation he believes confronts us, and *The Messenger* regards it as such a challenge to duty as to deserve the widest reading. Dr. Kremer writes:

"The law-abiding people of our land must arouse themselves to a more vigorous support of the Constitution if we are to protect the coming generation from the discipline of extreme suffering as the way to enlightenment. Those of us who wink at the violation of the Eighteenth Amendment are assisting the most nefarious part of our population to extend the wave of crime. The lessons from history show that all violation of law moves eventually in the direction of vice. That is the awful result of every movement of false religious views and dethronement of moral law. Some parts of the Bible most painful to read were written to warn God's people against the evils manifest in the bodies and minds of law-breakers. Must our country go through the experience of shame and suffering which is written in the history of every pagan nation? It is lamentable that a nation which has ministered so largely to the sufferings of others, as well as to the stricken of our own land; which affords the best opportunity for advancement in material comfort and welfare; which has given the larger hope to other nations struggling for self-government, which has so many churches and so large a part of its citizens in active church membership, should in the age of its greatest material prosperity have such a wave of crime as has broken out in our land. The reasons for this are plain; the greed for money on the one hand, the depraved appetite for strong drink on the other hand, and the encouragement of false views of freedom by immoral teachers and writers, which views are really absorbed by inexperienced youth. 'Let us have a good time,' is the false cry which has made the hip-pocket flask the way to shame and disgrace. We do not look for a full obedience to the Prohibition law, any more than we do for the full observance of the laws against murder, theft and dope. Law of itself does not make perfect. A change must be wrought in the public mind by the spirit of truth and love before we have obedience. But we do look to those who have profest the Name of Jesus to arouse themselves to the dangers which threaten our peace and prosperity. Those who smile or laugh at violation may have a rude awakening. Their connivance is favorable to a brutal, selfish, and bold attack on our homes and happiness, which begins with lawless drinking and ends—oh, the sad hearts which have experienced the end in themselves or in their children! Awake from lethargy to the danger which threatens the health, peace and honor of our homes, the stability and prosperity of our nation."

DECREASED DRINKING IN ENGLAND—Temperance is gaining ground in England, asserts Lord Dawson, a famous physician, in a recent speech in the House of Lords. He gives figures showing that in certain great London restaurants, feeding from 10,000 to 40,000 people a day, 75 per cent. of the patrons ordered no stimulant, and of the remaining 25 per cent. only one-fourth ordered anything stronger than beer or light wine. He has also ascertained, he asserts, that among London clerks under forty years of age, 40 per cent. were total abstainers, tho the dry percentage for the men over forty years old was only 21 per cent. He attributes the improvement to better housing, to the broadening of interest in books, plays, and movies; to athletic sports and outdoor life, to the growing companionship of men and women, to their desire to keep physically fit, to education, especially in the hygiene of diet. This testimony, says *Public Opinion* (London), will be a disappointment to temperance reformers. To which the New York *Christian Advocate* (Methodist) retorts:

"That is scarcely true. If humanity will turn itself away from the waste and damage caused by alcoholic indulgence the true reformer will rejoice. The law is the schoolmaster. If Britain can teach itself the lesson of total abstinence, without resort to law, the drys will rejoice everywhere. Unfortunately, however, the British drink bill is an account which Lord Dawson has not explained away."

CURRENT ▾ POETRY

Unsolicited contributions to this department can not be returned.

THE struggle between doubt and faith has rarely had a finer presentation than this in *Scribner's Magazine*:

AFFIRMATION

By John Hall Wheelock

I

How little our true majesty is shown
In these proud minds by which we are confessed
Traitors so often, recreants at best—
Unworthy of life's greatness and our own.
Not by the mind we shall be judged alone,
Who are much more than in the mind is guessed.
By faith we live. The heart in every breast
Labors, believing, toward the end unknown.

Through the shrill mind, in terror and defeat,
The ancient flood of holy being roars;
The gallant heart again and yet again—
Jetting fierce streams of faith—with every beat,
In sacramental affirmation, pours
Life's answer through the unbelieving brain.

II

"And yet at last, when all is said and done,
Where is the triumph, truly—to have been
Spectators of an immemorial scene,
And then hurried into oblivion?"
So speaks the mind, self-cheated, while the one
Splendor in every mind, however mean,
Works out Its purpose, secret and serene,
And through all living things under the sun.

His presence is the starry multitude,
And in us also surely He abides:
Our bodies are salt shores for the sharp flood
That through creation rises and subsides
With ebb and flow of everlasting tides
Or rhythms of the perishable blood.

III

Poor timid mind, so agile to defend
Your own misgiving, patient to put out
The light of hope within us and without,
Your own best lover and your own worst friend—
While over us the faithful heavens bend,
While through our veins the justling life-streams shout
Triumph and joy, still pondering the old doubt—
Anxious and unpersuaded to the end!

If it be truth indeed that life through you,
Who are the front of her emergent will,
Waking, asks for an answer and, denied,
Resumes the primal sleep—if this be true,
Dark is the truth. But we are greater still
Than our own thoughts, and wiser than our pride.

So many names unfamiliar to us turn up in the English papers like this in the London *Spectator*, yet their felicity in verse never seems to fail:

FOR OBERON

By Viola Gerard

Under this fern lie Oberon and his queen,
Life, being angry, left death to unite them,
And now the glow-worm with his lantern green
Alone keeps tiny watch lest man should slight them.

Only the negligent foxglove swings a bell
In little clamour over the quiet grave,
Soothing her beauty, whose wan miracle
Enfranchised all but held the king her slave.

Only the blue kingfisher leaves for token
A sky-entrapping feather, at his head
Who grieved in life because her faith was broken,
Knowing there are no pledges for the dead.

And Love-in-Idleness, remembering,
Still drops enchantment-laden petals on her,
Though she is dead, and though in death her king
Has found his love and kept unstained his honour.

IN *The Commonweal* is a poem just falling short in one line. If the wanderer of the hills were without heart, would he be conscious of the "stars' sweetness"?

STAR SONG

By Marie de L. Welch

The star-enchanted
Walks in the night
In places near
To the sky's light.

He walks on the hills
And he is witness
Of the dark's wisdom,
Of the stars' sweetness.

He is never sorrowful,
Never lonely;
There is no heart in him
But a star only.

WHETHER the head will rest content when the thunder ceases might be a question for this poet in *The New Republic* to ponder:

STORMS

By W. H. Davies

She fears not me—
Neither my thunder,
Nor my lightning, startles her
To make surrender.

But when my friend
In Heaven makes thunder
Her spirit breaks, and turns
To fear and wonder.

Lightning and thunder,
Give her no rest:
Bring her head back again,
Back to my breast.

A SHAFT of satire is leveled at the cautious and prudent Christian of this age by Laura Simmons in *The Commonweal* (New York):

THE WAY

By Laura Simmons

Walk not too near these outcast sons of men
Where passed your Christ ahead! You, too, may share
The rabble's wrath! In time take heed! Beware
The woe—the bitter shame of Him again!
Your flaming zeal speak not so rash, so loud!
Keep on your prudent way within the crowd.

What if they mark you of His band and cry:
"Behold this one, as well"? Ah, you should know
The jeers, the stones, for all that with Him go!
Have caution, fool! Let others yearn and die!
These broken ones you love with hot heartbreak
Can save you not! Be warned by His mistake!

Remember how He spurned the risk and loss!
Remember how they nailed Him to a cross!

The Living Age (Boston) credits the following to *The Lucky Boy* and quotes *The Irish Statesman* to the effect that the poet here "is much the most original and vital of Scottish poets—I think, indeed, the best since Burns":

ULYSSES' BOW

By Hugh McDiarmid

Better violer never screeded on a silken coord
Or kittled a cat's tripes wi's finger-en's,
But the lift is yalla as biest milk,
And the eagle roosts wi' the hens,
And the licht o' life is lourd,
And the voices nocht but men's.
My hert strings werena broken—then why's he gane
And left them when he canna fin' their marrow
—a clairach made for his playin',
A warld to mak' a star o'!—
To the fickless fingers o' sunlicht
Or the lichtnin's random arrow?

WINTER silence is sometimes more evocative than noisy summer. This in *Harper's*:

MASON'S ISLAND

By Anne Atwood Dodge

I went down through the winter wood
With sudden stains of sky and sea
Between the naked trees that stood
Wine-dark around me.

There was no sound at all, at all,
No grieving of the lonely tide,
I only heard my own footfall
On the bare hillside.

But I had eaten fairy bread,
And I had drunk a heady wine,
And I could see the shapes that fled
In the pale sunshine.

THOSE who have not quite forgotten Thackeray, and those who do not wish to, will welcome in *The English Review* this reminder of old joys:

HOUSEHOLDERS

By Muriel Kent

At 13 (now 16) Young Street, Kensington, Thackeray made a home for his children, 1846–54. He wrote "Vanity Fair," "Esmond," etc., in this house.

Eighty years ago it stood
In a quiet neighbourhood:
Marked already with the grace
Time can give a dwelling-place—
Waiting with a friendly air
To receive a childish pair.
All its treasures, new and old,
Should be theirs to have and hold:
Sunny rooms and windows wide,
And the vine that grew outside;
Cushioned seats for reading-nooks,
Punch and "Boz" and *Christmas Books*,
Love and laughter, work and ease,
Blossom on the orchard trees . . .
From the first the children's part
Was to fill their father's heart
(Those who called him "cynic" then
Were not skilled in reading men).
Anne remembered all her days
Tender counsel, mirthful ways;
Charity and Humour shown
In his life—and made her own.

* * * * *

Crowded, too, the house must be
With immortal company.
"Jeames" himself is at the door,
And about the polished floor
Move the dancers, great and small,
Guests at Mrs. Perkins' Ball;
Portly Jos, and worldly-wise
Becky with the downcast eyes;
Faithful Dobbin who could wait
Eighteen years to win his mate—
Gentle souls who had no share
In the traffick of the Fair . . .
There are Steele and Addison
From an older Kensington;
Esmond, grave and dignified,
Beatrix in her youthful pride;
Men of honour, princely rake,
Those who give and those who take.
Wits and poets meet us here;
Passion, pity, courage, fear—
Only shades, but keeping still
Vital forms of thought and will:
Creatures of a writer's mind
Hold the house he left behind.

PERSONAL • GLIMPSES

ROMANCE, TRAGEDY, AND A BOY KING

A LITTLE BOY, NOT YET SIX, the fair-haired son of the ousted Prince Carol, is riding through the crowded streets of Bucharest in an open automobile, on his way to be proclaimed King of Roumania after the death of his grandfather, King Ferdinand. The child is sitting between his mother, Princess Helen of Greece, and his grandmother, the Dowager Queen Marie. Vast multitudes are cheering him, the press dispatches tell us, and his chubby face is wreathed in half-frightened smiles. Against the deep black worn by the two royal women, several correspondents note, the boy's white sailor suit is like a fleck of sunshine amidst dark shadows.

As his mother leads the child by the hand into the great Parliament House, an impressive scene makes him catch his breath. The members of both legislative houses, all the military and civil dignitaries, the whole diplomatic corps, as well as the regents who are to guide the boy King until he is eighteen, are assembled in solemn state; and between him and them stands a small altar, on which the regents are to swear their allegiance to him.

The little fellow hesitates, halts, and seems on the verge of tears.

"Remember you are a king and the son of kings," his mother says in a low voice.

Straightening up his puny shoulders, the child ascends the fifteen steps of the royal tribunal, sits in the big throne-like chair, and faces the assembled dignitaries with apparent unconcern. Cheers burst forth from the boy King's future subjects. His mother, drest in deep mourning, stands beside him, pale and evidently laboring under great emotion, but self-controlled, erect and queenly. Prince Nicholas, the twenty-three-year-old brother of the boy's absent father, is the first to take the oath of allegiance, and then follow Patriarch Christea, head of the Roumanian Orthodox Church, and Judge Buzdugan, President of the Supreme Court. Each repeats the single sentence: "I swear fidelity to King Michael."

Then Princess Helen, whose tears are discernible beneath her veil, leads the child forward and out into his new kingdom. King Michael breathes a long sigh of relief, hugs his mother's arm tight, and remarks: "Let's go home, mama; I'm hungry."

Keystone View Company photograph

PAST GLORY AND FUTURE POWER

Dowager Queen Marie, with her little grandson, Michael, who has been proclaimed King of Roumania.

The story of how Roumania happens to have a boy king, while the boy's father, Prince Carol, who should have been king, is disinherited and living near Paris in voluntary exile, is a tragic bit of contemporary history which the press of the world is now telling and retelling in many keys. Several writers point out that the youthful romance of the late King Ferdinand and that of his wayward son are curiously similar, save for the vital difference that Ferdinand relinquished a woman and gained a throne, while his son lost the throne in order to live with a woman not his wife. Both romances have a direct bearing on the fortunes of little King Michael. For that of Ferdinand we must go back to 1881, the year when Roumania became a kingdom. The New York *Herald Tribune* tells it thus:

> King Carol and his brilliant Queen, Carmen Sylva, were childless, and the heir presumptive to the throne was Prince William of Hohenzollern, eldest son of Carol's brother, Leopold, who had been Bismarck's pawn in 1870. But William declined the honor, which then was passed along to his younger brother, Ferdinand.
>
> This Prince, son of Leopold of Hohenzollern and Antonia, Infanta of Portugal, was born at Sigmaringen August 24, 1865. He was well educated and showed special interest in literature and art. He was scarcely known to the world until he was called to Bucharest as heir presumptive to the Roumanian throne. There the handsome and accomplished young man soon became involved, not through his own initiative, in a romance which stirred all Europe. His aunt, Queen Elizabeth, best known as Carmen Sylva, had a maid of honor named Helen Vacarescu, member of a noble but non-royal Roumanian family. This young woman was strikingly handsome and vivacious and had literary and poetic ability.
>
> The Queen was ardently attached to her and presently conceived the idea of bringing about a marriage between her and Prince Ferdinand, so that in time she would succeed her as Queen of Roumania. Altho Miss Vacarescu was some years his senior, Ferdinand readily succumbed to the charms of the young woman, whom his royal aunt put in his way on every possible occasion. Indeed, Carmen Sylva saw to it that they were left much of the time with no other company about.
>
> When King Carol learned what was going on, however, he was furious. He declared that such a *mésalliance* would endanger the dynasty and that he would not think for a moment of permitting it. The members of the Cabinet and the leaders of Roumanian political life were similarly opposed to it and gave warning that such a marriage would probably provoke a revolution. Ferdinand, partly through chivalry and, perhaps, partly because he had really been fascinated into loving Miss Vacarescu, was inclined to insist on marrying her, even at the cost of having to renounce the throne.
>
> Thereupon King Carol resorted to strenuous measures. Seeing that Ferdinand did not get outside the royal palace, he dismissed Miss Vacarescu from the court and ordered her to leave Roumania at once, and to have no communication with any member of the royal family.
>
> Carmen Sylva, who was, in fact, suffering from mental aberration, refused to be parted from her maid of honor and went into exile with her in Venice. There they settled for some months, engaged in intrigues to get Ferdinand to follow them; until one morning King Carol appeared unexpectedly on the scene. He

(*Continued on page 41*)

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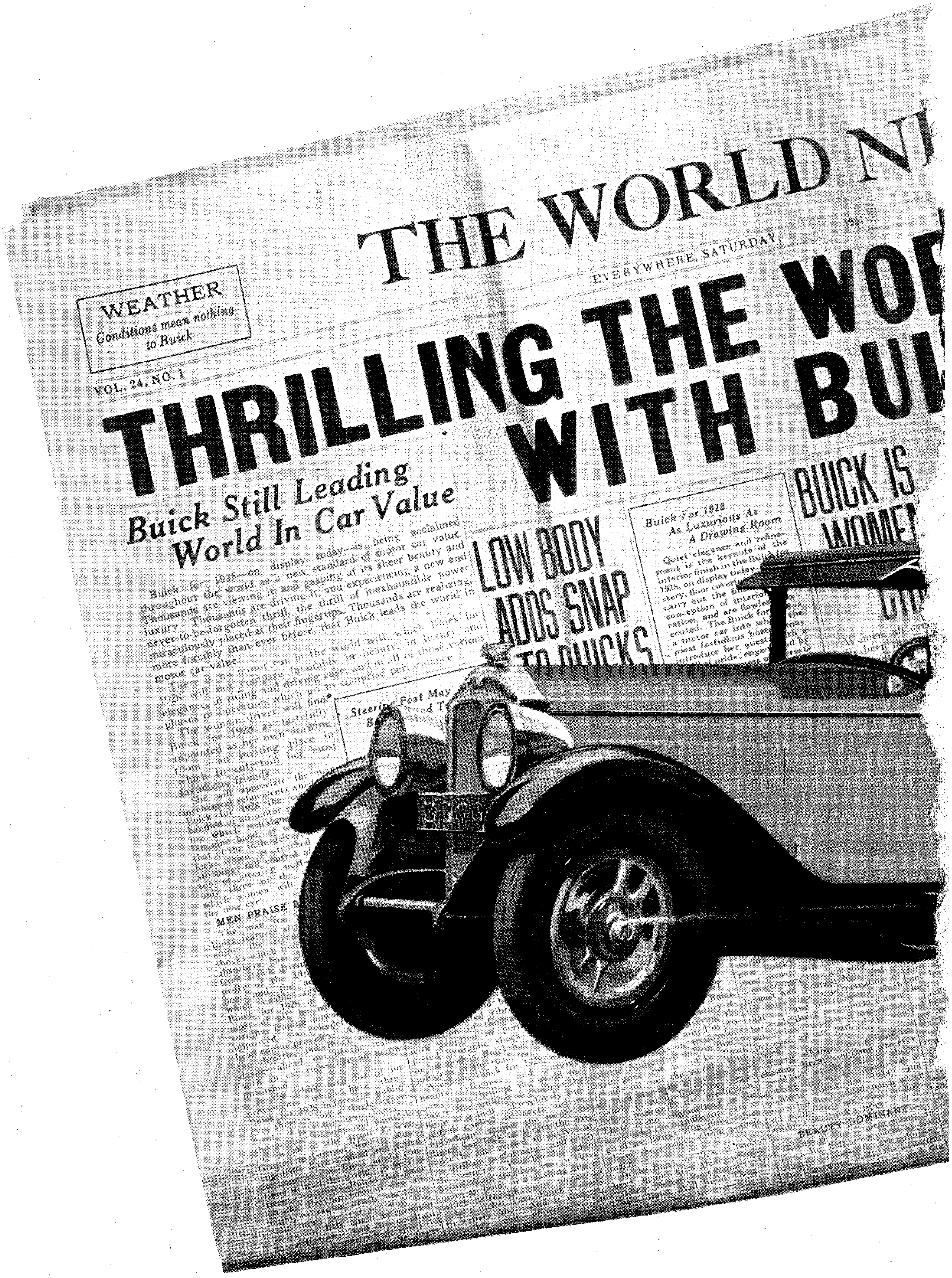

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VOL. 24, NO. 1

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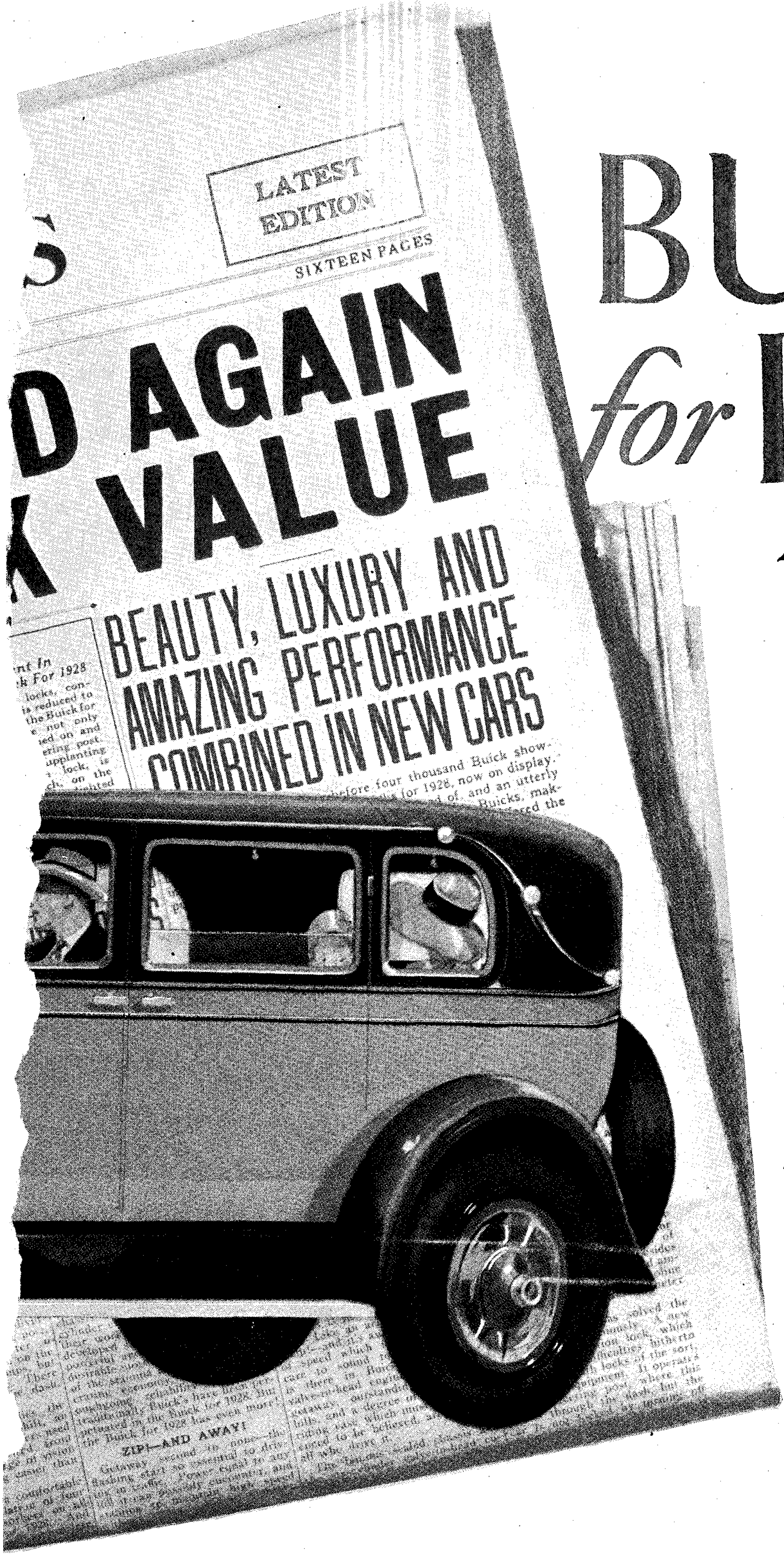
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MOTOR CARS

So smoothly does the United States Mail Service function that its machinery is seldom realized by the great nation it serves But the whistle of the night mail at the station below the hill in Lambert Hollow is the note of an era in which swift, dependable communication has been one of the greatest factors of progress, of prosperity, of security.

The NIGHT MAIL

Flashes Through Lambert Hollow

BACK in the lighted cars of the long train, the passengers are chatting and reading.

To them the villages through which they flash are only clusters of changing lights, the dwindling tinkle of crossing bells.

But ahead, in the first car behind the speeding engine, each town and hamlet along the way is a definite part of the work to be done.

There men work from dusk to dawn, moving intently, efficiently, back and forth before the long racks and swaying sacks of mail.

As well known landmarks, or the hands of the clock, or the long-drawn whistle of the engine ahead warn of the approach to each village, the door is slid back, a short steel arm is thrust out into the whistling wind.

Suddenly a sturdy mail bag strikes this reaching arm, is swung into the car. Simultaneously, another is rolled out into the night.

To Lambert Hollow the mail has come; from Lambert Hollow the mail has gone. The line of glittering windows that flows on into the night has again played its part in weaving together the cities and towns and villages of the world.

As each new method of communication has been born, the Pennsylvania has played its part in encouraging its growth, developing it.

The first railroad to use telephonic communication, it now has the largest privately owned system of wire communication in the world. Its motor cars and trucks are active in a hundred different points. A fleet of over 500 Pennsylvania vessels is constantly moving to and fro in the great harbors of the North Atlantic ports.

Wireless telephony is now being tested for communication between land and train, and between parts of a long freight.

And now the swift couriers of the air mail are receiving every possible assistance and encouragement that the Pennsylvania can offer.

BUT *in spite of all these new and splendid means of communication, the mail traffic of the Pennsylvania grows and grows. Each year the thriving towns and cities and villages which it reaches grant a heavier responsibility to this railroad which directly serves over half the population of the country.*

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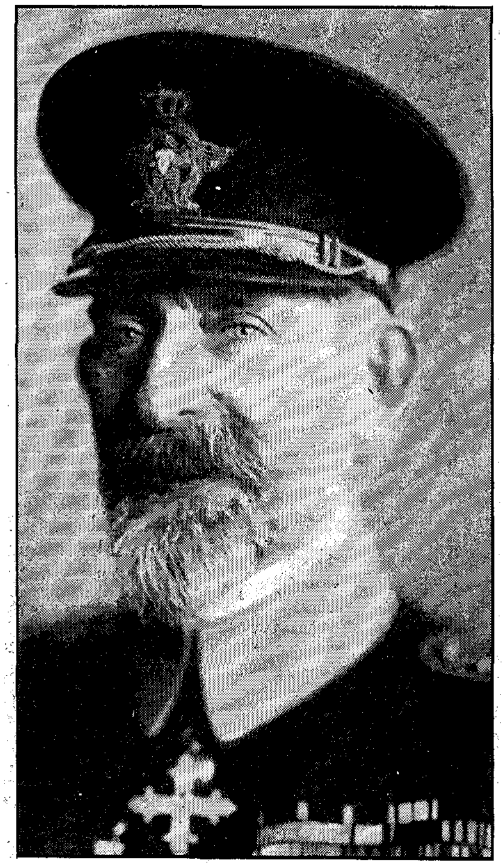
PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

Continued from page 36

promptly had the Italian police escort Miss Vacarescu to the French frontier and sent his wife to her brother's home in Germany where she remained for two years under the care of physicians. She then returned to Bucharest with her mental illness quite cured and with no desire ever again to see or hear from her former maid of honor.

Ferdinand also very quickly recovered from whatever infatuation he had suffered, and January 10, 1893, married Princess Mary of Great Britain, daughter of Queen Victoria's second son, the Duke of Edinburgh. This accomplished Princess, almost pedantic in her devotion to study, was only seventeen years old at the time of the wedding. She and Queen Elizabeth had never met and the Queen was not at the wedding, being still under the doctor's care; but eventually the two became close friends, and Princess Marie, as she was called, was a favorite in Bucharest long before she became Queen Marie in the stormy days of the World War.



Keystone View Company photograph

KING FERDINAND IN ARMY UNIFORM

His military achievements during the World War, despite terrible reverses, helped to make Roumania the largest of the Balkan countries.

Six children were born to Queen Marie and her royal husband, five of whom are living. The eldest, Prince Carol, who might now be King Carol II but for his own actions, was born in 1893. The others are: Princess Elizabeth, born in 1894 and married in 1921 to King George of Greece, who afterward abdicated; Princess Marie, born in 1899 and married to King Alexander of Jugoslavia; Prince Nicholas, born in 1903, and Princess Ileana, born in 1908. The two last named accompanied their mother on her tour of the United States last year.

The escapades which have caused Prince Carol to lose the throne, and which have produced a situation threatening the peace of Roumania itself, are summarized by the New York *Times* as follows:

When he became a young man, Prince Carol fell in love with a Roumanian girl, Mlle. Zizi Lambrino, and married her in September, 1918. At the time, Prince Carol's regiment was engaged against the Germans, and because of his elopement and absence from the front the Prince was charged with desertion. He was sentenced to be confined to a military fortress for seventy-five days. After the war the couple lived together, and a boy was born.

In 1920 Prince Carol made a tour of the world and spent some time in this country. On his return to Bucharest he was persuaded to cement an alliance with Greece by marrying in March, 1921, Princess Helen of that country. Their son Mihai, or Michael, the new King of Roumania, was born in October, 1921. The marriage with Miss Lambrino had been annulled by Church and State.

Keystone View Company photograph

HE SOLD HIS BIRTHRIGHT

Prince Carol renounced the throne for a life of pleasure, and is now an exile, yet claims the title of king.

Even before his marriage to Princess Helen, Prince Carol had signified his desire to renounce his rights of succession, and it was reported that large sums of money were offered to his morganatic wife to leave him. Late in 1919 it was reported that the Prince had actually renounced his succession rights, but in 1920 a reconciliation had been effected between the Prince and his parents.

In November, 1925, when Alexandra, Queen Mother of England, died, Prince Carol was sent to London to represent his country at the funeral. After the funeral, instead of returning to Roumania, he remained in Paris and joined a woman whose name was given as Madame Lupescu. He then spent some weeks in Milan, Turin, and Venice, Queen Marie sending a special emissary to the first-named city in an effort to induce him to return to Bucharest. Finally, in December, 1925, Carol sent a communication to his father in which he renounced his right of accession to the Roumanian throne and relinquished all the prerogatives which were his as Crown Prince, even to the extent of giving up membership in the royal family.

Carol's desertion of his faithful wife, Princess Helen, had caused intense indignation, and we are reminded that within twenty-four hours his father accepted the resignation thus tendered. We read further:

On January 4 the Chamber of Deputies passed three bills ratifying acceptance of Prince Carol's renunciation, modifying the status of the royal family and instituting a regency.

The Prince's action was the cause of a break with his mother, which was not healed until the day she left Paris for her visit to America, when Carol saw his mother off at the railroad station, and they publicly embraced each other. On her arrival here, on October 19, 1926, the Queen was asked whether the reconciliation with Prince Carol meant that she would take him back with her on her return to Roumania, and she replied that she was afraid not.

"He has made a great mistake in his life," the Queen said, "and he will just have to take his punishment like any one else, Prince or no Prince. I hope, tho, that some day he will come back."

Later, when she was traveling through Canada, Queen Marie said that enemies of the present régime in Roumania were using the Prince's break with his father as the basis for reports that the Prince would lead a movement against the King. The Queen added that at their Paris meeting Prince Carol indignantly denied any thought of disloyalty to King Ferdinand. She thought that perhaps Prince Carol had been swayed by a sentiment for democracy, tho the Prince denied that, but he admitted that he did not want to rule Roumania. The Queen made it clear that Prince Carol was determined to lead his own life.

At the time when his little son was proclaimed King of

International Newsreel photograph

SHE WOULD BE A QUEEN IF—

Princess Helen, Carol's deserted wife, is cheated out of the title of queen by his renunciation of the throne.

Keystone View Company photograph

BEHIND THE BOY KING'S THRONE

Mgr. Niron Christea, Patriarch of the Roumanian Church, is one of the regents who will guide King Michael's administration.

Roumania, Prince Carol was living in a villa at Neuilly, just outside of Paris, and not far from the home of his divorced first wife. He had given up hope of being allowed to attend his father's funeral, tho evidently affected deeply by his bereavement. The dispatch informing him of his father's death, we are told, had been followed by one from Premier Bratiano reminding him that the door of Roumania was locked and barred, so far as he was concerned. Yet the next day he referred to himself in a public statement as "King Carol of Roumania," indicating that he intends to claim kingly rank, even if he has no throne. So he remains a cause of uneasiness for those in power at Bucharest and a fruitful source of press rumors. An Associated Press dispatch from Paris says:

> Mme. Lupescu, who was Carol's companion for a long time, but from whom he has been separated for the last six months, is said to be insisting that he return to Bucharest, and that she accompany him. This is regarded as preposterous by the former prince's household. "She would be arrested before she got 100 yards inside the frontier," one of Carol's intimates remarked.
>
> Friends of the former Crown Prince point out that the fact that Jan Bratiano is in power probably influenced him in his decision not to go home. Carol has always held that Bratiano was his arch political enemy, and believes that the man now Premier was responsible for the decree of last year depriving him of his dynastic rights and expelling him from the country he had expected to rule.
>
> For a long time the former Crown Prince sought to train his household to speak of him as "Monsieur Carol Caraiman," considering himself a private individual. He still has a secretary, but his household is small and extra servants are employed temporarily whenever he entertains extensively.

When King Ferdinand's will was read, it cut off his eldest son from all inheritance of Roumanian property, such as the houses and castles which would have been his in the natural order of events. The regal fortune, estimated at $70,000,000, is left to his little son, Michael. The dead King's will, however, bequeaths to Prince Carol about $400,000 in cash and stocks. The change in his will, made in January, 1926, after his son had made the momentous decision to renounce the throne, is accompanied by the following expression of sorrow, as reported by the Bucharest correspondent of the Paris *Matin:*

> "It was the Lord's will to impose this trial upon the country and myself and cause great sorrow to the Queen by the Crown Prince's renunciation of the throne. Never until the end of my days will I forget the grief which overwhelmed me when I saw myself forced to take cognizance of that decision, while realizing that unfortunately the measure was necessary in the interests of the State and the Crown, interests which have always guided me in all circumstances. The change thus brought about in the succession to the throne obliges me to make the following modifications and add the following codicils to my testament: [Then follow the cancelation of the bequest of his castles and domains to Carol in favor of the new King, and the codicils end with the words:] I pray to God to help my darling son Carol in the new life he has chosen against our will, and to make the consequences of his choice the easiest possible."

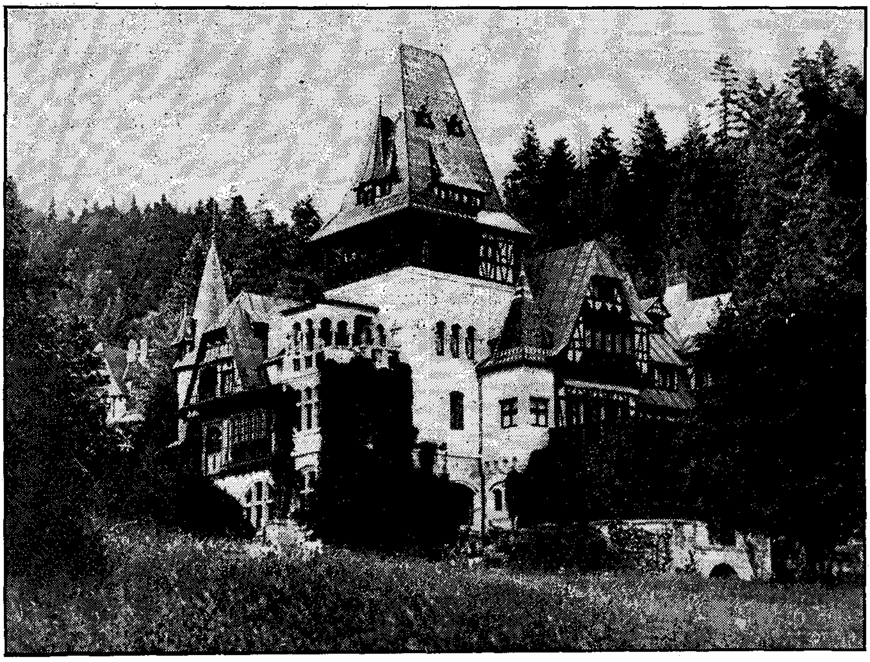
That this sorrow was on King Ferdinand's mind to the end is shown by a letter which he wrote to Premier Bratiano two days before his death. It ends with this paragraph:

> "My son Carol must seek to impose respect for the present régime on all desirous to injure or destroy it. The situation created by his renunciation of the throne was brought about in such a way as to make it his most imperative duty as a Roumanian, as a son and as a parent to respect the undertaking entered into of his own free will without being influenced by any one."

The judgment of thoughtful observers regarding the predicament of this young man is voiced by a Paris correspondent as follows:

> Unless there is a definite movement in Roumania for the return of Prince Carol, it is unlikely that this exile will ever set foot again in his native land. He hasn't either the character or force, and certainly not the reputation, necessary for the making of a successful revolution in his favor. Even those in Roumania who, either because of opposition to the Bratiano régime or because they fear the consequences of a long minority and rule by the Regency, would like to have Prince Carol back have become discouraged by his obstinate persistence in preferring the easy life of exile and personal gratification to his duties as a king and husband.

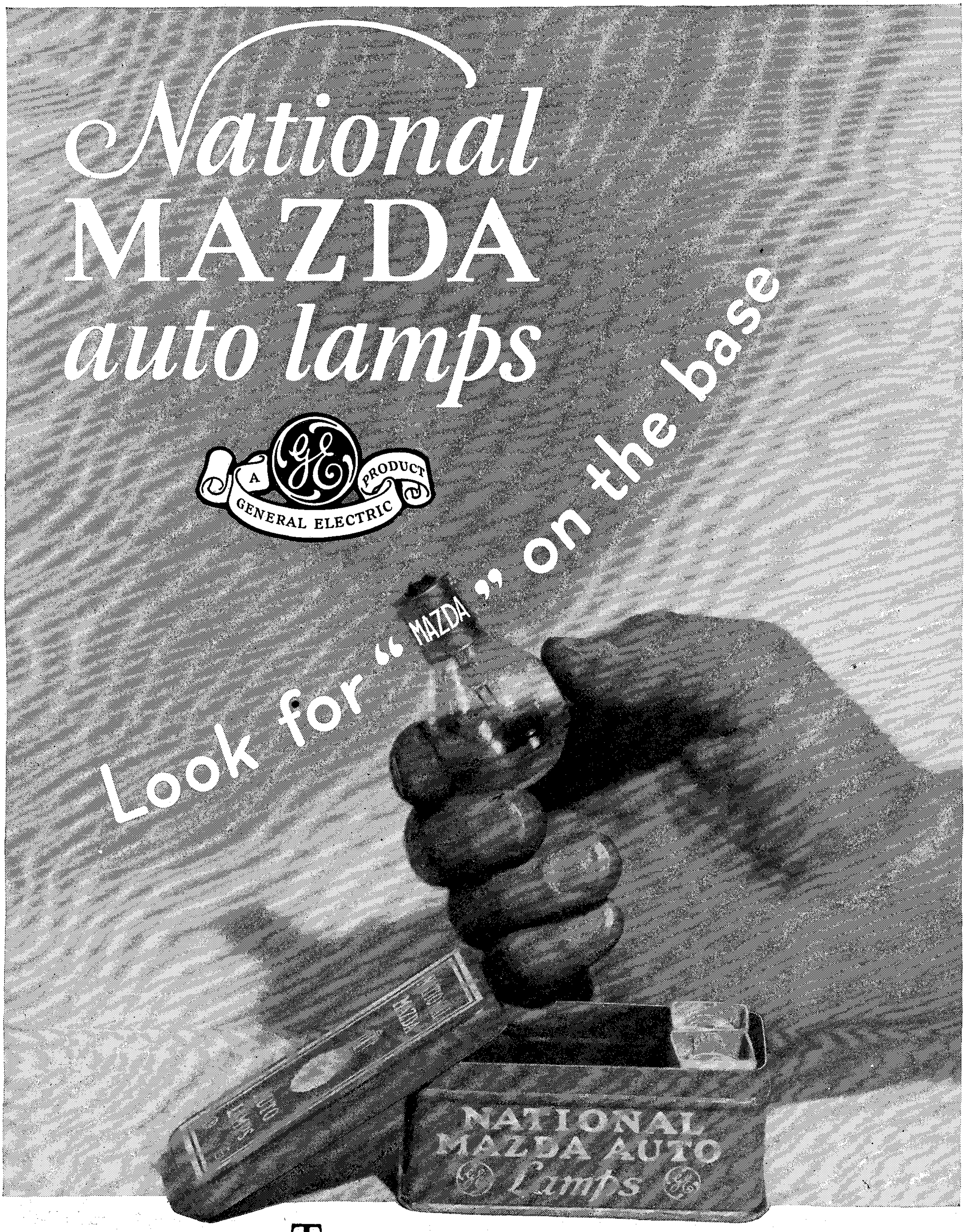
Thus did Ferdinand's wayward son, we are told, furnish material for many sad thoughts as he lay slowly dying of cancer in the beautiful Pelisor Castle, the summer residence of the royal family at Sinaia. Ferdinand the Just, his people called him, and his decision to exile his son is given as one of the reasons for this popular title. Another was his action in entering the World War on the side of the Allies, despite his family ties as a Hohenzollern, because the Roumanian people desired it. Still another is found by some editors in the fact that he favored universal suffrage and helped to give it to his people.



Keystone View Company photograph

WHERE KING FERDINAND SUFFERED AND DIED

Pelisor Castle at Sinaia, often called the prettiest palace in Europe, is the favorite summer home of the Roumanian royal family.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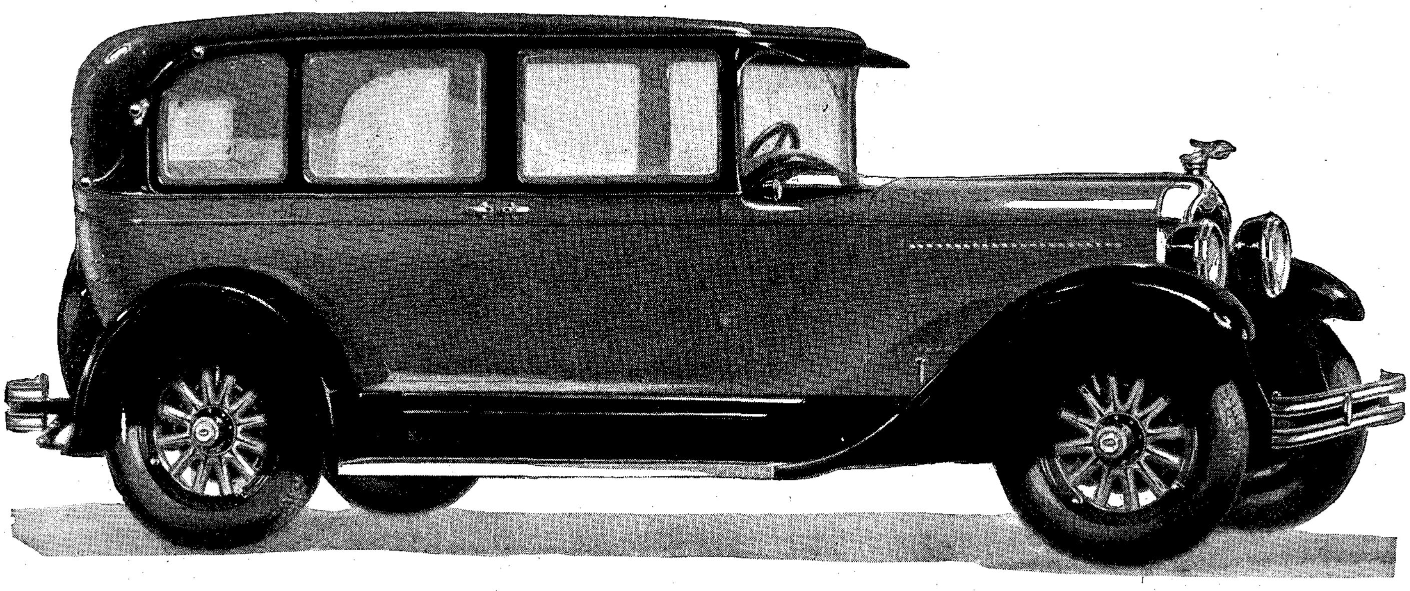

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An impressive car, beyond all doubt! A notable value, too! A

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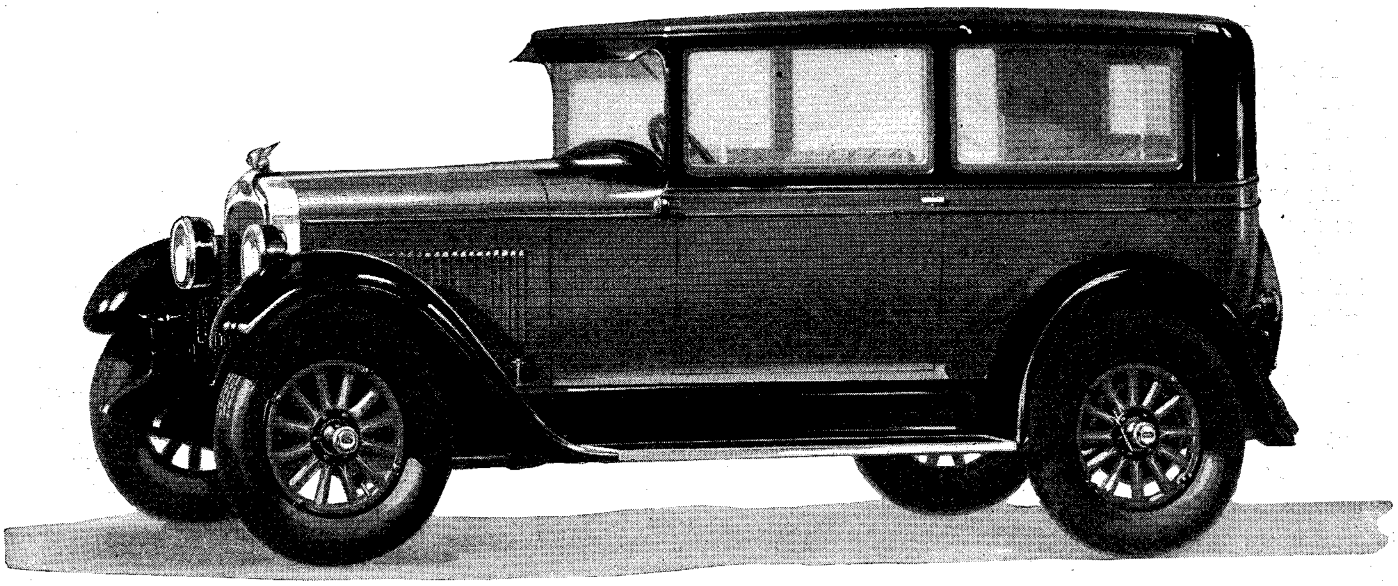

Pontiac Two-Door Sedan, Body by Fisher

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$745

Coupe	$745	Sport Cabriolet	$795
Sport Roadster	$745	Landau Sedan	$845

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PRODUCTS OF GENERAL MOTORS

HOW A GIRL NOVELIST LEARNED LIFE BY BECOMING A PRIMA DONNA

"WE ARE ALL RUINED!" shrieked the barytone, rushing wildly into the presence of the young American soprano, as she snatched a bite to eat. "There is no performance to-night."

It was to have been the night of the young American soprano's Italian début—that magical event in any vocal career, for which unheard-of sacrifices are made and disappointments endured. In that moment of frustration the singer doubtless recalled many of her own labors and tribulations. She may have recalled, too, the day when, as a student of dramatic authorship in Professor Baker's historic "English 47" at Harvard, she had disgraced herself by dozing off into a sound snooze while a thrilling play was being read to the earnest little class. When the professor afterward commented on her symptoms of fatigue, she explained to him that she had been "staying up nights writing a novel," and "in the daytime studying to be a singer." Writing her own remarkable story in *The Pictorial Review*, she tells us that Professor Baker ignored the "affair of the novel," but jumped at the second part of her explanation, exclaiming:

> "Studying to be a singer? Splendid! Whether you succeed or not, you will see life as few young girls are able to see it; you will travel around the world and knock up against experiences and people that will enrich your knowledge of humanity and therefore your writing. Go to your singing! And, when you are forty years old, come back and write for me."

In these terms, confesses Miss Dorothy Speare, who has since become a successful novelist, besides launching an auspicious career as a prima donna, she found herself "gracefully dismissed" from Professor Baker's famous class; but she adds:

> Yet I never forgot his advice: to go to my singing as a means to broaden my sphere of life and therefore my writing. The novel that I had been staying up nights to write was accepted by the first publisher to whom I submitted it. I went to New York to follow its fate more closely and to continue my study of singing.
>
> There I soon found myself confronted by a triple dilemma. My book, "Dancers in the Dark," had speedily become a best seller, and motion-picture companies from all over the world sought its film rights. Magazines offered me magnificent contracts for short stories, and I began to fill as many as I could. Reporters came to me for interviews. Theater managers wrote me, among them David Belasco, with whom I signed a contract for a play. And somehow in the midst of all this a new novel got written.
>
> I was staggering under the weight of a tremendous financial success and the temptation to increase that weight. The pressure of work, the demands from all sides, were almost too much for a twenty-one-year-old girl to bear.
>
> So I made my decision. I was going to turn my back on everything that I had won in New York, to go abroad and continue my study of singing seriously. Almost every one assured me that I was mad to consider such a thing. Mr. Belasco complicated matters by a proposition that would have tempted almost any girl. I had written one act of the play, and read it to him before I sailed.
>
> "I don't know how you sing," he said, "but you are an actress. I saw it when I first met you; your reading of the play confirms it. If you will stay here in America, I will give you a contract and make a star out of you."
>
> To sacrifice the double opportunity of having a play produced by Belasco and of taking my place in that fascinating life behind the footlights; to leave my literary success at a point where perhaps I could not pick it up again; to forsake the stimulating society of New York literary life for the (I shall be frank) enervating companionship of embryo singers—my own reason, as well as that of others, told me that I was ill-advised.
>
> Yet I did it. And one moment of revelation, as I stood alone on the stage at my début in a small Italian town, has repaid me for all the sacrifices that have gone before.
>
> People in America have no idea of what it means to sing in Italy. They know that most of the world's greatest singers come to America, and therefore imagine that it would be easy for almost any one to sing in less fortunate countries. Especially in Italy, where every small town has its operatic season, one would naturally suppose that there would be more room for beginners than elsewhere. As a matter of fact, it is harder to début in Italy than anywhere else in the world.
>
> One of the reasons for this is the very fact that for so many years Italy has been regarded as the home of *bel canto*, the operatic university to which singers have flocked from all over the world. "Italian operatic experience" became a recognized commerce from which impresarios have never ceased to profit. If it was necessary for the foreigner to sing in their theaters, the foreigner would have to pay for that necessity. So he was made to pay, and to pay well.
>
> This might all be regarded as part of the legitimate expense of starting a career. Some of the most beautiful voices now enjoying fame and fortune in America have been financed heavily throughout their European careers. But unfortunately for everybody concerned, thousands of American voices that are not so beautiful have also been heard in Italy.
>
> No matter how bad the voice, one can always buy appearances somewhere in Europe—given enough money. On this subject the American public is tremendously hoodwinked. Very few people at home can separate the wheat from the chaff in reports of musical events abroad. By paying sufficient sums of money Americans without sufficient talent can sing in Europe and then return to America with an impressive list of achievements.
>
> It does not matter if the paid performances are a fiasco or just barely get by; what the American writes home about it is trustfully repeated in the American papers. I have seen the curtain rung down in the middle of a performance because of the rage of the public that—audibly—felt cheated of its admission money. And I have read the American accounts of this same performance, speaking of it as a "magnificent success." This is by no means an exceptional example. And to sing in the biggest opera-houses, even by paying, is an unusual feat that not one American singer in ten who lays claim to it has really accomplished.

Miss Speare did not pay for her début. It came about after many vicissitudes, as a result of diligent study and effort, capped by a little piece of good luck. A small Italian opera impresario, in a desperate emergency for a soprano, engaged her to sing, without pay, the leading rôles in "Traviata" and "Rigoletto," opening his season at Asti, a small town near Turin, famous as the home of Asti Spumanti, the Italian champagne. Miss Speare tells us that the sight of her name on posters all over the town gave her an attack of gooseflesh. Moreover:

> The tenor had been narrating the story of a recent performance of "Andrea Chénier" in a neighboring town with an American prima donna. The first act she had been hooted and whistled—mere hissing was too mild to express the audience's feelings. But soon it appeared that even these demonstrations were not strong enough for the occasion. Between the acts the galleryites and groundlings—those barometers of public opinion—had strolled outside the theater and returned laden. When the second act began the unfortunate American girl was assailed by a barrage of potatoes, rotten tomatoes, and other choice offerings. The curtain had to be rung down and the performance stopt.
>
> This tale was told to me as an argument that I should adopt an Italian name for theatrical use.
>
> "The minute they see a foreign name they are prejudiced," the tenor argued. "You have that much more difficulty to overcome. And you can't blame them when you think of the precedent established by Americans singing in Italy!"

In the midst of the budding diva's tremors came the wild-eyed barytone, with his shrieks of "ruin" and "no performance," as already related. From which point we read on:

> My first sensation—more shame to me—was one of pure relief. Then consternation, as the details followed.
>
> The Casa Ricordi, which is perhaps the largest music-publishing house in the world, and controls the rights to most of the operas given, had sent a telegram to the Asti police to stop the performance because the impresario of our company was using contraband music.
>
> For every Ricordi opera that is given, a royalty must be paid to the publishers, and the orchestra must use and pay for Ricordi scores. Our economical-minded impresario had paid the royalty, but he was using his own manuscript music for the orchestra. This had been found out by Ricordi; hence the wire to the police. The performance was off; and to lose the big receipts of Saturday night was a tragedy, to say nothing of the bad effect that such a beginning of the company's season would have on the public.
>
> There was nothing to do but wait until the impresario went to Milan and patched the matter up. He took the five o'clock train Monday morning. The day passed with no wire from Milan. Frenzied little groups of artists congregated at the theater. I learned that the barytone and his wife, who sang general-utility

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parts, had invested six thousand lire, their savings for a year, in this season. The mezzo soprano had tuberculosis, and had pawned her earrings for the railroad fare to come to Asti. Unless she sang she did not have the money to eat. The rest of the singers were literally without a sou, not possessing even the money to get back to Milan.

At midnight the impresario returned from Milan, absolutely crusht. Quite justly, the Casa Ricordi had refused him the right to give any of its operas for an indefinite period of time. The season was ruined, and the pathetic little company stranded. At half-past twelve the impresario and the barytone and his wife came to my room at the hotel. The barytone was still frantic; his wife was crying.

"Can you sing *Lucia* to-morrow night?" the impresario demanded.

"Lucia" is so old an opera that the copyright has become extinct; any one can give it without the usual formalities. If this little company could throw such an opera together and present it the following night, they could in some measure make up for what they had lost. At least they could continue to eat.

And what of me? For my début I would have to be precipitated into a rôle that I had not come prepared to sing; a rôle that was infinitely more difficult than the comparatively simple *Gilda* in "Rigoletto"; a rôle that I had studied against the will of my teacher, who had told me never to sing it "except by mistake."

This was certainly the mistake. I drew a long breath, looked at the desperate faces before me, and said faintly, "Yes, I'll sing *Lucia* to-morrow night."

"*Dio Benedetto!*" they shrieked. And left me alone with my thoughts.

It can be imagined how much sleep I had for the rest of the night. To sing *Lucia* for my début—in such a company—with less than a day in which to prepare it! Naturally I had no *Lucia* costumes with me. Either *Gilda's* or *Violetta's* négligée would do for the mad scene, but I would have to wear the first act of "Rigoletto" for *Lucia's* first act, and *Traviata's* ball-gown for the wedding scene.

Mixed with my apprehensions was a fearful joy. I loved to sing the music of *Lucia.* Altho my voice is a natural lyric in quality, it possesses all the notes requisite to sing the rôle and every one of its coloratura flourishes, and so I had persisted in singing it in spite of the disapproval of every master I have ever had.

Now I had to save this pathetic little company by singing an opera that I would never have learned had it not been for my own persistence. Small wonder that I was too excited to sleep, that I could hardly breathe when we assembled for rehearsal at ten o'clock the next morning!

On that day spent in whipping "Lucia" into shape it is best not to dwell. All morning we rehearsed with the piano. Altho the barytone and tenor had sung the opera many times before on the stage, they seemed to recall their lines with some difficulty. The barytone—not the one who had invested his savings in the season—possest a magnificent voice. He could roar like a bull, but he had no idea of time, and in our duet wandered blithesomely at his own free will, paying no attention either to the orchestra leader or to the bare exigencies of the music.

During the afternoon many of the orchestra members—all recruited from local talent—had to leave to go to their various employments in the town, relates Miss Speare, adding:

It was uncanny to watch them steal quietly out as one went on singing to continuously diluted music.

Finally the distracted orchestra leader threw down his baton. "The most beautiful woman in the world can give no more than she has," he said sadly. "We had these few hours. At the Scala they rehearsed 'Lucia' for three months!"

The hours intervening between the afternoon orchestra rehearsal and the evening performance remain a blank to me. Before I knew it, I was standing in the wings listening for my cue, with the knowledge that out front there awaited a cold, sullen audience, bitterly disappointed not to have their "Rigoletto," and sneeringly antagonistic at the thought of hearing "another of those American *cani.*"

(*Cane,* which really means "dog," is a special Italian epithet for a bad singer, and is reserved largely for the Americans. I have heard it put to music and rime on the variety stage, where they sang "All the artisti Americani were *cani,*" in a popular refrain!)

From the moment that *Lucia* comes on the stage she has to sing continuously to her woman companion, *Alisa,* who only "yeses" and "nos" and "whats" her. I was too stupefied to be frightened as I began my first aria, "Regnava nel sillenzio." My interpretation of it was to sing it very softly, while it describes an ominously quiet scene, up to the moment of the climax, where I widened into horror as the horror of my story is revealed. I always thought I did it very well.

The audience, however, did not agree with me! The end of my aria was greeted with profound silence from all over the house. No, it was not the silence of applause. Italians do not applaud that way. It was, I know now, a resentful silence. They were balked of their hisses and hoots that they were ready to hurl at the American.

But at the time all I knew was that they were not applauding me, and that in spite of that fact I had to go right on and sing the most difficult and most ungrateful aria in the opera, "Quando rapito." One thing did occur to me: the Italian that the Asti public represented does not like pianissimo singing, nor does he appreciate fine shades of tone. He wants voice, voice, and more voice as proof that the singer is a singer and not merely tricking to get by.

"I felt suddenly very angry, stept up nearer to the footlights, and sang the complete aria of "Quando rapito" in a defiant forte, hurling the final high D at them with an air of "There—take that!"

They took it. Applause came swift and spontaneous, and so protracted that *Alisa* could not make herself heard when she finally began to sing. I was more angry than ever now. I sang my part of the duet with the tenor in the same belligerent, loud tones, and the act ended tumultuously. The tenor feverishly counted our number of curtain-calls and wept with joy at the end of them. "Il nostro grande successo!" he sobbed.

His readiness to include himself in what I considered had been accomplished by me alone gave me a slight start until I realized I was developing prima-donna egoism rather quickly, especially considering the applause my first aria had not received. The next act, my scene with the barytone, taught me how necessary it was to include others—especially when one has to sing with them.

I have neglected to say that we had never rehearsed the action of this opera. That we were supposed to pluck out of the air. Whatever overtures I tried on the barytone seemed to terrify him into rigidity; he stood motionless in the same place during the entire act. At the end of our scene together—which is also the end of the first part of that act—the audience remained peevishly silent. What an awful moment! And yet I didn't blame them; I was a complete wreck from that act myself.

In the wings various chorus-men who had been critically listening fell upon the barytone and started to abuse him freely! I fled to put on my wedding-veil, and joined the big fat bass who had to bring me in to the marriage ceremony. When our cue music struck up he insisted upon our taking an intricate ballet step before our entrance. It was "lucky," he claimed. To see that corpulent, black-velvet-clad body solemnly swaying back and forth in time to mine before we lilted into the formal stride of the wedding-march was one of the bright spots of the evening!

When I went to my dressing-room to prepare for the mad scene I was so exhausted with the mishaps of the performance and the accumulated nervous strain that every bone in my body ached and sharp pains were running all through me. And the flutist had to come to my room to practise with me the variations of the "Rondo," as he had not been at the afternoon rehearsal!

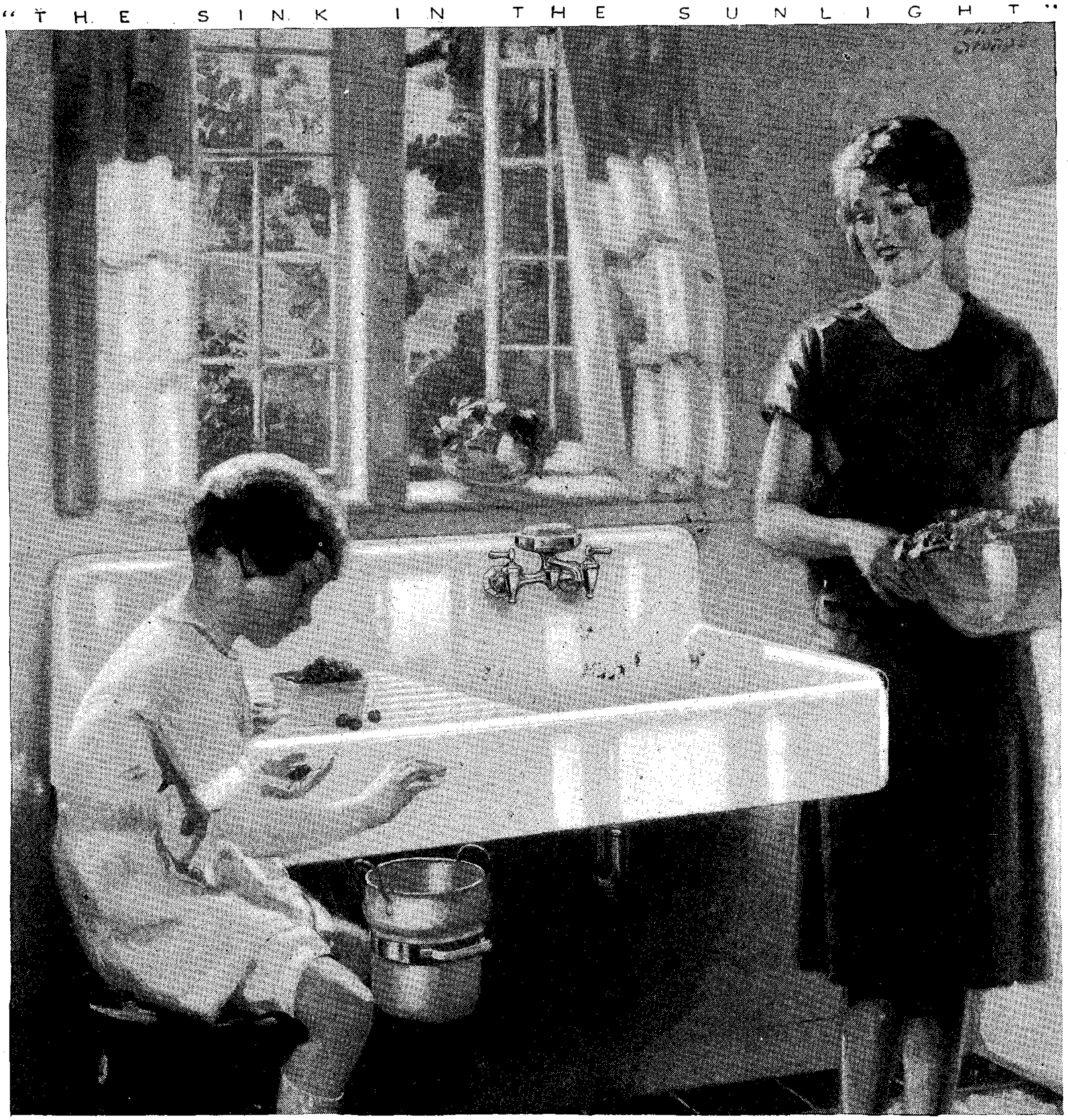
At that moment I would have given anything in the world not to have to go on and sing that mad scene. I was physically ill; I felt that I lacked the strength to sing one more phrase to the public. Yet there was one thing I was consciously thankful for as I staggered from my dressing-room to the wings. Here, at least, I would be alone, and therefore without that feeling of responsibility for the others that had been wearing me down.

The whole company was gathered in the wings, and by their anxious faces I saw that they did not share my thankfulness that I was to be alone. Instinctively I felt it would be better not to hear what they had to say; and so I passed them without a word or a sign.

Wild-eyed, I floated on the stage and dropt my dagger.

At that moment came a miracle experienced only by singers, actors, orators and others who come into direct emotional contact with the public. It proved to be an omen of the tumultuous success this young singer was about to score with her first audience. As Miss Speare impressively records her own experience:

And then, suddenly while the Greek tragedy in the music modulated into wistful beauty and the dream-voice of *Lucia's* lover blotted out her frenzy for a moment, it happened; that magical something that only the actual experience of the stage and the public can give. I, with my ghastly fatigue and nervous aches and the thousand worries of the performance, no longer existed. There was only *Lucia* upon the stage.



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Visit a "Standard" Showroom to see this most modern sink in three styles and seven sizes, or write for an interesting booklet. Be sure to specify Acid-Resisting Enamel as many other "Standard" models are also made in regular enamel. The trademark "Standard" A-R, identifying Acid-Resisting Enamel, is impressed in every "Three Eights" sink.

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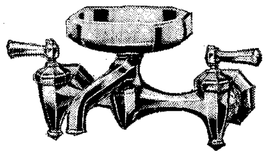

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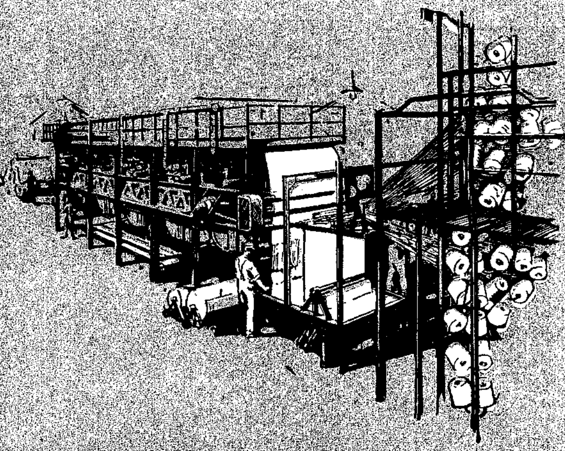

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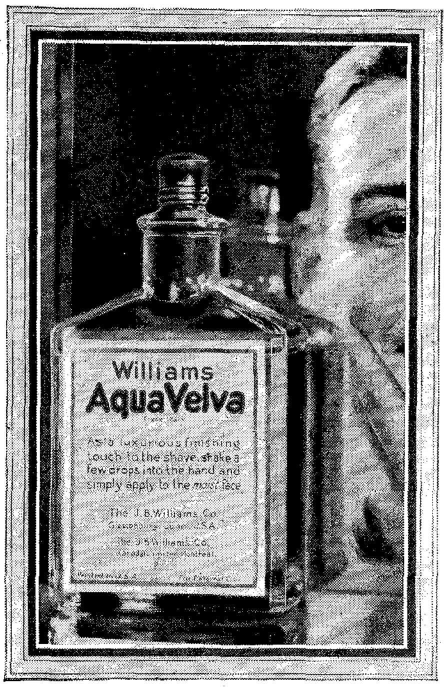

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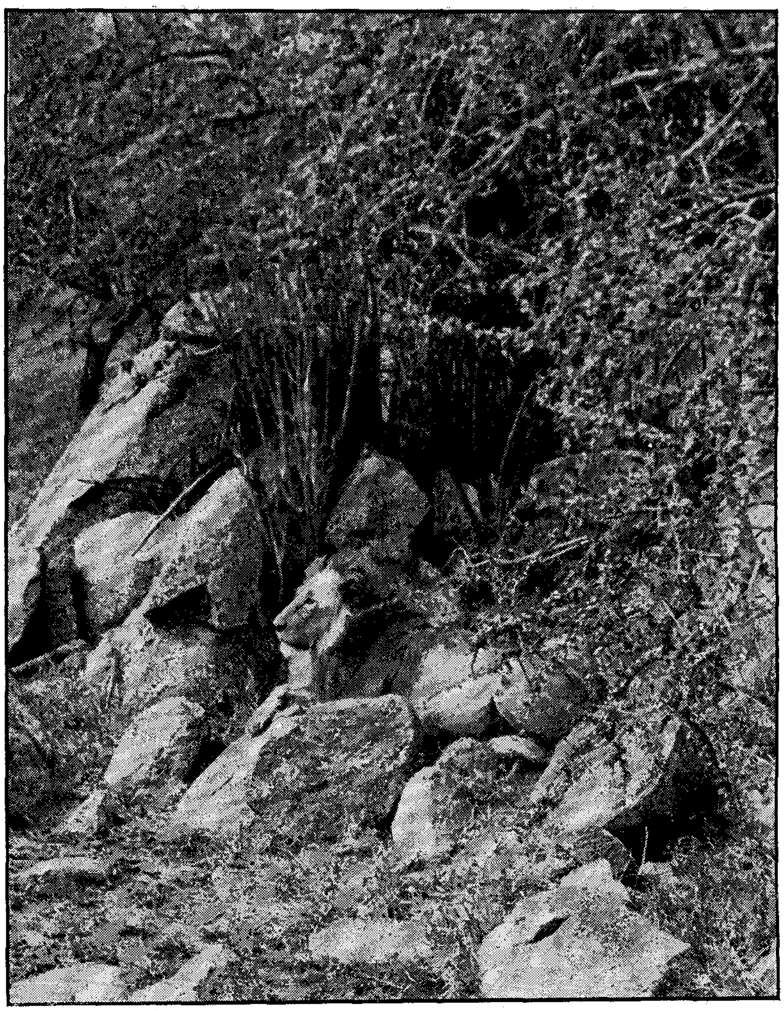
SHOOTING LIONS WITH THE MOVIE CAMERA

CANNIBALS in the South Seas and wild animals in Borneo or Africa alike are fair game, we are told, for the venturesome camera of Martin Johnson, the man who went voyaging around the world with Jack London in that famous little boat, the *Snark*, while still a mere youngster. Ever since then the call of the wild has been strong music in Johnson's ears, Harold C. Burr tells us in the Brooklyn *Eagle*, and, having married a wife of like tastes, he is more than ever wedded to the sport of hunting big game with the camera. Mrs. Johnson accompanies him on all his hunts, holding a rifle ready for emergencies while her husband turns the crank. Mr. Burr continues:



Wide World photograph

TAKING A SUN-BATH AFTER A RAINY NIGHT

This lion, photographed at close range in the African wilds by A. J. Klein of the American Museum of Natural History, is taking the sunshine cure for what ails him after a stormy night out in search of prey.

Mr. Johnson first became interested in animal photography years ago. He was in the Solomons, making single-reel motion-pictures of the tribes of the islands when the distributers at home thought the public was tiring of pictures of natives. He was instructed to photograph some animals for a change—lions, tigers, elephants, and kangaroos.

"That was a large order to fill right off the bat," he said. "There were no animals in the South Seas. The lion is, of course, an African beast. Tigers are to be found in India, kangaroos in Australia, and the nearest elephants were in Ceylon and India—all rather scattered for group pictures. I compromised and struck out for Borneo—the handiest country where I could find wild game. But the jungles that we had to cut through made it hard to get pictures. We stayed two years.

"The natives of Borneo do most of their hunting for monkeys, and kill them with a blowpipe. We were treated finely until they got to drinking sago. That made the young bucks cheeky and they annoyed Mrs. Johnson. We were forced to get out in the middle of the night on one occasion. They were head-hunters."

Mr. and Mrs. Johnson have just returned to New York from a four-year trip to the heart of Africa, where they have built a home on Lake Paradise and expect to spend the rest of their lives with lions and wild elephants as their next-door neighbors. Some idea of the amount of work they accomplished in those years may be gained from the statement that Mr. Johnson exposed 200,000 feet of film and took 7,000 still pictures. The Brooklyn *Eagle* interviewer tells us further:

Africa is teeming with game of all sorts. It is frequently the order of the day to pass between 30,000 and 40,000 head between sunup and sundown. And it is tame. Some of it came up fearlessly to eat out of Johnson's hands. But obtaining a good

Drury College Library
Springfield, Missouri

picture of it is not such a simple matter. There are the visibility and the nature of the beasts.

"When I first went to Africa and looked out the car window at the herds," Mr. Johnson said, "I thought there would be nothing to it. I made the remark to my wife that it would be like photography in a pasture. But I was soon disillusioned. If you don't get close up, the negative will come out foggy. That is partly due to the intervening heat-waves. And if the animals once get your wind, they're off at a gallop. They're not afraid of the sight of you, but your scent frightens them. It must be instinct that hasn't yet been bred out of them as is the case of our domestic dog that was once wild."

The game is not always stalked from a blind. Johnson lets the wild life become accustomed to having him around, then takes many of his pictures in the open. The elephant, for instance, does not drink at secluded water-holes, but on the banks of streams. The lion—or any other supposedly ferocious denizen of the jungle—will rarely attack even a hunter.

"If he's startled he'll come at you," says Martin Johnson, deprecating the danger. "But come upon a man in like circumstances—suddenly in a dark room, say—and he's liable to shoot you. You have no business there. Probably the lion feels the same way about it."

But Johnson's photography is unappreciated at its source. The sole sort of a picture the savage understands is the kind that moves. "He doesn't understand the camera and lets it go at that. He can't see a picture. Its lack of depth and his own failure to associate straight lines are contributing factors. If you and I had never seen a picture in our lives, we'd doubtless experience the same difficulty. In Africa I had to pay the natives to coax them to look at my pictures." That is distinctly something new in the way of audiences.

But the black is not afraid of the camera. "None of the white man's magic startles him," Martin Johnson told me. "Harry Houdini was a friend of ours and gave us a trunkful of tricks to overawe the native. But they went right over his head. He didn't bother his brain over the problem of how the rabbit got into the hat, accepting it indifferently. The white man is always doing some fool thing. If he fails to do the wholly impossible, that astounds him more."

Mr. Johnson himself has written of his African adventures for the New York *Times Magazine*, telling how he and his wife sailed from New York in 1923, landed at Mombasa, took nearly 200 porters into the wilderness from Nairobi 500 miles due north, broke through the virgin forest—and there before them was Lake Paradise. It was so beautiful, we are told, that Mrs. Johnson cried for pure happiness. Its waters were alive with ducks, its shores with heron and egrets, and "best of all, right there at our feet," says the writer, "lay the fresh spoor of wild elephants. Lake Paradise, indeed!"

They could hardly wait to build their log cabins and make a home and garden for themselves before plunging into the business they had come for—that of recording African wild life in its native haunts in film form. Mr. Johnson tells us:

When we were thoroughly established

"What's the verdict?"

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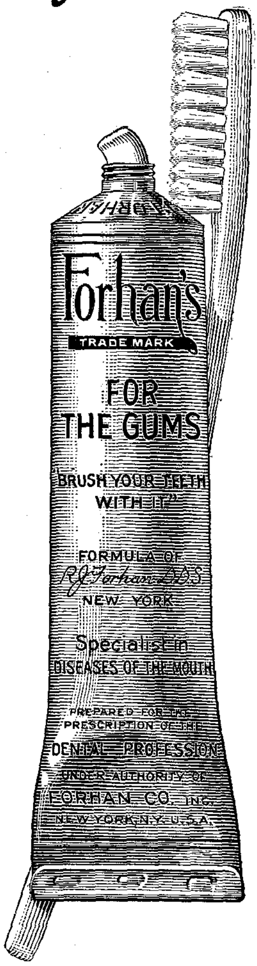
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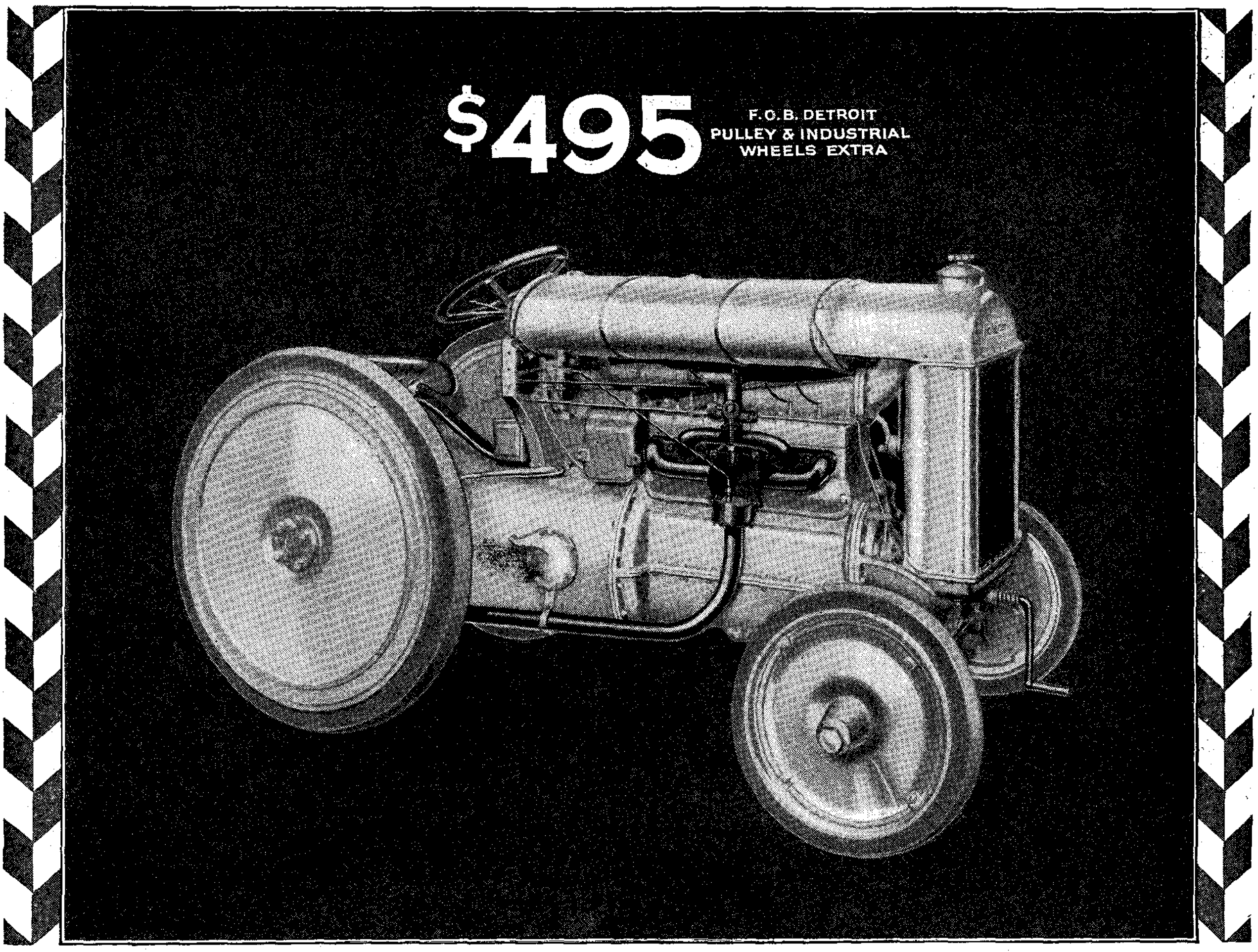


THE FORDSON

THE Fordson is delivering economical, reliable power on 600,000 jobs the world over! In first cost, in operation and in upkeep, this enormous battery of Fordsons has set new standards of efficiency . . . replacing slower and more costly methods and clearing the way for large production.

Tens of thousands of these are on industrial jobs . . . for industry has found the Fordson a thoroughly reliable, compact unit, easily handled and built with the utmost simplicity. Its operation requires little mechanical skill and it is as nearly fool-proof as a piece of machinery can be made.

Industry has applied this economical power to an amazing variety of work . . . running mine cars, grading roads, digging excavations, pumping water and air, loading and hauling heavy materials, pulling great trains of trailers over long, difficult hauls, laying pipe, skidding great loads of logs in the timber camps, sweeping streets, pulling trainloads . . . on rails . . . as locomotive! An almost endless list of applications!

The *power* job is the *Fordson* job . . . day in and day out . . . year after year . . . speeding up production and handling and reducing costs at the same time.

Then, too, for such servicing as it may need, the Ford service organization, extending over the entire world, provides complete stocks of parts and trained Fordson mechanics . . . at standard repair charges . . . wherever Ford cars and Ford trucks are used and sold.

As a user of industrial power, you will appreciate the value of the great amount of data that we have acquired on the comparative costs reported on these applications as against the old methods. This information covers almost the whole industrial field and undoubtedly contains some very definite figures on the type of work for which you might use Fordson power.

Will you write us something of your hauling, loading, lifting or belt power needs and let us cite similar instances where Fordson power has been applied? We shall be glad to include, without obligation, the suggestions of our engineers as to the use of a Fordson . . . together with approximate costs.

Power...and Production

THE production per worker of the United States is higher than that of any other country in the world . . . thirty per cent higher than the unit production per worker of any other nation.

It is significant, too, that the United States has, also, the highest horsepower per worker . . . for the productivity of the worker increases in direct ratio to the amount of power placed in his hands.

American production costs are lower . . . and our wages and buying power are higher because we have given our workmen powerful, efficient tools with which to bring us that added measure of efficiency that means industrial profits . . . and general prosperity.

Such a working tool is the Fordson industrial power unit . . . compact, reliable and economical. It is, in itself, a striking example of high quality, low cost production by workmen given ample power to produce their work.

All industry is . . . or should be . . . searching out the tasks that need the intelligent application of power, in order to keep abreast of the astonishing march of industrial progress . . . and competition . . . in America.

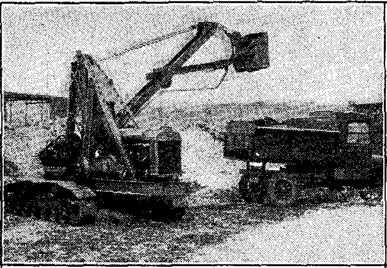
Ordinarily the need is apparent . . . for some phase of every industrial process shows too high a labor cost for the importance of the process itself. Often it is the handling . . . loading and hauling of the finished product. Or it may be the moving of raw materials between plants or departments.

But wherever labor is employed . . . without power tools . . . there is a power need which, sooner or later, must be filled. Such an application of power immediately pays added profits through cost reduction.

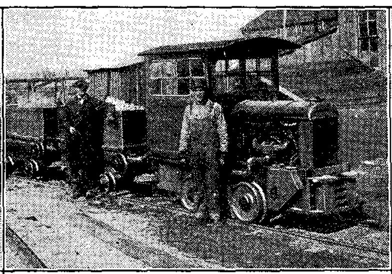
It is, perhaps, significant that over 600,000 Fordsons are placing their quick, practical power in the hands of American labor.

FORD MOTOR COMPANY, DETROIT, MICHIGAN

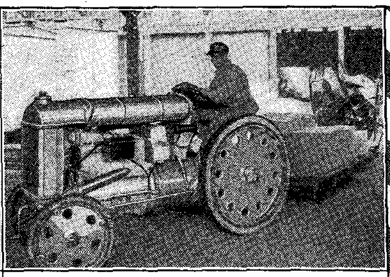
AN INDUSTRIAL POWER-ECONOMY



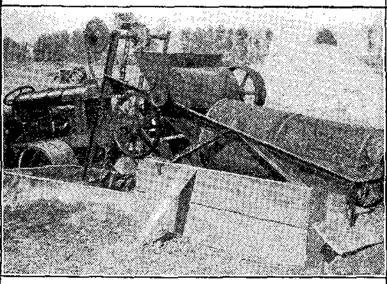
A husky, compact shovel built around Fordson power. Here it is handling coal at a great saving over the former methods.



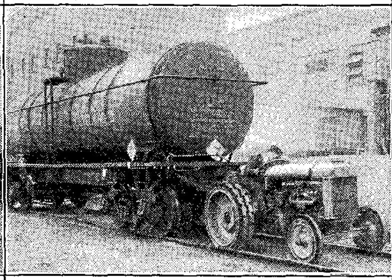
Many Fordson locomotives are in service throughout the country. This one handles heavy ore trains for a mine at Joplin, Missouri.



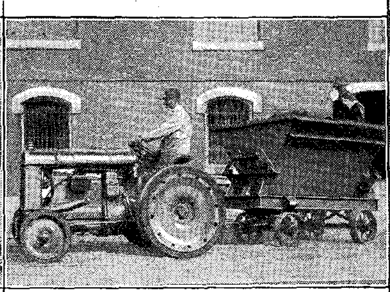
The Fordson . . . handling freight quickly and economically for a railroad. Note the long string of trailers.



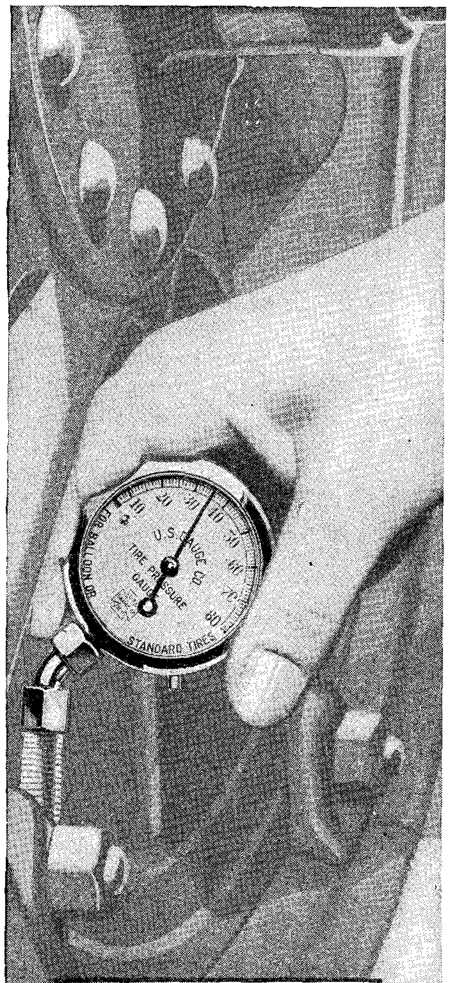
The Fordson takes an hour off from caring for greens and fairways to run a dirt screener at a famous country club.



The Fordson replaces a switch engine . . . spotting heavy tank cars without difficulty . . . between other jobs.



The Fordson at heavy duty hauling. One unit of an interplant transportation system. This compact outfit has a great record of economy.



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

we set about our "safari," the native term for expeditions into the field. I picked the neighborhood in which I was to work, according to the season of the year and the kind of game I was after. Elephants were found right around our camp. We had to go down to the plains to get lions.

Some of our best and most interesting work was done around the water-holes. By July the heat is terrific and dries up all standing water except the larger oases. Our plan is usually to build a blind of thorn bushes. Thorn branches are also put in spots around the water where the camera can not reach. Thus the game is kept before us. We go in early and wait for the animals to come—tedious work.

I am out at five o'clock, eat breakfast and call the boys to get the cameras. Lunch has been put up by the assistant cook. Mrs. Johnson and I go afoot to the blind, some distance away, just as the sun is coming up. It is the most delightful part of the day. During our two- or three-mile walk we pass herds of all kinds of game. Hyenas and jackals scurry out of our way. Zebras bark and bray. Lions often roar near by. A lion seems to enjoy giving a few defiant roars at daybreak just before he goes to sleep for the day.

We reach the blind in about an hour. The boys have put it together the day before with thorn bush, piling up the sides and top to cut out the light. For successful camera work an animal must not be able to detect any movement inside the blind. We go into the blind and set up the camera, arranging the different lenses so that I can get to any of them quickly. The boys push in the thorn-bush door at the back and hang a blanket over it so no light can filter in. The inside must be perfectly dark, but light comes in from around the lenses in front. Having focused my lenses on the water-hole, I open a magazine and read until something shows up.

I have a small peep-hole arranged from which I can constantly see out. I must keep watching, for the game makes almost no noise as it goes to the water. As my blind is from fifty to seventy yards from the hole, I can not hear them, even when they drink.

The best times for photographic work, Mr. Johnson tells us, are from 9 to 11 in the morning, and from 2:30 to 4:30 in the afternoon. He goes on to say:

Impalla and Grant (antelope) come and go all day. They walk right to the water without looking around very much. Zebra and oryx come slowly, stopping every few feet to look around. Sometimes it takes them two hours to get to water from the time I first see them. This badly wears one's patience.

Giraffe are shyest of all. They will hang around sometimes for hours without taking a drink. The slightest thing that frightens them sends them off, not to return that day. Other game can get many frights and still keep coming back. The trouble with the giraffe is that he is so painfully awkward. To drink he must spread his fore legs stiffly apart and lower his long neck. In that position he is not free to spring away in a gallop. He must scramble for a few vital seconds if there is a lion around. He seems to realize this.

Zebra and oryx are always fighting. These idiots tear around after each other, kicking and snorting and fighting. Of course this stirs up the alkali dust in big clouds. As the fighting animals run through the herds they are snapt at by the others, who are much irritated. But hardly has one pair finished a fracas when another pair starts off.

All during the day birds come down to drink. They are fine Kavarando crane, several varieties of storks, heron, hawks, and others. Big vultures come down and stand in the water. They are very picturesque with their fine six-foot spread of wings. For hours they hold their wings out, apparently to cool off their bodies.

When some animal decides to venture to water, all stir. Often I have counted many hundreds grouped about. Zebra, especially, follow the lead of a courageous one, like so many sheep. If he starts to drink, then they all try to drink with him; but let one get the slightest start and away goes the whole herd in a cloud of dust. Some days the game is so nervous that a fly or a bee will set them all moving. I have never been able to get a big group drinking at the same time.

Of course the reason for their nervousness lies in their fear of carnivorous animals, which are never far away. Lions, leopards and hyenas live on the plains. Their bread and butter consists of zebra and giraffe. None can tell which will be the next victim in the daily slaughter. As a result when giraffes, zebra or oryx are drinking they prick up their ears at the slight first sound of the camera handle turning. I try to have my machines noiseless, for the slightest click or murmur of gears reaches the ears of these shy animals. Strange to say, the click of the still camera frightens them more than the whirr of the movie camera.

The larger the herd the less chance there is of getting a picture of common game. The opposite is true of elephants. A single elephant is always on the alert. He knows that the slightest noise may mean danger. But when a herd of elephants come together they are unlikely to stampede. They seem to take it for granted that any noise is made by one of the other elephants. Thus I can always get closer, with less danger, to a herd of elephants than I can to a single one.

Now comes a long line of fifteen wart-hogs in single file. They all trot along at about the same speed, their tails in the air; they have a comical self-satisfied look about them. They stir up a lot of dust with their little feet. I hope they will come close to me; but, as luck has it, when they reach within ten feet of the water they swerve off and trot away without changing speed or seeming to be frightened.

This photographer of wild life says he can always tell when ostriches are coming up, even before he sees them, and then he tells why:

Our animals pay no attention to different species of other four-legged game. They rub shoulders, and all seem to be friends. But the minute an ostrich comes along, the ranks part. I have never seen an ostrich kick at another animal. Yet he seems to be feared. Also he is fearless. When he starts for water and there is other game in the path he never swerves or goes around it. He marches along with slow, dignified gait, and the game makes way for him. Incidentally, an ostrich has an interesting way of drinking. He scoops the water up like a laborer with a shovel. Then he raises his head and allows it to run down his long neck.

One of my troubles is from game coming up behind the blind. The animals get my scent and frighten away game in front. It wouldn't be so bad if they merely went away. The trouble is they just back off a hundred yards or so and keep the other game in a nervous state for hours.

I can not leave anything in the blind overnight on account of baboons. They are so curious and inquisitive that they run off with anything they can carry. Hyenas and jackals, too, will take anything made of leather.

Not all our work is done at the water-hole by any means. Lions and elephants gave us their most interesting views when feeding or gadding about. Nearly always a chance meeting with rhino on the trail results in far more action than viewing the beast from a blind. It is fascinating work. And, since we have a home right in the middle of it all, it is profoundly satisfying.

DEVIL'S ISLAND STILL HAS ITS POLITICAL PRISONERS

"NO gamble is too reckless for liberty from Devil's Island. Rather than rot here, any one of us would face anything—death, severe punishment. Before we had any hope of being transferred to the mainland, we didn't even count the risk we ran when we tried to escape."

It is the hot hour of the noon siesta in Devil's Island, French Guiana, where Captain Dreyfus once languished for five years, and an American woman, Blair Niles, is listening to the stories of the men now exiled there. France has talked of abolishing this notorious place of exile, but at present it is still used as an "Island of Treason." On this particular island there are now only nineteen prisoners, Mrs. Niles tells us in the New York *Times Magazine*. They are all political prisoners, mostly men accused of trying to betray France during the World War; and it is one of these who is sitting for his pen-portrait. The author writes:

> A short, stocky man with large innocent brown eyes and fair skin took us into the neat cabin where a huge tortoise-shell cat dozed on the little iron bed, as tranquilly as tho her master had been a king instead of a convicted traitor. In fact, since rats fancy Devil's Island, the authorities encourage cats, so that you come away with the impression that there's a cat to practically every prisoner. As characteristic of the island as its cats are its mustaches. Political prisoners being exempt from the rule that decrees a full shave for the convict, they all pride themselves upon some form of whiskers, making the most of the privilege which they share in common with the keepers, the civilians and the executioner.
>
> The earnest little man who invited us into his cabin used a beard as his badge of superiority to a mere burglar or murderer. He was in khaki as further distinction from the white cotton of the convict, and, of course, he was known by a name instead of a number. He seemed so mild that it was hard to credit him with having been the originator of a dramatic attempt to escape. Yet every detail of his story was confirmed by the warden of the island.

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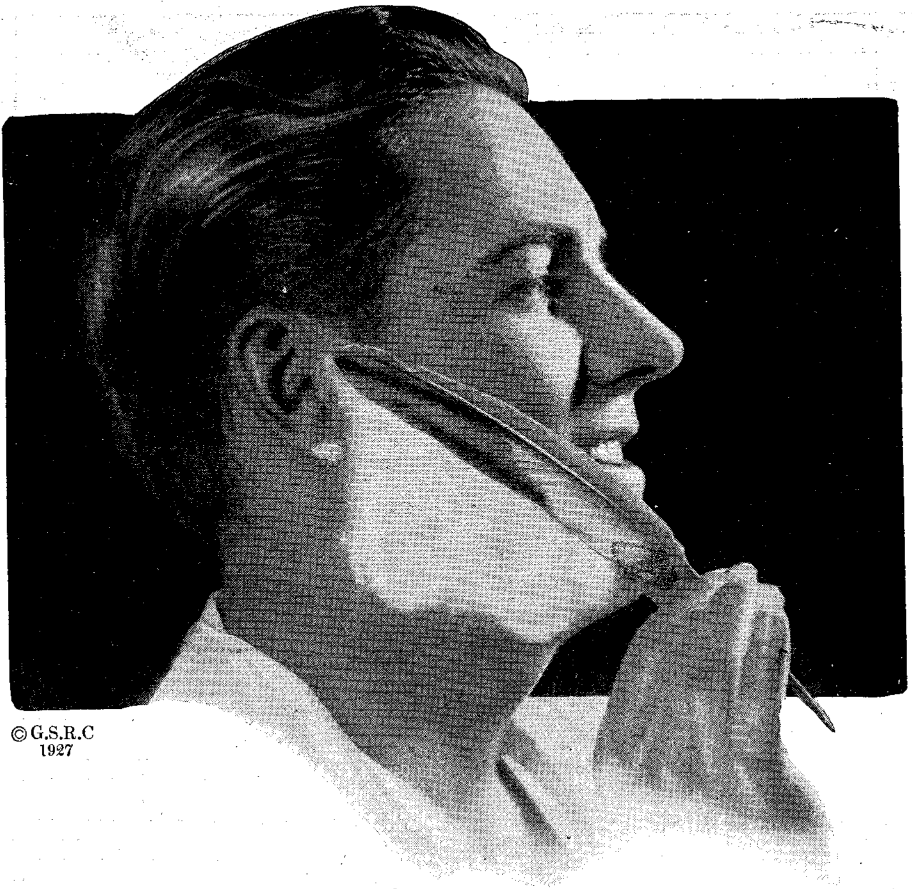

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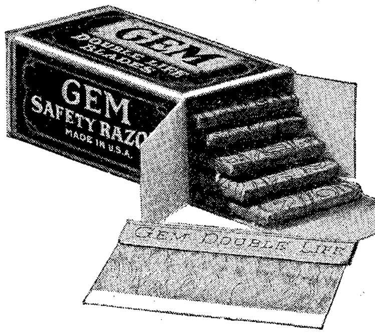
Because the Gem is sharpened with a degree of scientific care unique in blade-making, the edge is microscopically keen. It gets *every* hair at the dermal line at the lightest touch!



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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

It was told by its hero—I think I may use the word hero, for surely defiant courage is the orthodox attribute of heroes, even tho they happen to be prisoners. The hero then told the tale as tho it belonged to his past, much as an old man might exhume an adventure of his youth.

"Recently," explained this exile with the naive brown eyes, "recently my tactics have changed. Now that one of us has been transferred, we're all working for the same thing. Before that, no risk was too great."

And then he goes on to tell his amazed visitors how he managed to build and launch a canoe here on Devil's Island, under the very eyes of the armed guards:

"You see," he began slowly and thoughtfully, "a keeper on duty has many men to watch, while they must watch but one—the keeper. From hours of study they learn to know his every habit. They know just how far he will walk in a certain direction before he turns; they know about the speed of his walk; they know how sharp his hearing is, and the approximate range of his eyesight; they know whether he's absent-minded or alert, and at what hours of the day his attention is apt to wander.

"Oh, a man in prison thinks . . . reflects . . . calculates.

"As for our affair of the canoe, that was a matter of six months' planning. We did it together—I and my comrade, who lives in the next cabin. It took us six months to collect the wood for the canoe and the scraps of cloth for the sail. We bargained part of our food for that wood—stealing the opportunity to trade with the convicts who are once in a while sent back and forth between Royale and Diable. Our sail was a patchwork of convict trousers and shirts. When it was all finished it wasn't a bad sail, you know. We could work on the sail at night, but the canoe had to be made in broad daylight, because, you see, we're locked up in our cabins at night."

"But how? How was it possible—in broad daylight?"

"Well, first, of course, we had to excavate under my cabin; we needed a space big enough to hold our canoe and big enough to hold one of us at a time while we worked on it.

"We did the work by turns, one working while the other kept watch. We'd learned that the keepers never went around to the back of the cabin—so the work must be done from that side. One by one we moved the stones of the foundation and then dug out as much earth as was necessary. We knew pretty exactly the keepers' hours, and then one of us was always ready to give the alarm. In the same way, turn and turn about, we built the canoe. The very last thing—when all was ready—was to break through the cement floor of my cabin. We had to postpone that until the very night we left, for, of course, it would have been discovered.

"Then, through the opening in the floor we let ourselves down to the canoe. And the thing was done."

"What next?"

"Then we carried the boat down over the rocks, launched her, and headed for Venezuela."

"For Venezuela! In a canoe!" We remembered the great rollers which make the whole Guiana coast tricky navigation even for trained seamen, in modern ships with charts and compass at their service. "For Venezuela . . . past all the Guianas . . . in an open canoe?"

"But, Monsieur, Madame, have I not said that no risk was too great? And for us there is no freedom this side of Venezuela. And for freedom what risk is too great!"

The sequel was inevitable disaster. The flimsy canoe was dashed to pieces on the rocks of Devil's Island itself. The conspirators were able to swim to safety. They live now, upheld by that frail hope of transference to the mainland.

Meanwhile, one of them carves paper-knives and ornaments from the shell of the native tortoise, while the other makes pen-and-ink and water-color sketches of butterflies and plants for the great book on the fauna and flora of French Guiana which he dreams of writing when he shall have been permitted to go over to the mainland.

Why were these men on Devil's Island? One of them, of German parentage, tho born in France and never naturalized as a German, had been taken fighting for the Central Powers. The other did not confide the cause of his sentence. His was the eager temperament which looks forward; his whole thought is now occupied with what he shall do on that ardently desired mainland. If they are disappointed . . . but that they do not yet face.

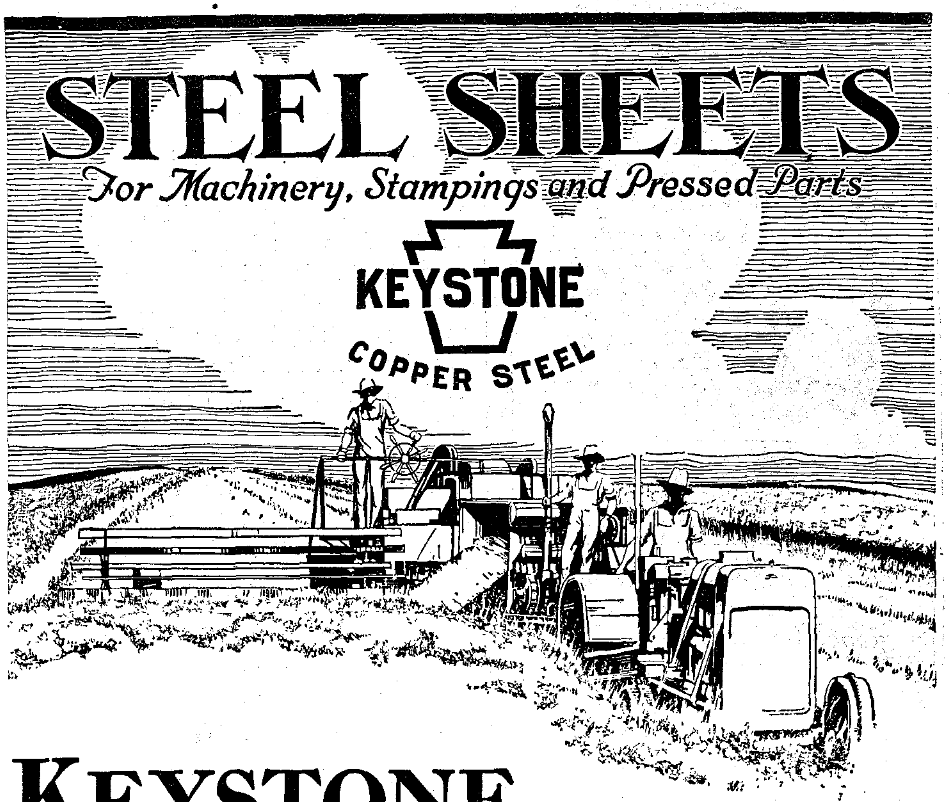
Another more swiftly sketched portrait, yet one equally memorable, this woman traveler leaves with her readers. It is this:

Among these political prisoners there is the haunting and mysterious figure of Jasienki. Whenever I think of Devil's Island, I see his haggard face, pale above his full dark beard. He is wearing an American aviator's cap, and a khaki coat, from the pockets of which he produces letters on the official paper of the American Red Cross and the American Consular service. I suppose he was somehow clothed below that coat, but I remember so vividly the troubled eyes and the coat whose pockets are stuffed with unavailing documents that I can only vaguely recall a certain sketchiness about the legs.

Jasienki spoke rapidly, furtively. He was convinced that his letters were being held up. He would ask permission to write; it would be granted; but no answer ever came to what he wrote. He declared himself to be "ex-aviateur Jasienki," who had fought with the Americans, and he begged help to get in touch with those who knew him in the free world which on Devil's Island seems as distant as some far star. I don't know with what offense the man is charged; I have no idea whether he is guilty or innocent. But he is unhappy; he is on Devil's Island; and if he has friends or relatives they should somehow establish communication with him.

Of such is the real Devil's Island; so unlike anything else on earth that to know it is to add to your life another incarnation. You have done more than live in the world; you have known Devil's Island.

How inaccessible this penal colony still is, the author remarks, may be judged by the fact that no ship flying other than the flag of France is allowed to sail within a mile and a half of its forbidden shores. Because of its air of mystery, Devil's Island has come to be regarded as the whole of the penitentiary system of French Guiana, but Mrs. Niles shows it to be only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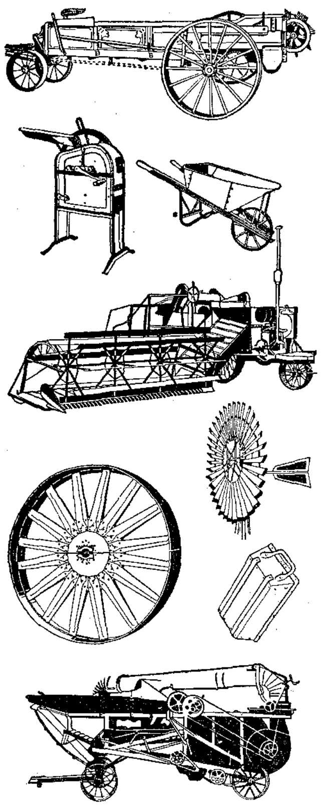

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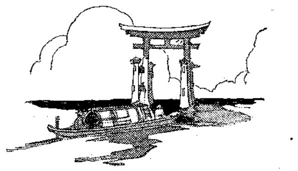

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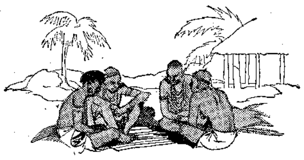

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

a small part of that system. It is the smallest of a group of three islands known collectively as the Iles du Salut, the other two being Ile Royale and Ile St. Joseph. On the three islands there are about 600 convicts of various kinds, and on the mainland of French Guiana there are 6,400 more, making a total prison population of 7,000. Landing first at St. Laurent, on the mainland, from the convict ship *Martinière*, the prisoners are later distributed to the various islands and prison camps; but of all the places to which they can be assigned, Mrs. Niles tells us, the most dreaded, lonely and maddeningly monotonous is Devil's Island.

WHEN WILSON GROOMED FORD FOR THE PRESIDENCY

HENRY FORD would be President of the United States to-day if Woodrow Wilson had kept his health, we are asked to believe, and on the same authority the country would be making "decidedly more original history" than it is at present. For President Wilson was planning to make Mr. Ford his successor in 1924, and such a nomination in that year would have been equivalent to election, declares Mr. A. R. Pinci in an article in the August *Forum* entitled "Woodrow Wilson's Ford Boom." Mr. Pinci thinks that the motor-car manufacturer may still enter the lists in 1928, and expresses the opinion that Ford and Borah are the two strongest pieces of Presidential timber in sight.

Four words—"Woodrow Wilson's Henry Ford"—furnish an intimate snap-shot of both men, "a key to the two least understood Americans of the time," this writer thinks; because the lives, aims, and ideals of both had much in common, despite the divergence of their daily affairs. Getting down more nearly to tangible facts, Mr. Pinci proceeds:

> In 1923 the resurgence of Wilson's party mastery was evident, and had he lived, he would have been the boss of the 1924 convention. For many months before his death, and perhaps not without considering the growing anti-Harding gossip, Wilson was just in the mood to defend his former title as leader of the plain people. Ford was a good medium.
>
> In May, 1923, I called on Mr. Ford at Dearborn to sound him. My previous Presidential campaign work, which had brought me into personal contact with all the successful and unsuccessful nominees from Roosevelt to Harding, led me to expect a brass-band reception; but my welcome at the Ford offices, where I was already well known, was most unfavorable for my purpose. To Henry Ford the capital was, and still is, unimportant. Hadn't he already said that he considered his job bigger than the Presidency? He did not intend to slur the chief magistracy; he was merely appraising his task, and to him it seemed

Pipe Smoker Enjoys Can of Tobacco Sixteen Years Old

Of course, all good tobacco is aged before it is packed, but here is a case of "aged in the can."

On the strength of Mr. McDonald's letter we certainly owe our packing department a vote of commendation. For no tobacco could retain its flavor and goodness lying in a dark musty corner for sixteen years unless it had been properly packed in an absolutely airtight can.

So while someone was deprived of this particular can of tobacco for sixteen years, it did provide smoke enjoyment for an appreciative railroad cashier when it finally came to light.

Mr. McDonald's letter is reproduced below:

Waxahachie, Texas
May 18, 1926

Larus & Bro. Co.
Richmond, Va.
Gentlemen:

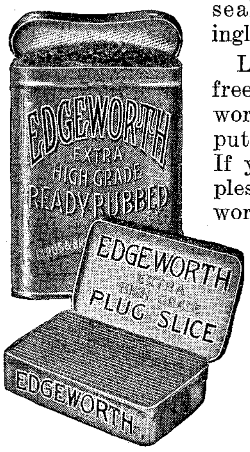
The agent while going through his plunder stored in our baggage room came across a can of your tobacco, and on account of his not using a pipe he made me a present of this tobacco.

You will note the revenue stamp and your memo which was inclosed. The tobacco was put up in 1910, sixteen years ago. But it was in good shape, of remarkable flavor, and was greatly enjoyed by me.

Thought you would be interested in knowing how your tobacco held out in these days of fast living.

Yours very truly,
(signed) Gordon McDonald.

Pipe smokers prefer Edgeworth for various reasons. Some like it because its quality never changes. Some like it because of its flavor. Others smoke it because they can buy it wherever and whenever they like. Now, Mr. McDonald adds another reason—the quality and flavor of Edgeworth is sealed up everlastingly in the can.



Let us send you free samples of Edgeworth so that you may put it to the pipe test. If you like the samples, you'll like Edgeworth wherever and whenever you buy it, for it never changes in quality. Write your name and address to Larus & Brother Company, 2 S. 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

We'll be grateful for the name and address of your tobacco dealer, too, if you care to add them.

Edgeworth is sold in various sizes to suit the needs and means of all purchasers. Both Edgeworth Plug Slice and Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed are packed in small, pocket-size packages, in handsome humidors holding a pound, and also in several handy in-between sizes.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

[*On your radio—tune in on WRVA, Richmond, Va.—the Edgeworth Station. Wave length (254.1 meters) 1180 kilocycles.*]

> bigger. Wilson admired this declaration—he liked its spirit.
>
> In the afternoon Mr. Ford, observing that I was in a quandary, entered W. J. Cameron's office and good-naturedly wanted to know what seemed "to be the matter here." Mr. Cameron explained briefly. Mr. Ford confirmed his indifference to the Presidency, for reasons already made public. In an adjoining office, clerks were returning unsolicited contributions to the "Ford Campaign." Mr. Ford sat on the corner of a desk, knees crossed, balancing himself with hands clasping the swinging leg. Nothing in the picture suggested that I faced the most powerful industrial figure in the world, and that the sphere which he directed loomed to him greater than anything Washington had to offer. Then came the question I reserved for the last!
>
> "What will you do, Mr. Ford, if at the next Democratic convention, Woodrow Wilson, leader and master of his party, should nominate you? I understand that is his plan. Such a nomination would be equivalent to your choice and, I believe, your election."
>
> Even when phrased thus theoretically, the information was startling enough, but Mr. Ford smiled a little quizzically and, still dangling his leg in true Abraham Lincoln style, said:
>
> "Well, young man, what would you do?"
>
> That answer revealed Ford not only as a diplomat but also as a consistent diplomat. Measured by my own experience with diplomats, Ford as a prospective statesman appeared unsurpassable.

In a way different from Wilson's, Ford is an international idealist, Mr. Pinci believes, and it was because of Ford's idealism and courage that Wilson got him to go into politics. Ford as a politician, we are told, is purely a Wilsonian creation, and we read further:

> To the very end Wilson regarded Ford as a leader of the people and an ideal to them, such a leader and such an ideal as Wilson himself, without much success, aspired to be. Is it any wonder, then, that Wilson began to think of Ford in terms of the Presidency, and began to think of catapulting him into it? Only Wilson could have done that, and only Wilson would have done it. By a simple gesture and a few words, he could have scored a victory not otherwise attainable, at the same time squaring many an account that could not otherwise have been balanced. I believe that he nurtured some such idea to the very last.

There was, to be sure, the Jewish question, but Mr. Pinci disposes of that with a wave of the hand. He interviewed Jews in districts where they were most numerous, and found that most of them would vote for Ford, just as they would buy a Ford car, if it was good business; that is, if Ford as President could reduce taxes for them by his business ability, they would not oppose his election in any concerted way. Mr. Wilson had weighed all these things, says the writer, continuing:

> I have been told that a visitor of Wilson's, suspecting his partiality for Ford, began to discuss his ignorance and "illiteracy." But the caller made a mistake. He forgot that Wilson had asked Ford to run for the Senate, had talked with him, knew him better than the visitor.

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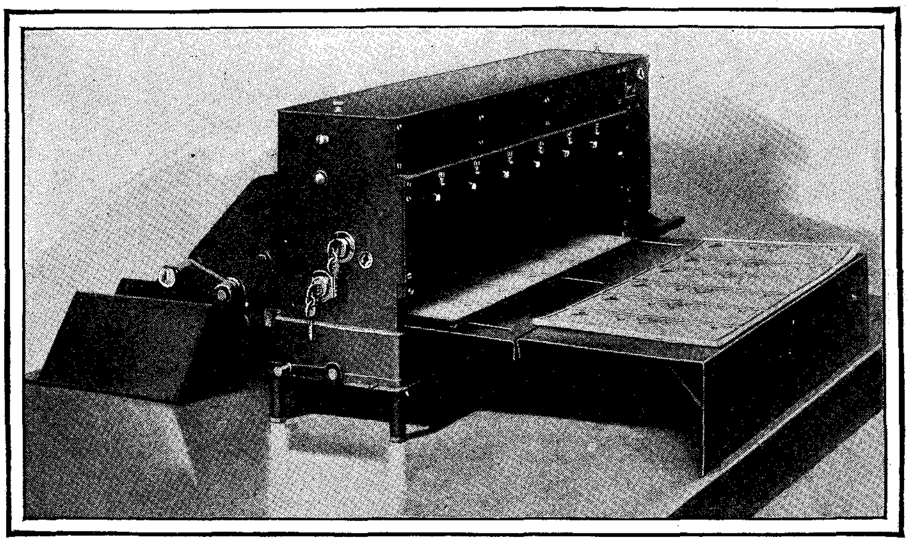

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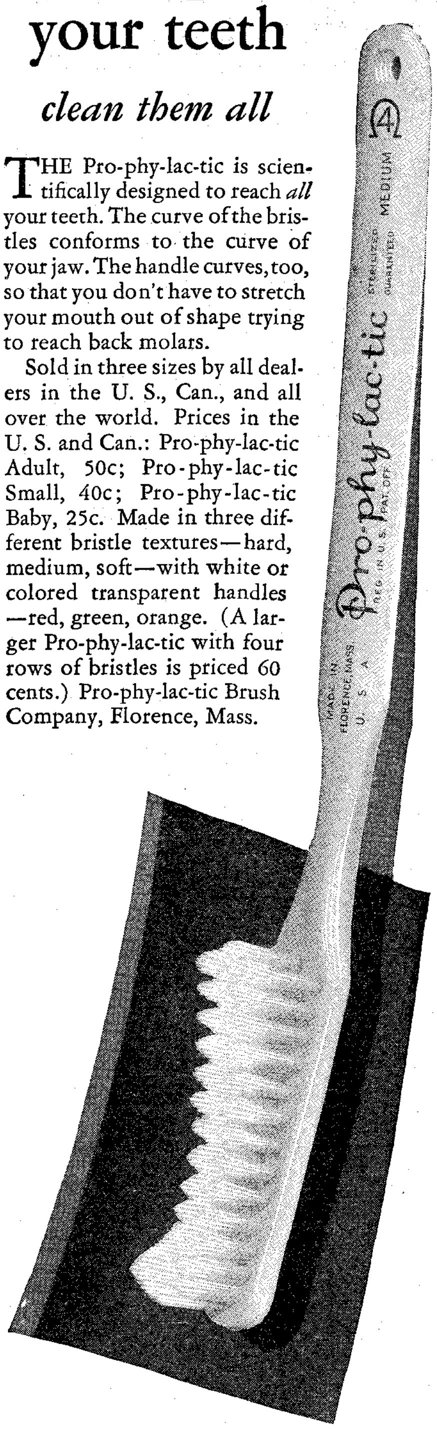


PERSONAL GLIMPSES

Continued

"He knows the people," retorted Wilson, coldly. "That is a great deal."

The people at large—whose voting ranks seem perpetually arrayed against our captains of industry—would have taken to Henry Ford with unanimity. That was the chief consideration that lay behind Wilson's plan. In the opinion of the people, Henry Ford is the first man to represent capital in bread-and-butter terms. To the masses he is their bread-and-butter representative, one of themselves—and at the very top! They regarded—and still regard—him with mingled emotions; but of their allegiance there can be no question. These masses, moreover, are not solely American, because the same Ford leanings are to be found abroad. Henry Ford, in sum, is the first non-ruling, non-political, non-military human being to achieve such distinction—a point that Woodrow Wilson did not overlook.

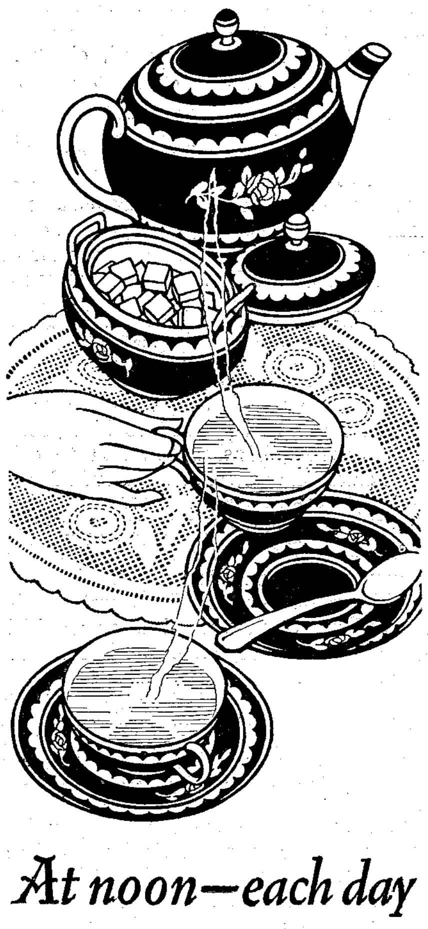
I must not be understood to mean that Wilson was looking for an ally or an aid. He wanted a principal. He knew that the Wilson views, as such, had no chance. He knew, toward the end, that to broadcast them, politically or otherwise, was useless. He knew that the Democratic party was again facing a period of disfavor. What Wilson required was a new spokesman of the people. In Ford he was sure he would have one.

ADVENTURES OF AN INDIAN BOY IN THE AMAZON JUNGLE

"MY first thrilling experience came at the age of seven," writes Reginald Bablal, a young South American Indian, born in the wildest region of the Amazon, who has "discovered civilization" and is now a student in Syracuse University. "I had learned the use of bow and arrow, spear, blow-gun, and canoe at an early age, and these were my constant companions. On this particular morning I left camp early, whistling on my way for the dawn birds, sensing no danger whatever. Suddenly, looking up, I saw a jaguar preparing to spring on me. Down he came, and I sidestept not a moment too soon, at the same time throwing my spear with all my strength. It struck him squarely between the shoulders. He reeled backward and fell, still roaring defiance, while his life slowly ebbed away. I had acted impulsively in the instant of danger, and it took several moments for me to realize what had happened. Then my courage failed me, and I began to tremble."

Remarking that he hails from the heart of the unexplored wilderness where Conan Doyle has laid the scenes of "The Lost World," this young Indian student goes on to tell in the Syracuse *Herald* what it means to be a healthy boy in a South American Indian tribe at the present time. He says:

> I was brought up to face hazards such as the white explorer is unprepared for through lack of experience. I was schooled by the hardy Indian savages themselves, so from youth I was fearless in this track-



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less wilderness, and as time went on I learned to love its wondrous beauty and even to appreciate its very greatness, 10,000 square miles of it, treacherous and wild, but withal most glorious.

Going on fishing trips was a wonderful experience. We would "shoot" the rapids, that is, our canoe was carried by the swift-flowing stream for miles, guided by trusty hands, which knew every protruding rock. We would pack our small but sturdy canoe, made from the bark of the "purple heart" tree, with provisions for the day, as well as the poisons for intoxicating the fish. We would then glide down the stream like a bird on the wing, and soon we were shooting the merry rapids like a dove in flight, first slanting one way and then the other, and at times it would seem that we were gliding in a perpendicular position, a momentum that gained with every dip.

On one such occasion our guide at the bow of the canoe fell overboard, the canoe listed through a whirlpool, and we struck head-on upon a large boulder that stood in the swift-rushing current, marking a spot in the stream where many had lost their lives. We were thrown in all directions, and our canoe could have been salvaged only for kindling wood. Here and there in the whirling waters were the Indians struggling for dear life, some severely hurt, others slightly. At this time I was but a child, and a badly frightened one at that. When I regained my senses I was held tightly in the arm of one of the men, and with one hand he was clinging to a projecting rock. I remember well his yell for help as the forces of the current weakened his hold on the rock.

The Indians on the bank shouted to him to hold on, but his strength was gone—he yelled and lost his grip. All the Indians saw were our forms in the mad rushing waters. They rushed down to the lower level of the bank and plunged into the water in search of us. Shortly one of them sighted us lying on a flat rock, where the angry waters had thrown us. I was still clutched in the arms of the brave Indian warrior.

After this incident young Bablal was a bit fearful about fishing trips, he tells us, and for a week his childish skill with bow and arrow deserted him because of shattered nerves. But the call of the wild soon made itself heard again, and we read of a wild-cow hunt and of this adventure with a crocodile:

One of the sports most frequently enjoyed by both young and old was swimming in the river. We would play various water games, such as "Taparo," something like water polo, and hide-and-go-seek. The waters, of course, were infested with crocodiles and water snakes, and we had to be very cautious in our movements.

One day while playing hide-and-seek, I decided to swim farther out than was customary. I swam to a large pole about fifty feet from the bank, intending to hide behind it. In order to prevent the others from knowing I was hiding behind the log, I imitated the call of the crocodile. No sooner had I done so than out from a cluster of water reeds I saw a huge crocodile rapidly swimming toward me. I yelled for help. To swim would be of no avail, as to attempt to avoid the animal would cut off all chances of escaping, so I stood motionless, waiting for death to come upon me.

As he neared me, he opened his long,

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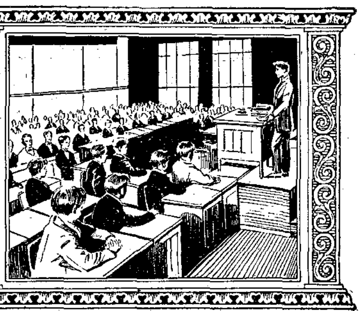

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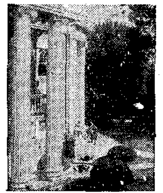

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Our School Advisory Department continues to serve, as it has for many years, our readers and the schools without fees or obligation. It is necessary that inquirers give age and sex of the child, approximate cost of tuition, locality and size of school (or camp) and any other information that may aid us in giving prompt service.

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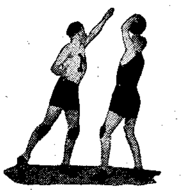

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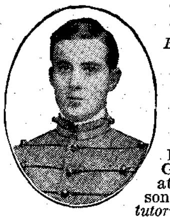

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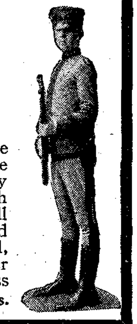

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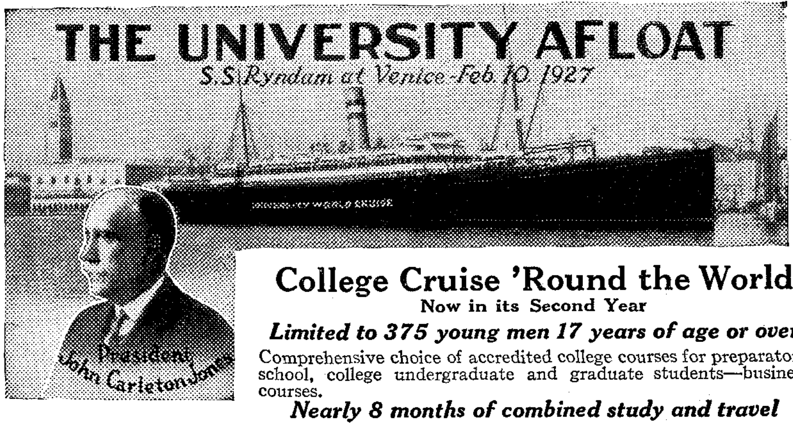
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IMPORTANT—See Page 3

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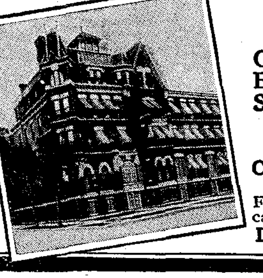

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES
Continued

massive jaws, and showed his large sharp teeth. Should those jaws ever close upon me, it would mean certain death. However, I was to escape from this hideous end, for the Indians had discovered my danger, and as I cried out once more in despair, my eyes still focused on the monster, I heard a swishing sound and a slight thud. It was a spear thrown by a trusty hand and it struck the crocodile in the throat. His jaws closed upon the spear and I could hear it shatter between his powerful teeth. He rose, tail first, in the water and then sank, and fate allowed me to continue my adventures in this strange land.

The outstanding adventure of Reginald Bablal's life, however—from his own point of view—was the one which brought him into contact with civilization and changed the whole course of his life. There is no thrill of danger in this part of the story, but it is of interest as showing the wild man's psychology when he first comes in contact with a Christian missionary. We read:

It was a day of much merriment at our camp; casserie (made from the juice of the Yucca plant) was being imbibed freely by every one. Finally the attention of some of the men was attracted to the restlessness of the dogs, who were running up and down the banks of the river, barking to caution us of the approach of some alien. Silence prevailed for many hours, and an immediate investigation was started to determine what was threatening the tranquillity of this peaceful camp. Quivers and bows were being hurriedly passed around in preparation for the approaching danger.

Every man, sober or intoxicated, was on the watch with arrows fixt as around the bend of the river came a large canoe filled with Indians from another tribe. Seated in the center of this group was a man different from any one we had ever seen. He wore clothes and smoked a pipe, and most startling of all, he was white, and therefore drew the attention of every one.

The boat neared the landing, and we noticed that the Indians were the type that lived along the seashore; some of them wore clothing. Our warriors jumped onto the landing, but stopt short, their attention drawn to the white man who now stood up in the boat, holding up in his right hand a crucifix. This object swayed them from their purpose to attack the crew.

One by one he took from his bag different objects that gained a strong hold on our curiosity, and soon all thought of harming him had left our minds. We escorted him to our camp and there gave him meat and drink. After partaking of his meal, he attempted to explain why he had visited this region. After much sign making we understood him to be a man who spoke of "Papai" or God. He slept restlessly that night and at an early hour the next day made ready to depart. I had not noticed that he had paid particular attention to me, but just as he was ready to leave he requested that I accompany him on his journey. The tribesmen hesitated, through fear of what might befall me. After much persuasion on my part they finally consented to my departure with this strange man. Three days later we arrived at a village, and there I discovered civilization.

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CURRENT EVENTS

FOREIGN

July 20.—King Ferdinand of Roumania dies, and his five-year-old grandson, Mihai, ascends the throne under a regency.

July 22.—Demonstrations on behalf of former Crown Prince Carol of Roumania, in the course of which several rioters were killed by a cavalry charge, are reported in Transylvania.

July 23.—The Roumanian Government announces that Crown Prince Carol will not be permitted to return to Roumania.

All important American buildings in Buenos Aires, including the American Embassy, are placed under heavy guard by the Brazilian Government as a result of the explosion of a bomb at the statue of George Washington, attributed to Sacco-Vanzetti sympathizers.

The Prince of Wales, Prince George, and Prime Minister Baldwin leave England for a tour of Canada.

July 25.—Frederick A. Sterling, first Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to the Irish Free State, arrives in Dublin and is greeted by an official representative of President Cosgrave.

Bishop William C. Brown, of Virginia, former Chairman of the House of Bishops of the Episcopal Church, dies in London, in his sixty-sixth year.

July 26.—One American marine is wounded and seven followers of General Sandino, the Nicaraguan bandit leader, are killed in a skirmish at San Fernando between a force of marines under Maj. Oliver Floyd and 200 Sandino forces.

DOMESTIC

July 20.—In his report on after-flood conditions in the Mississippi Valley, Secretary Hoover recommends an annual expenditure of from $15,000,000 to $20,000,000 a year for ten years, in addition to the $16,000,000 a year regularly appropriated for flood control and navigation purposes for the Mississippi River and its tributaries.

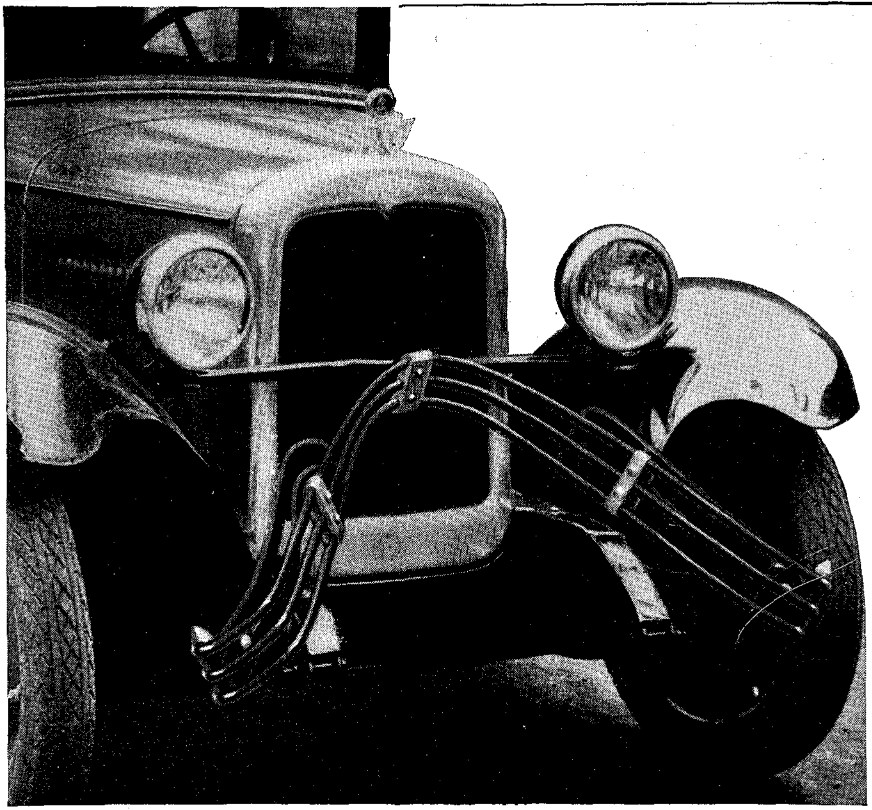
July 21.—Senator Smoot urges President Coolidge to call a special session of Congress immediately after November, particularly to enact the $20,000,000 deficiency bill, which the last Congress failed to pass, and to consider the problem of flood control.

Jack Dempsey knocks out Jack Sharkey in the seventh round, in New York.

Acting Secretary of War Davison presents certificates of citation for the Distinguished Flying Cross to Lieuts. Lester J. Maitland and Albert F. Hegenberger, in recognition of their flight from California to Honolulu.

July 22.—The State Department is informed by the American Consul at Chihuahua, Mexico, that an American citizen, Russell Johnson, has been kidnaped by bandits.

July 24.—The Labor Department announces that it estimates that the cost of living during the first six months of this year was 1 per cent. less than in December, 1926. The cost of living, however, is still far above the 1914 figures.



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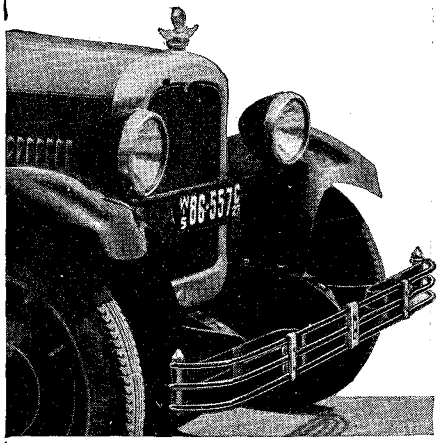

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STRANGE WAYS OF THE SWINDLER—AND THE SWINDLED

WE shrewd Americans have a national susceptibility for the swindler which is "historic, limited to no class or locality," declares an official who has had exceptional opportunity for observation. Just as our fathers and grandfathers "hopefully purchased green goods and gold bricks, we in the same spirit of get-rich-quick optimism have bought German marks and stock in fly-by-night companies." There isn't the slightest doubt, declares Keyes Winter, who, as assistant Attorney-General of New York State, has administered that commonwealth's "blue-sky" law, that dubious investments are "marketed here with greater ease and expedition than anywhere else on the globe." In the current *Harper's Magazine*, Mr. Winter calls on some of his experience in the Fraud Prevention Bureau, established by the Martin Act of New York State, to give us some interesting side-lights on the methods of the swindler of to-day and on the characteristic mental traits of both "sucker" and "con man."

Mr. Martin wonders why the American is such an easy mark. First of all, he thinks, in contrast with the insistence on safety, characteristic of the average small investor in other parts of the world, the investing philosophy of many an American appears "to include the gambling impulse, the desire to get something for nothing, the yearning, above all, to get rich quick without work." This passion for riches "seems to paralyze common caution and to destroy common sense." And then, the swindler in this country reaches his victims "by means of the little knowledge that is so dangerous." Thus:

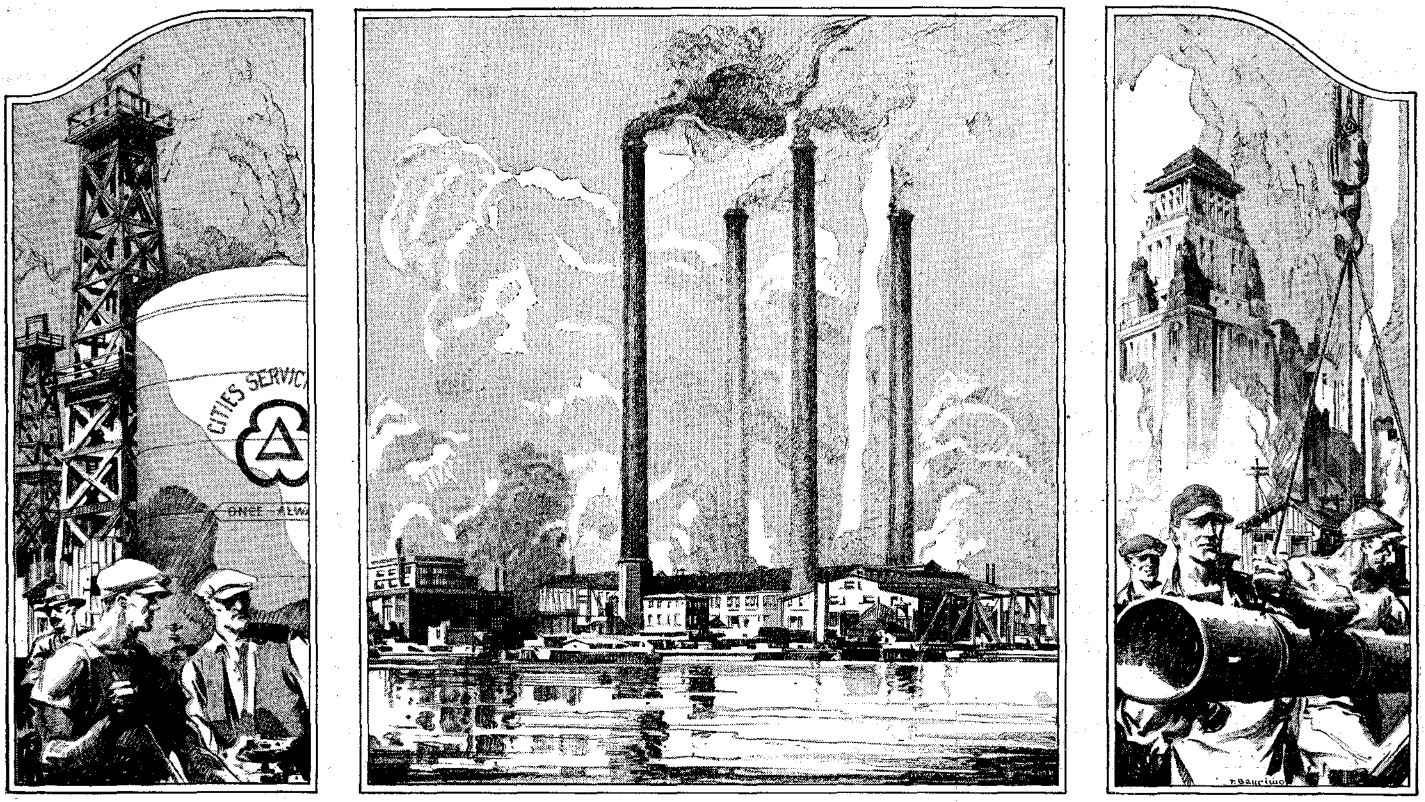
> More than the citizens of most countries, Americans are a newspaper-reading public. They acquire at least a head-line acquaintance with new discoveries, inventions, enterprises. Upon this popular stock of information, which may be sensational and garbled to the point of misinformation, the investment crook deliberately trades. I venture to say that the presses are even now printing millions of stock certificates in corporations holding holes in the ground near Weepah, the scene of a much-advertised recent gold strike. Tens of thousands of shares have been sold in worthless or even non-existent motion-picture and radio companies. Fake "bargains" in Florida real estate were among the financial best sellers a year ago.

After his two-and-a-half years of intensive study of the parting of fools and their money, Mr. Winter concludes that there is no reason for assuming that women are "easier" than men. In other words, "there seems to be no sex in suckers." A strange trait in the sucker psychology is the habit of coming back for more—"no matter how much of their money the first crooked stock salesman gets, the second who approaches them will be met with open arms and whatever cash is left." Confidence men, we are told, understand this, and sucker lists of prospects who have not yet fallen retail for one cent a name, while lists of chronic suckers are priced as high as five cents a name and more.

Of course, there are fashions in fraudulent investments, and it seems that just now the fashion is mines: "Gold, precious stones, metals—their very names kindle the imagination of the public and so make easy the exploitation of wildcat mining stock." The bucket-shop was a favorite resort of the sucker, but the bucket-shop in New York has been hit hard by the operation of the Martin Act, and scores of these places have been shut up. A bucket-shop, as every one knows, is simply a fake broker's office where the customers' margin is generally pocketed but no actual sales are made. Among other specialties that are the favorites of present-day swindlers is the real-estate fraud, which plays chiefly on the impulse to get something for nothing. The victim is told that he or she has won a free lot as part of a promotion scheme and is told that she must pay $25 for the cost of registering the deed. Here the swindler makes money if he goes no further, for the lot in question is not likely to be worth more than five dollars. Sometimes the victim is led to put in more money by exchanging the first bad bargain for another which seems to be better. Another real-estate trick is "reloading," by which a prospect is sold a lot and then is offered so much money for it that he is induced to purchase other lots in hope of making an enormous profit. In this case, of course, the reasons given for expected rise of values are sheer fiction. Sometimes suckers are sold land with only a "tax title," which is worthless because "the original owners may always recover his land by paying up his taxes and redeeming the property." Sometimes a "gyp real-estate company" sells parcels of property for which it has not made final payment and can therefore not deliver a title. In view of the prevalence of such tricks, says Mr. Winter:

> Every one should use particular caution in examining any real-estate deal which he is urged to close in a hurry, and by which he is offered land in exchange for his sound securities. A wise plan is to put off the salesman for a few days, and in the meantime to consult a well-known firm or a real-estate broker who is located near the alleged location of the lots which the salesman is offering.

Sometimes men who have given up bucket-shop operations as too risky turn to stock swindles, we learn; and then:



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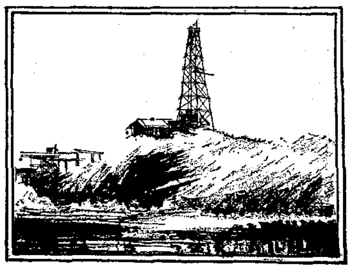

Interesting view of a Cities Service natural gas well drilled directly through the waters of Lake Erie.

* * *

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE
Continued

Theirs is "the switch game"; they persuade the type of gullible good citizen who used to buy gold bricks to exchange his Liberty Bonds and other safe securities for a line of worthless, or nearly worthless, investments. The men who work the switch game may give a little value for what they receive, but never much.

While women are no "easier" than men as a class, there is, we read, "a certain type of confidence man who specializes in defrauding the fair sex." He does not make love to young ladies, but rather "picks out lonely, elderly ones, and plays upon their motherly instincts, appealing only later to their desire for gain." Mr. Winter tells of one such crook who cultivated the acquaintance of an old lady in a New York suburb, sold her some practically worthless stock for $63,000 and then induced her to turn over the stock certificates to him to exchange and, of course, she never even saw the shares again. The same man "obtained $90,000 by similar methods from a woman living on Riverside Drive in New York City." He "buncoed women all over the country, mulcting his victims of something like $800,000."

"When women are the operators instead of the victims of financial swindles, they usually work in minor rôles, under the direction of men," according to Mr. Winter. But he points out that:

Tho women rarely, if ever, are prime movers in the con man's schemes to acquire illegal profits, women get the ultimate share of these profits. This article has dwelt in some detail upon the motivation of the sucker; perhaps a brief analysis of the shyster should complete the picture. Toward his victims he appears completely ruthless, with a sneering laugh for their simplicity and the cynical catchword, "Never give a sucker an even break." In his own circle, on the other hand, he is a most affectionate person. He almost invariably appears to have a devoted wife and two or three adoring children, to say nothing of an assortment of less conventional ties.

Rarely have we undertaken to prosecute one of these men that his wife, sometimes accompanied by her baby, has not appeared at our Bureau, to explain with the utmost loyalty and with great grief that it was all a mistake and that her husband was the noblest of men.

In the course of his description of the American species of swindler, Mr. Winter notes that "he possesses neither permanent prosperity nor any real intelligence":

Many persons wonder what he does with his easy money. Twenty-five per cent. of it goes into the "squawk fund" by means of which those suspicious and grouchy investors who threaten to complain to district attorneys are paid up and—the swindler hopes—shut up. His lawyers get about 50 per cent. of what he makes. Most of the other 25 per cent. goes to the ladies, unless he himself falls for another swindler's crooked line—something that is perpetually happening. Here is the proof of his

Chicago's

electricity is generated with the greatest fuel economy. In 1903, it took seven pounds of coal to produce one kilowatt-hour. Today we get an average of three and one-half kilowatt-hours from the same amount of fuel, and the record is constantly improving.

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intellectual deficit. I have been amazed at the preposterous schemes through which stool-pigeons gain the confidence of the con man. He appears to be the easiest person to delude; he seems to swallow whatever he is told, probably because he deals so constantly in lies that he can not distinguish the lie from the truth. His mental as well as his moral perspective is hopelessly blurred.

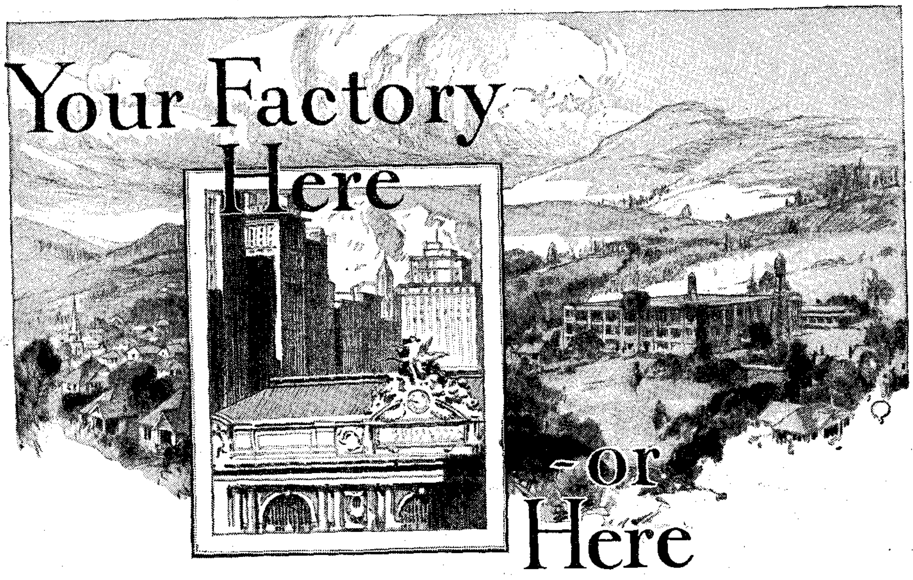
How, it may be asked, can the inexperienced investor always detect the purveyor of fraudulent investments? Mr. Winter's answer is that he can not, offhand—

> The point is that he should take his time, demand references, and investigate. When strangers try to sell him securities, he must not be a victim of the one-call system. Let him ask some reliable person or firm, familiar with the character of the business in question, for an opinion of both the standing and the prospects of the company. Let him consult the local Chamber of Commerce, or Board of Trade, or Better Business Bureau. Let him inquire what his banker or his lawyer thinks of the proposition that has been presented to him.
>
> The State does what it can for his protection. Forty-five States have blue-sky laws. In forty-two of them there are licensing acts which provide that the seller of securities must obtain a license, and that the securities in which he deals must be licensed. In New York, New Jersey, and Maryland there are investigation acts which permit anybody to sell anything, but call him to account if he is suspected of crooked selling. Both the licensing and the investigation acts in practise give about the same results.

THE FARMER NOW BUYING AT WHOLESALE

IT used to be said that farming was the only business where the operator buys at retail and sells at wholesale. That farmers are at last trying to buy at wholesale is being shown, we read in *Advertising and Selling* (New York), by the growth of the various farmer-owned buying enterprises operating in various parts of the United States. Advertisers selling to farmers ought to take notice of this trend, advises this advertising publication, as some of these organizations have grown to huge proportions:

> Hundreds of cooperative grain elevators in the Northwest handle coal, fertilizer, building supplies, and other things. These articles are sold to members at reduced prices. In southern Minnesota there are more than fifty cooperative companies organized by farmers to deal in oil and gasoline. Many of them have been in existence for several years. Some of them are reported to be doing a business of about $250,000 annually, returning a dividend of approximately 10 per cent. to members.
>
> Several of the horticultural marketing associations buy supplies for their members. During 1926 the California Fruit Exchange (not California Fruit Growers Exchange) bought $2,069,361 worth of supplies. This organization has a thriving lumber department which has returned to the Exchange net earnings of $809,192 since 1919.
>
> The Eastern States Farmers' Exchange, with headquarters at Springfield, Massachusetts, did a business that exceeded



EVERY successful business has made big profits *in addition* to those earned by manufacturing or sales.

Increases in land values, appreciation in plant, rapid development of easier markets, supplemental profits from by-products—these are only a few of the advantages that help the manufacturer who is in a growing, developing community like Piedmont Carolinas.

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In the midtown section of Manhattan Island—that is, in the new business and financial district near the Grand Central Terminal—assessed valuations have increased 631% in twenty years. During this same time, the wealth of Piedmont Carolinas has increased 660%.

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For Piedmont Carolinas offers a fortune-building foundation that is not duplicated anywhere else in this rich nation—willing, efficient labor, abundant hydro-electric power, extensive markets nearby. And unusually pleasant living conditions—the result of a bracing upland climate. Less than one-fourth of the available labor is engaged in industry. The remainder is employed in agriculture. Labor that is 99% of native pioneer stock, keen, teachable and ambitious; yet singularly free from unrest and un-American ideals.

Mountains and hills clad with the largest hardwood forests east of the Mississippi insure the water supply that produces the region's annual output of 1,400,000,000 KWH of electrical energy—distributed over 3,000 miles of transmission line.

The Piedmont Carolinas' market—practically at the door and reachable by motor truck over the region's wonderful system of paved roads—is capable of absorbing *several times* the present output of many of the industries now operating. Textile machinery, mill supplies, food and feedstuffs, building supplies and many others are in colossal demand.

And as for living—conditions are what they were in pleasant Middle-Western towns when you were a youngster growing up. Thoroughly modern, of course, with sewers, paving, electricity, gas and transportation—but *uncrowded.*

Pleasant tree-lined streets lead out to quiet residential sections where kindly hospitality and the enjoyment of life are still an art. You'll like to live and work in Piedmont Carolinas.

Investigate. Get all the details as they apply to you and *your* interests. *Our Industrial Department, Room 305, Mercantile Building, Charlotte, N. C., gladly places its facilities at your service. Write.*

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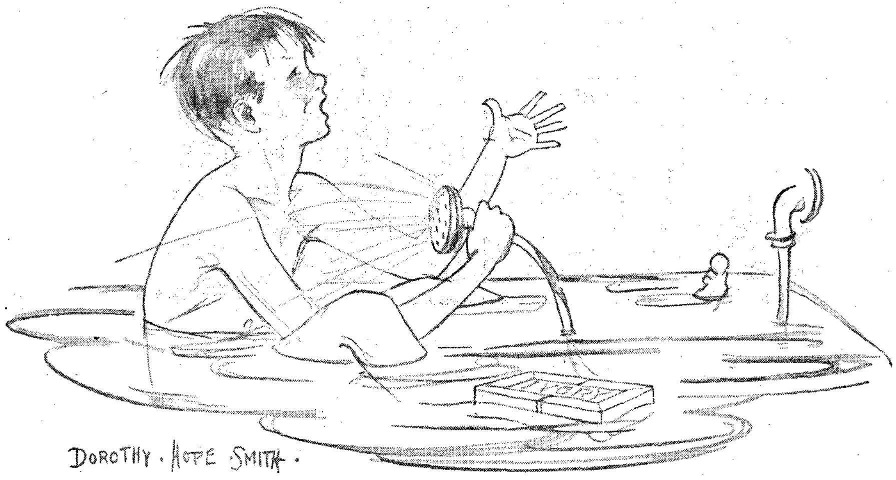

Ivory Soap is 99 44/100 % pure
"It floats"

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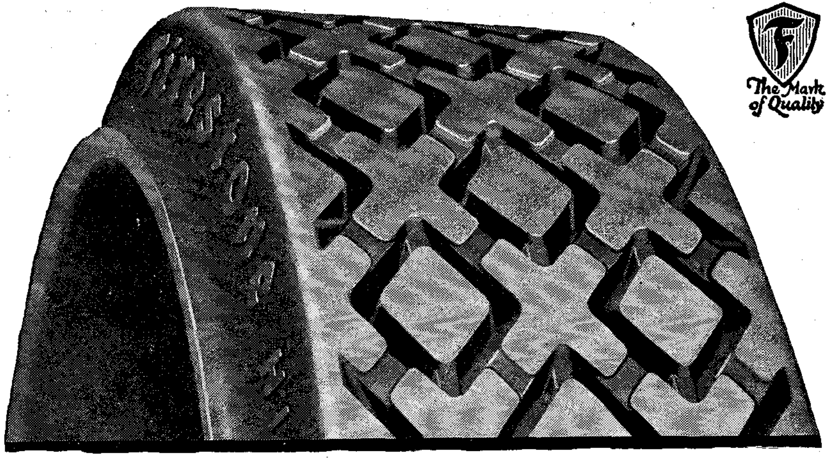

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MOST MILES PER DOLLAR
Firestone
AMERICANS SHOULD PRODUCE THEIR OWN RUBBER Harvey S. Firestone

$6,000,000 in 1926, handling 5,498 carloads. This group deals in feeds, seeds, fertilizer, paint, etc. The organization operated on a total cost of less then 3 per cent. of sales.

A peculiarity of the Eastern enterprises is that they have their own brands, which are advertised in farm papers circulating in the territory being covered, just as any individual manufacturer might advertise. When farmers combine to buy the supplies they need in the operation of their farms, they are on sound ground.

OUR AMAZING MOTOR LEADERSHIP

Of course we lead the world in the use of the automobile, and now a world census of cars tells us exactly how far ahead of everybody else we are in this respect. There was one automobile to every five persons in this country, a total of 22,137,334 registered American cars on January 1, 1927, according to the census made by Irving H. Taylor, head of the Automotive Division of the Department of Commerce. On the first of the year there were 27,650,267 cars in use in the whole world, making one for every group of sixty-five persons outside of the United States. Other facts in this connection given out by Mr. Taylor are reported as follows, in a Washington dispatch to the New York *Times:*

> Canada and Hawaii rank second to the United States in proportion of automobiles to population, with one for every eleven persons. New Zealand has one automobile to every twelve persons; Denmark and Australia, one to every seventeen; United Kingdom, one to every forty-three; Argentina, one to every forty-five; and France, one to every forty-six.
>
> The Dutch East Indies registrations show one automobile to every 1,085 persons. Japan has one automobile for every 1,398 persons. India, with one car registered for every 3,893 persons, has the smallest proportion of automobiles to population among the first twenty-five motorized countries of the world, according to Taylor.
>
> Approximately 95 per cent. of the 27,650,267 automobiles registered were of American origin, having been manufactured in the United States or in American-owned factories in Canada, or assembled in foreign branches of these factories.
>
> American cars accounted for 100 per cent., or approximately that, of the registrations in Alaska, American Samoa, Bolivia, Canada, Dominican Republic, Dutch Guinea, Guam, Haiti, Hawaii, Nicaragua, Paraguay, Porto Rico, and the Virgin Islands.
>
> Italy ranked last in ownership of American cars among the 125 countries in which the nationality of the cars is known, with only 2 per cent. registered. Registrations in Tunisia included 6 per cent. American cars; France, Germany, and Austria, 8 per cent., and Algeria, 9 per cent., according to the estimate.

Dead Game.—HE—"Just one kiss."
SHE—"Don't be a piker."—*Allston Recorder.*

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

To decide questions concerning the correct use of words for this column, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

air-pocket.—"M. A. P.," Cleveland, O.—An *air-pocket* is a localized condition of the atmosphere due to varying and irregular air-currents, by which, the upward reaction against the planes of the machine being lessened, it suddenly drops as if into a hole—the so-called "hole in the air." It is supposed to be due either to a descending current into which the aviator runs, or to an overtaking current traveling faster than the aviator's speed.

avocation, vocation.—"E. S.," Froid, Mont.—An *avocation* is that which takes one from his regular calling. It is a minor or irregular occupation. The term is used loosely, sometimes by good writers, for *vocation*, which signifies the main calling or business of life. An *avocation* is a diversion.

depositary, depository.—"H. W. Z.," Alamosa, Colo.—In best usage a *depositary* is one with whom, and a *depository* a place in which, anything is deposited. The word *depository*, in the sense of a place where anything is deposited or stored, dates from 1750. It is a place, as a repository where anything is deposited, stored, or kept in safety; as, a *depository* for goods. It is rarely used for a *depositary*. The National Bank legally authorized to receive money on deposit from the Treasury is a *Government depository*.

propwash.—"W. B. W.," Montclair, N. J.—This term is used to convey the meaning of the effect of an airplane's or an airship's propeller or propellers on the air through which it churns its way. It is a telescope-word formed by combining *prop* of "propeller" with "wash"—the wash being analogous to the wake-current that is created by a steamship's propellers as they drive it through the water.

undertaker.—"R. C. D.," Emory, Va.—The word *undertaker* may be found in Crowell's "Interpreter, or Book Containing the Signification of Words," compiled in 1607. This word, however, does not appear to have been used at that time to designate "one who provides all things necessary for a funeral." The first reference to the word to cover "one who takes upon himself to embalm dead bodies and to provide all things necessary for a funeral" that the Lexicographer has been able to find occurs in Phillips's "New World of Words," 6th edition, edited by John Kersey, in 1706.

Etymologically, the words used for the name are merely *under* plus *take*, which may mean that the individual concerned undertook to provide all the necessaries for a funeral, or that he took under the body of the subject to be buried. There is no direct evidence of exactly how these words were applied.

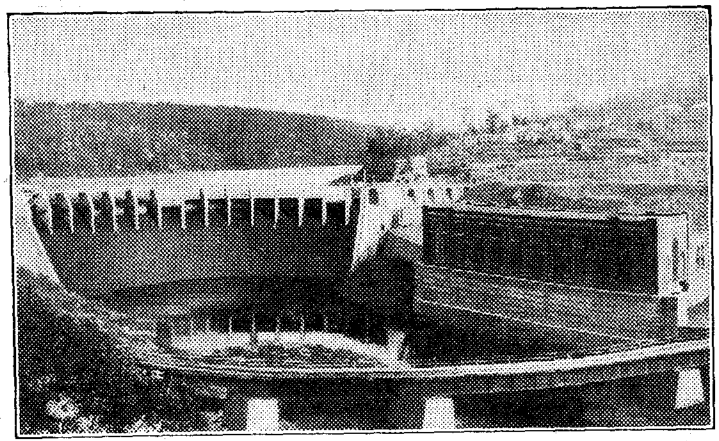
From 1706, for about twenty-five years, the word seems to have eluded the lexicographers, or was neglected by them, but it is to be found again, in this particular sense, recorded in Bailey's English Dictionary (1724), altho it does not appear recorded in Edward Coles's Dictionary (1717), and Cocker's Dictionary (1715), but it does occur in John Kersey's "Dictionarium Anglo-Britannicum" (1708).

wound.—"A. F.," Cardin, Okla.—The noun and verb *wound*, connoting cut, stab, bruise, or other injury done by violence, are correctly pronounced *wund*—*u* as in *rule*. Derived from the Anglo-Saxon *wund*, of which the *u* was pronounced as *ou* in *out*, its Late Middle English form was *wounde*, which Chaucer ("Canterbury Tales"—The Knightes Tale, l. 1012) rimed with "found" (1393). By Shakespeare ("Venus and Adonis," l. 913: 1592) it was rimed with "hound," etc.; by Marlowe (transl. of Ovid's "Elegies," ii: 1597) with "bound." Pope in his translation of Homer's "Iliad" (bk. xiii, l. 719: 1715–20) used "found" and "ground" as words with which to rime it.

None of the earlier lexicographers, from Huloet to Fenning (1552–1760), give any indication of the pronunciation of the word, several not even recording it. Johnston (1764), Buchanan (1766), Kenrick (1773), Nares (1784), Enfield (1807), and Webster (1828), indicated *waund* (*au* as *ou* in *out*); but Perry (1777), Sheridan (1780), Elphinston (1786), Walker (1791), Scott (1797), Jones (1798), Jameson (1827), Knowles (1835), Smart (1840), Reid (1844), Worcester (1859), Cooley (1863), Cull (1864), and all modern dictionaries, *wund* (*u* as in *rule*). Nares (1784) noted, "This pronunciation is now universally current in conversation," but he condemned it. Walker (1791) in note 315 to his Dictionary, said: "OU. The third sound given to these vowels is that of *oo* in *coo* and *woo* and is found in the following words: *croup, group, bouse, soup, through, youth, uncouth*, etc." In his "Rhyming Dictionary," under *-ound*, he says, "wound, a hurt, pronounced *woond*."

"H. H. L.," Chicago, Ill.—All authorities agree that Hamilton "aided Washington materially" in the preparation of the Farewell Address. James Renwick says, "The Farewell Address would have been less perfect as a composition had it not passed through the hands of Hamilton."

Associated Gas and Electric System
Founded in 1852



Associated System Piney Dam and Power House, Clarion River, Pennsylvania

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In 1926 hydro-electric plants produced 35% of the total output of electricity in the United States. 16% more electricity was produced by water power in 1926 than in 1925.

Within the Associated System there are 26 hydro-electric plants. Interconnection helps make possible efficient use of the steam generating stations which are dependent for economy on uniformity of load.

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THE ▾ SPICE ▾ OF ▾ LIFE

(TITLE REGISTERED IN U. S. PATENT OFFICE)

Kitchen Shy.—Strange it is that most of the red-hot mamas have never been near a stove.—*Life.*

Summer Novelty.—8 P. M.—YAWN SERVICE, 11th St. side of church. Mr. Barr will preach.—*New York Times.*

Annual Wash.—"Where do you bathe?"

"In the spring."

"I didn't ask you when, I asked you where."—*Voo Doo.*

Cheering 'Em Up.—There was a strawberry festival at the Union church Thursday evening for the benefit of the cemetery.—*Marion (Mass.) paper.*

Whispering Gallery.—STRANGER—"Ah, Mrs. Mudge, one-half of the world is ignorant how the other half lives."

"Not in this village, miss."—*Answers.*

Anti-bang Revolver—PHILIP—"I hate those revolving doors."

MORRIS—"So do I. You can't slam them when you're mad."—*Princeton Tiger.*

Who's Your Dentist?—Since I have a new set of teeth I have been able to cut the prices on most everything we sell especially Refrigerators.—*Ad in a Pleasonton (Texas) paper.*

The Witching Hour.—CO-ED—"Where will we go?"

SECOND—"I don't know. It's too late to go to bed and too early for a night club."—*Allston (Mass.) Recorder.*

Providential.—"I'm glad I wasn't born in Venice."

"Why?"

"Because I don't know any Italian."—*Sondagsnisse-Strix (Stockholm).*

All Flesh is Grass.—FATHER—"You really want to marry him, eh? What are the young man's prospects?"

DAUGHTER—"Well, Dad, he has a very rich uncle who lives in Chicago."—*Judge.*

Red Hot Party.—Early Wednesday morning, fire of unknown origin, but believed to have resulted from a dance held in a hall earlier in the night, completely wiped out the two-story building.—*Arkansas paper.*

'Cos Why.—TEACHER—"I have went. That's wrong, isn't it?"

JOHNNY: "Yes, ma'am."

TEACHER—"Why is it wrong?"

JOHNNY—"Because you ain't went yet."—*Youth's Companion.*

Say It with Thrift.—"Pa, you remember you promised to give me $5 if I passed in school this year?"

"Yes, Tommy."

"Well, Pa, you ain't gonna have that expense."—*Christian Leader.*

Sputtering Squib.—We Have Spared Neither Pains Now Money Using Nest Paper and Can Powder to Make Our Fire Crackers Which Set More Quickly is it and Give Aluder Sound Then Thost His Where and Have Become to Fomous New in China.—*Label on a package of firecrackers.*

The Land Nobody Knows.—Beyond the Alps lies Italy and, lest we forget, behind the bill-boards lies America.—*Judge.*

Grand Bargain.—These lots will be sold for 100% below their value and on easy terms.—*Advertising blotter of an Atlanta corporation.*

Souperlative!—"That music is pretty poor."

"Wait until you taste your soup."—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Modern Herod.—

SACRIFICE OF
COLORED KIDS!
—*Ad in the Baltimore Sun.*

Old Reliable.—EDITOR—"Give you fifty cents for that joke."

AUTHOR—"No; I never get less than a dollar for that joke."—*Blue Dragon.*

Stepping On It.—"How are you getting on at school, Alec?"

"Fine! We're learning words of four cylinders now."—*American Boy.*

Novel Specialty.—

K. H. SCHEEL
NAVEL ARCHITECT
—*Ad in a California paper.*

Little Bird Flew.—A Los Angeles woman who lost her thumb in a motor accident is suing for $200,000 damages. It must have been the one she kept her husband under.—*Judge.*

For Her Dear Old Mom.—The sweet young thing was saying her prayers: "Dear Lord," she cooed, "I don't ask for anything for myself, only give Mother a son-in-law."—*Bison.*

Left or Right?—

A MAN'S SHOE THAT
HAS MANY COPIES
BUT NO MATE
—*Ad in the New York Sun.*

Knows His Red Peppers.—"Look at that woman driver on the wrong side of the street. The cop ought to bawl her out."

"He doesn't dare; that's his wife."—*Judge.*

Strange Coincidence.—Up among the clouds nestling in the heart of the Davis mountains, it is an ideal vacation spot winter or summer. The altitude is 6,000 feet either summer or winter.—*Bryan (Tex.) paper.*

Dun't Esk.—"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"I don't quite see," said the prisoner sadly, "why I should express an opinion and try to interfere with the jury's guessing contest."—*Washington Star.*

Bossy's Epitaph.—A farmer was trying hard to fill out a railway company claim sheet for a cow that had been killed on the track. He came down to the last item: "Disposition of the carcass." After puzzling over the question for some time, he wrote: "Kind and gentle."—*Tawney Kat.*